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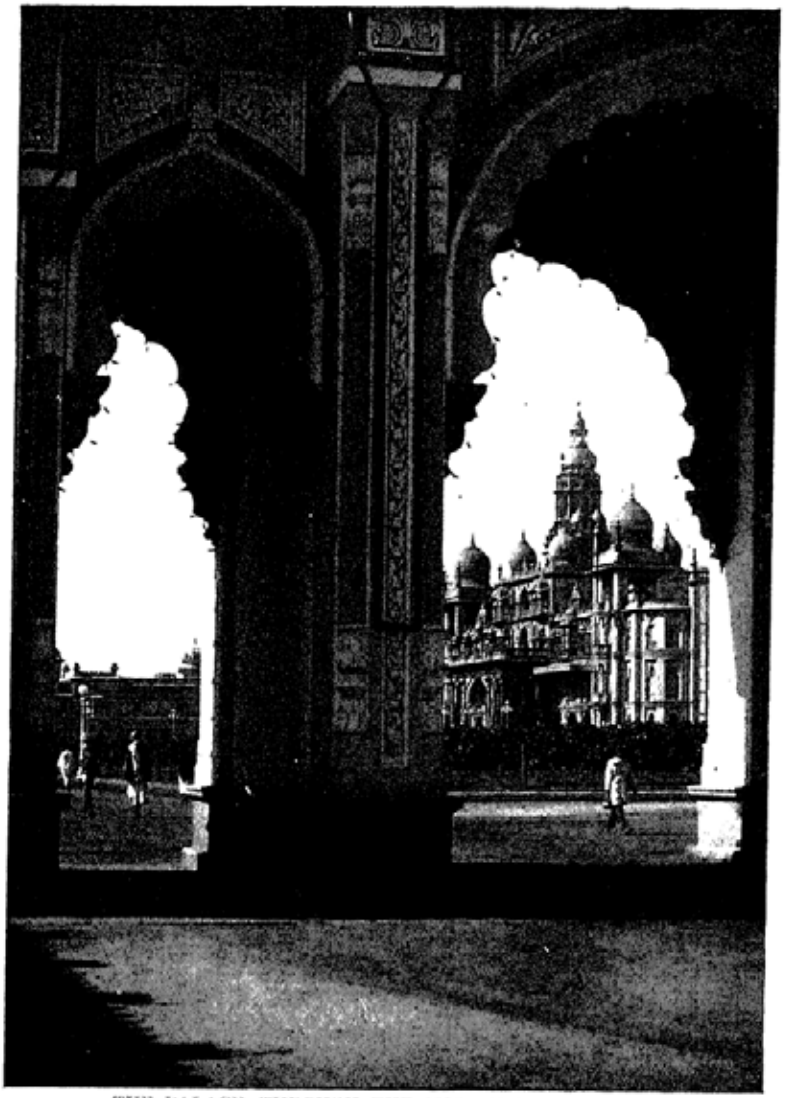
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MYSORE CITY



THE PALACE, THROUGH THE NORTHERN GATEWAY

Frontispiece

MYSORE CITY

By

CONSTANCE E. PARSONS



1163 AHMED SHĀH RĀJA
JAGADĒV RĀJ SAN 2
THE MYSORE ROYAL SEAL

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HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON NEW YORK BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS
1930

'For now and then, if a man loves a city, he is rewarded with a glimpse of her heart.'

—H. V. Morton.

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MYSORE CITY

To

THE WOMEN AND GIRLS

OF MYSORE

With Happy Memories of Their

Wit and Wisdom

Courage and Endurance

Love and Loyalty

Their Gracious Ways and

Staunch Inspiring Friendships

PREFACE

THIS guide—a handbook and not a library book—while making no claim to be a comprehensive *vade mecum* to the City, much less to the State of Mysore, is an attempt to lead the visitor—American, European, Hindu or Muhammadan—to points of interest readily reached in and from the City; an attempt to convey something of the glamour, undefined but very real, that Mysore has for her residents; and to open, with borrowed keys, a few doors into her past.

The author is sadly conscious of the shortcomings of a work touching on so much history, and so many legends, to whose sources access has been limited; a work written at a distance from the places described. Insomuch as it has been written with an earnest endeavour to be accurate and just, and to make plain the way of the visitor, the indulgence of readers is craved for errors and omissions.

My hearty thanks are due, and hereby offered, to H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore, for several books and pictures and for gracious permission to use the Palace Library; to Amin-ul-mulk Sir Mirza M. Ismail, B.A., C.I.E., O.B.E., for many historical and epigraphical works; to the Rev. Henry Gulliford, for the loan of several valuable old books on the history of Mysore and Seringapatam; to the Palace authorities in Mysore, especially Mr. M. Rama Rao, B.A., Assistant Private Secretary to His Highness, and Mr. C. Ramachandra Rao, B.A., B.L., Mokhtesar of the Palace Zanāna Samukha Department; to the Mysore Archæological Department, especially

Mr. Arthasastra Visarada Mahamahopadhyaya R. Shama Sastri, B.A., Ph.D., and Mr. M. H. Krishna Iyengar, M.A., D.Lit., and to the Forest Department; for much help and for permission to quote from their reports.

Also for most kind and ready help from many citizens of Mysore, notably Mr. Rajasilpa Visarada Rao Bahadur B. Subba Rao, Mr. K. Mylar Rao, B.A., B.L., Mr. T. N. Ali Khān; and to the Rev. F. W. Spencer, B.A., for reading the MS and for many suggestions.

For generous permission to quote extracts or poems, I am deeply indebted to and gratefully thank the following authors and publishers:

The Rev. E. P. Rice, B.A., for the extracts from his *History of Kanarese Literature*; the Secretary of the *Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society*, Bangalore, for permission to quote from that journal; Mr. Hilton Brown, M.A., I.C.S., for the verses from *Friendly Mountain* (from *The Second Lustre*, published by Mr. Basil Blackwell); Mr. John Murray, for the extract from Sir Francis Younghusband's *Wonders of the Himalaya*; Lady Maconochie, for the extracts from *Life in the Indian Civil Service*, by Sir Evan Maconochie, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.; the Editor of the *Madras Mail*, for permission to reprint *The Lake of a Thousand Lights* (p. 52), which first appeared in that paper; and the Editor of the *Spectator*, for the poems by A.R.U. and Mr. A. G. Prys-Jones; the Chāmarājendra Technical Institute, Mysore, the Wesleyan Mission Press, Mysore, and the Christian Literature Society, Madras, for the use of blocks; Messrs. Barton, Son & Co., Ld., Bangalore, Messrs. A. V. Varadacharlu & Son, Mysore, the Rev. Father J. Cochet, the Rev. E. S. Edwards and Mr. T. Gould, for permission to reproduce photographs.

Of the many books consulted, I wish to make the fullest acknowledgment of indebtedness to the late Mr. Lewis Rice's *Gazetteer of Mysore*, his *Mysore and Coorg, from the Inscriptions*, and his *Epigraphia Carnatica*, and to his publishers, Messrs. Constable & Co., for permission to quote from them. Direct quotations from these books (described by a 'Failed B.A.' friend as 'monumental mines of learning') are indicated, but a very great number of the following pages owe something to one or other of those books. Indeed, to attempt to write anything on Mysore without their aid would be almost equivalent to attempting to write a book in English without using any word in the Oxford Dictionary.

Ootacamund, 1930. C.E.P.

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CHAPTER I

MYSORE: PAST AND PRESENT

'The State, in the early period, was no negligible backwater. . . . It has been in intimate connection with some of the greatest figures in history—from Chandragupta and Asōka to Napoleon Bonaparte and the great Duke of Wellington.'—*Mysore Archæological Report*, 1919, p. 19.

MYSORE: THE PAST

THE history of Mysore is, up to the end of the fourteenth century, merged in that of South India. It has been described by its historians as 'an almost hopeless jumble of local struggles';[1] 'a conflict of chieftains on hillocks';[2] 'wars, revolutions and conquests seem to have followed each other in a succession more strangely complex, rapid and destructive, as the events more deeply recede into the gloom of antiquity';[3] 'a medley of Mauryas, Kadāmbas, Satavāhanas, Banas and Rashtrakūtas, as pictures in a kaleidoscope'.[4]

Through the mists and murky darkness of far distant ages flashes of chivalry and romance appear. The great national hero, Rāma, is believed to have shed radiance on many places within the Mysore territory by passing through them. The Jatinga Ramēsvara hill, in the Chitaldrūg district, is one of them. Here the bird Jatāyu

[1] The Rev. H. Heras, S.J., M.A. [2] S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, M.A.
[3] Colonel Wilks. [4] The Rev. Father Tabard, M.A.

is said to have been mortally wounded in attempting to rescue Sīta from Rāvana.[1]

Rāma crossed the Kāveri at Ramanāthapūra, Hassan district, and later, when he returned in triumph with his rescued wife, they passed through Avāni and Nandi in the Kolar district. Avāni was supposed to be the birthplace, during Sīta's banishment, of her twin sons. Rāma, Sīta and Lakshmana are also said to have visited Melkōte during their fourteen-year wanderings; the chief image there is known still as Rāma's Loved One.

The early history depends on literary evidence: 'literature' often little more than empty and extravagant praise of rulers who had passed away. Of these praises the following are worth quoting. Of a Ganga king, who lived about A.D. 903, it is written: 'His lotus feet were perpetually scarred by the rubbing of the jewels in the rows of the crowns of kings, bowing for ever at his feet.' The epitaph to King Somēsvara (A.D. 1257) 'ends with praises to the effect that, standing on one leg, with head bowed in submission, he seemed to be doing penance; while his three wives excited the astonishment of all the wives in the world by waving the heads he had cut off as an *arati* (offering) around him'. (K.P. 9.)

Of Dēva-Rāya II, of Vijayanagar, it was said that 'the sun was but a spark of the great fire of his valour, and the Milk Ocean but a drop of the nectar of his fame'.

Many of the inscriptions are labyrinths of genealogy, with only broken clues to guide us through them.

We get glimpses of victorious chieftains who swept

[1] Not far from this hill, Mr. Rice, in 1892, discovered the edicts of Asōka, 'the oldest authentic inscriptions found in South India. . . . Indeed, no older ones have come to light anywhere in India,' adds Mr. Rice.

across Mysore. Some added portions and stayed to rule here, exacting tribute from neighbouring *palegars* (chieftains). Others ruled it as feudatories of an empire beyond, and others again carved off districts and left the rest to the confused, almost interminable scuffling for territory, and the frenzied flights of petty chiefs.

Like rocks in a surging sea, a few facts stand out firmly. Though authorities are divided as to whether Mysore is identical with the Mahishmati of the Pandava Prince Sāhadēva's expedition, mentioned in the *Mahābhārata*, it does seem indisputable that Mysore is the Mahisha-mandala to which King Asōka sent a mission, to propagate the faith of Gautama Buddha, in the third century before Christ.

It seems equally certain that in A.D. 985 a Chōla prince, Rāja-rāja-Dēva, ruled not only most of Mysore, but a realm which included Ceylon and a large part of the Madras Presidency.[1]

The introduction to the *Epigraphia Carnatica* (Mysore I, p. 1) gives the following dates for the chief of the innumerable dynasties that have struggled for the mastery of what, within shifting boundaries, was Mysore:

Gangas	...	...	...	A.D. 103–1022
Chōlas	...	...	...	1007–1113
Hoysalas	...	...	...	1117–1341
Vijayanagar	...	...	...	1358–1704
Mysore	...	...	...	1616

All these dynasties, as Father Tabard pointed out, 'claim for themselves an antiquity more hoary than the rest'. The Mysore dynasty is traced back to Rāja-Bhōpa, of the great Gautama-Gōtra[2] and the greater Lunar race.

[1] *Early History of India*, by Vincent A. Smith, p. 77.

[2] Gōtra = family or lineage.

Of Mysore in mediæval times the history is still meagre, conflicting and unreliable. Almost all the chronicles laboriously collected by the Mysore rājas were callously destroyed by Tipū Sultān; and modern historians have had to fall back on legends, on epigraphical records—often defaced, incomplete and fanciful—and on the slender witness of excavations.

There are records of a Mysore university in the twelfth century, and of the great King Vishnuvardhana (1106–41), whose capital was sometimes Haḷebīd, sometimes Talakādu, and sometimes Tonnur or Melkōte, we have any number of records and legends.

The pretty story of the Rajput prince, Yadurāya, and his brother, Krishnarāya, is told elsewhere. (See pp. 77-8.) He is generally spoken of as the founder of the present Mysore dynasty; and since he, in 1399, conquered the tiny 'realm' of twenty-three villages, Mysore has been a separate and growing territory, ruled, until the time of Haidar Ali's usurpation, by Mysore Wadiyars, who up to 1616 paid allegiance to the emperors of Delhi and Vijayanagar.

Of these Wadiyars one of the most distinguished was Rāja Wadiyar, who in 1610 'acquired' Seringapatam from the feeble and dying Viceroy of Vijayanagar, and was virtually (though not for a few years longer, nominally) independent. He consolidated and greatly extended his dominions, and is honoured as a chivalrous and humane man, an enlightened and constructive statesman.

Twenty years after him came the gallant Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar, who repulsed attack after attack, added conquest to conquest; established a mint, maintained a splendid court, and gave lavishly to temples. After him came Dodda Dēva Rāja Wadiyar, followed by



SRÎ CHÂMARÂJENDRA WADIYAR BAHADUR, G.C.S.I.

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Chikka Dēva Rāja Wadiyar. Both these men were vigorous rulers, both gained territory, and both built numerous tanks, water-channels, temples and *agraharas* round Mysore.

Their successors were, in the main, feeble men, dominated by dewans or delavāyas, who absorbed more and more authority and power until, in 1761, Haidar Ali became from chief minister the virtual ruler of the State; his rule was continued by his son, Tipū Sultān, until he fell at the capture of Seringapatam by the British in 1799. The five-year-old representative of the Mysore House was then installed on the throne of his ancestors.

He was an extremely delicate child, whose early days were spent in abject poverty and daily fear of murder; poor training for the responsibilities of the great position he was called upon to fill. A man of amiable qualities and liberal views, a sportsman and a great gentleman, he was ill-served by his later ministers and courtiers, and his extreme generosity and expensive tastes brought him and his kingdom to such dire straits that, in 1831, a British Commission was appointed to administer the State.

Maharaja Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III died in 1868, and was succeeded by his adopted son, Sir Srī Chāmrājendra Wadiyar X, to whom the State was restored at the Rendition of 1881. His early death, in 1894, after a reign of 14 years, was deeply regretted. 'Of him,' said Sir Evan Maconochie, 'all agree as to his goodness, the charm of his personality, and his command of the affections of all classes of men. His ministers were selected with wisdom, and the reputation of the State leapt at once to the pre-eminence that it still holds as a model of enlightened and progressive administration.'[1]

[1] *Life in the Indian Civil Service*, p. 151.

During the minority of the present Maharaja, his mother, H.H. the Maharani Vani Vilasa Sannidhana, C.I., was Regent, and ruled the State from 1894 to 1902 (when His Highness was installed) with conspicuous wisdom, devotion and success.

Of the present ruler, Colonel His Highness Sir Srī Krishnarājendra Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G.B.E., much might, but little need, be said. Throughout the length and breadth of India there is no name more honoured. Within his State there is no name more loved.

The King-Emperor heads the list of illustrious men who have paid public testimony to the gifts and virtues of His Highness. Here let but two men speak—two statesmen whose knowledge of the man, the ruler, and the State is intimate, profound and extensive.

Sir Stuart Fraser, tutor and governor to the Maharaja, declared that he had seen 'with his own eyes, fully develop in the ruler that quiet strength of character, that sense of duty to his people, and that high conception of his great position which, with his other qualities of head and heart, marked out the young Maharaja of Mysore, even during his minority, as one destined to make a name among the great princes of India'.

Amin-ul-mulk Sir Mirza M. Ismail, fellow student in boyhood and youth, then private secretary to His Highness and now the extremely able Dewan of the State, speaks: 'It is a fact universally acknowledged that during the period of 25 years . . . Mysore has maintained a steady and satisfying rate of progress along all lines of national development, and has attained a high place not only among the Indian States, but also, I venture to think, among the Provinces of British India. . . . It constitutes a record of which any State may well be proud, and the



H.H. SIR SRĪ KRISHNARĀJA WADIYAR BAHADUR, G.C.S.I.,
MAHARAJA OF MYSORE

To face page 6

origin and inspiration of it all is the large-hearted patriotism and far-seeing wisdom of our Sovereign. If I were asked to put into a word what I consider to be the central quality in the life of His Highness, I think it would be duty. In a general way the public have a rough idea of His Highness's devotion to the responsibilities of his exalted office. But only those who are in close touch with him are aware of what that devotion really means in constant thought, constant aspiration, constant activity in a multitude of ways.'

MYSORE: THE PRESENT

> 'Les plaines de Mysore sont la plus belle habitation que la nature puisse offrir aux hommes sur la terre.' —*Histoire de l'Empire de Mysore*, by J. Michaud, 1800, p. 39.

And so we have come to Mysore City of the present day; a city perhaps best described by the four sentences which fall inevitably from the lips of the most casual, as of the most travelled, visitor: 'But this is fairyland!' 'The most beautiful city I have ever seen.' 'The cleanest city in India.' 'A garden city.'

Two thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, favoured by a moderate rainfall (27·4 inches a year) and an admirable climate in which the temperature ranges between 50° and 94° F. in the shade, her weather from November to the end of February is calm, clear, cold and sunny. March, April and May are hot months, tempered by thunder showers and hail storms; heavy rains (usually at night, and never all day long) fall during the south-west monsoon, and are followed by glorious weather in August and September. Then come the tank-filling downpours of October, heavy but intermittent, glorious cloud-masses and perfectly wonderful sunsets.

Indeed, the translucent delicate colouring of earth and sky, at dawn and sundown, and especially of the afterglow, in the 'winter' months are inexpressibly lovely.

Tropical and semi-tropical flowers bloom freely all the year round; fruit and vegetables are plentiful, and for nine months in the year the grass is restfully, refreshingly green.

Broad roads — all new roads are 100 feet wide — are bordered by shade-giving trees, grown with infinite pains; hard put to it to withstand the firewood thief, the starving cow, the voracious 'white ant'. Wide pavements provide safety for foot passengers, and if foot passengers persistently prefer the middle of the road—as they do, leaving the footpaths to bicycles and buffaloes—well, the innovation of to-day may be the custom of to-morrow, as other Western ways, wisely adapted, not heedlessly adopted, have become. No trams, tramway lines, posts or wires deface Mysore's broad thoroughfares.

Thirty years ago the city, even then no mean or unlovely one, was in some parts terribly congested, and the condition of many streets and blocks hopelessly insanitary; but within the last quarter of a century the City Improvement Trust Board has worked marvels—if not miracles. 'Insanitary areas were in some cases removed en bloc, all narrow lanes widened, conservancy lanes opened, low-lying and ill-ventilated houses dismantled, and extensions formed to provide room for the displaced population. Drainage facilities were made possible for practically every house.'[1]

From her sacred river the city draws not only her water supply but also her lighting—from the electric power station, 50 miles away. The street lighting is admirable; Mysore is truly *une ville ruisselante de lumière*; hardly

[1] *Handbook of the City of Mysore*, p. 68.

a house, however poor, but has its bright, clean, smokeless, smell-less bulbs, in place of the oil saucer lamps of old.

The sanitation of a city of 84,000 people and of some 150 miles of roads is no simple problem. All the sewage is now carried away to septic tanks, at the three sewage farms. The largest, which covers over 200 acres, is three miles out of Mysore, near the Nanjangud road.

The importance of this subject all admit; of our enormous debt to those who deal with it successfully, Mr. J. Chartres Moloney, in his fascinating *A Book of India*, says very truly, 'The visitor to a great city stands in wonderment before a noble building, or gazes admiringly at a fine street. He has no wonderment or admiration left for the facts, as wonderful and admirable, that the inhabitants of the building just turn a tap when they need to drink or bathe, that the sewage of street and building is not lapping about his ankles, that the daily output of rubbish by buildings and streets is in some mysterious fashion whisked away from troubling his eyes and nose.'

The rebuilt houses, though new, are not monotonously modernised, and many a fine one remains, with its beautifully-carved and massive doorway, graceful screen-windows, in which the eternal struggle to admit some air and light and to exclude alike the prying eye of the sun and of the passer-by, reveals itself in delicate tracery not seen in houses built with to-day's demand for sunlight and fresh air. Too often, when hygiene is enthroned, beauty is deposed.

But the city, if much of it is modern, is not garish. Indeed, in many of the streets, and before many of the buildings, the chief impression is of something serenely and enduringly beautiful, of a reticent yet gracious charm.

The climate is not only pleasant, but salubrious. There

is little malaria, thanks to vigorous warfare against the anopheles mosquito. A hundred years ago Mysore shared with Seringapatam an unenviable reputation for their numbers and ferocity. Colonel Walter Campbell feelingly describes what he suffered from them, in 1823, when he and some friends spent a night in the Mysore travellers' bungalow. 'So enormous and ferocious were the mosquitoes that the gentlemen, arrayed in dressing gowns, spent the night pacing the verandah, and attempting, by vigorous smoking of seegars, to fumigate the insect-laden air.'

Picturesque as is the background of Mysore's parks and buildings, its citizens, or at least *les citoyennes*, are even more so. That so many men should have abandoned their extremely picturesque, comfortable and hygienic Eastern dress must on every ground be a matter for regret. But the women, with their stately, graceful walk and their lovely *saris*—a dress unsurpassed, indeed, I contend, unrivalled, by that of any country in the world—still flower-like, gem-like, add another beauty to the beauty of the streets. Many visitors have remarked on Mysore's women: 'So good-looking, cheerful and attractive,' and Sir Sidney Low declared that in all India he saw no festal crowds more picturesque than those which in Mysore and Madras assembled to greet the Prince of Wales.

* * * * *

May the visitor who sees a clean and beautiful city, a pleasant and peaceful countryside, see behind it something of the steadfast purpose of great statesmen, something of the loyal work of her people, and, leaving her with golden memories, join in the prayer that the poison of outside seditionists may gain no entrance into her veins, that peace may be within her walls, and plenty within her palaces and in the homes of her people.

CHAPTER II

GOVERNMENT HOUSE

THE visitor to Mysore, arriving, as the majority do, by car from Seringapatam, has, at the toll gate, the choice of entering the town by either of two roads.

One, directly in front of him, leads due south through the town, and eventually to the hotels. The other, bearing to the left, is the road to Government House and the Staff Quarters.

Taking this, we pass almost immediately the new electric light and power station, the Christian village of Karunāpura (the City of Mercy), and the Protestant cemetery. All on the left. Between the two latter is a noticeable banyan tree, and opposite to it, on the west side of the road, a group of *vīrakals* (warrior stones) and of *māstikals* (*mahā-sati* stones), the latter commemorating wives who made the last great sacrifice of *sahagamana* (keeping company), of *sahamarana* (dying together), and gave their bodies to be burned on their husbands' funeral pyres.

The stones in this group—not as clean as they might be, confused, rude, and in surroundings by no means fragrant—are yet intensely interesting and worth careful inspection. They speak of men's courage in the heat of battle, and they speak, even more poignantly, of the sterner if desperate courage of frail women, who, in cold blood, followed their men to death; a death so pitifully useless—beyond all imagination terrible.

Most of the slabs in this Errangere group appear to record the death of warriors of the Mysore Delavāya family (hereditary commanders-in-chief) in the fight for Periapatna, about A.D. 1626, and the *sahagamana*, or *sati*, of their wives.

Virakals, it may be noted, are usually very elaborately carved stones, divided into three or more compartments. In the lowest is displayed the hero's prowess in the fight in which he fell; in the second panel he is being escorted to heaven on horseback or in a palanquin, or by *apsaras* (fairies), who hold an umbrella over him. In the third, the upper panel, he is in heaven, worshipping his deity. Interspersed between the panels are often inscriptions giving the name and exploits of the hero, with dates, etc.[1]

Māstikals, very rarely inscribed, are generally Saivite, and are about four feet high. The usual type, with slight variations, depicts a woman's head and bust, showing one arm outstretched, bent at the elbow to bring the hand upright, fingers extended apart from the thumb, between which and the forefinger a lime is generally shown.[2]

Sometimes the woman's head is haloed in flames, sometimes one hand holds a mirror. A few slabs show three panels. The re-united husband and wife, in the middle one, ride together to a heaven in the upper one, where they together worship, usually, a *linga* or a *basava*.

In some *sati*[3] stones only a woman's arm and hand

[1] *History of Mysoor*, by Col. Wilks, I, 15.

[2] This lime is missing in the Errangere group.

[3] Goodness, *Sattva* (the noun, from which *sati* is the adjective), is one of the three great qualities—*Rajas*, passion, and *Tamas*, darkness, being the other two. That which is (*sat*) is the only reality (*sattva*). *Sati*, therefore, indicates first goodness, and secondarily a wife.

project from an upright post (carved or plain), with or without figures of the man and his wife sculptured below. When only one hand projects the stone is an *Okkai-masti* —'the stone of one who made the great sacrifice'; when two hands are shown it is an *Ikkai-masti*. The number of hands represents the number of wives who became *sati*. The widow, richly dressed, was often carried in a decorated palanquin to the burning ground, and held a mirror in one hand and a lime in the other.[1]

Such stones are pathetically common, though scores must have disappeared, and of hundreds of cases, it may be, no such record was made. Up to the time of Dodda Dēva Rāja Wadiyar, who died in 1672, and whose surviving wives—he had 53 and his predecessor 182!—were burnt with him, this seems to have been the fate of all the Mysore Ranis. His successor, Chikka Dēva Rāja Wadiyar, forbade the ghastly sacrifice, and from his day the terrible custom has been discontinued in the Mysore Royal Family.

Such self-sacrifice was not confined to widows, nor indeed to women. Mr. Rice gives several instances of Garudas, life-guards of the kings, who, having vowed to live and die with their sovereign, committed suicide on his death; some by burning, some, as King Nītimargga's major-domo did, by being buried alive in the master's tomb.[2]

A pillar, near the Hōysala Ēsvara temple of Haḷebīd (Belur 112), records that, when King Ballala II died, in 1220, his kinsman, Prince Lakshma, and a thousand warriors, had, as Garudas, made this terrible vow, and

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1918, p. 4.
[2] *Mysore and Coorg, from the Inscriptions*, p. 45.

kept it. The prince and his wife mounted this pillar, which was to become their monument, and there—how we do not know—killed themselves.

After inspecting the *vīrakals* and *māstikals*, a minute's run, past the pretty little KAMĀNI MASJID—built for the use of the servants at Government House and maintained by the Muhammadans of the neighbourhood—through the lofty Kamāni Gate and Government House is reached.

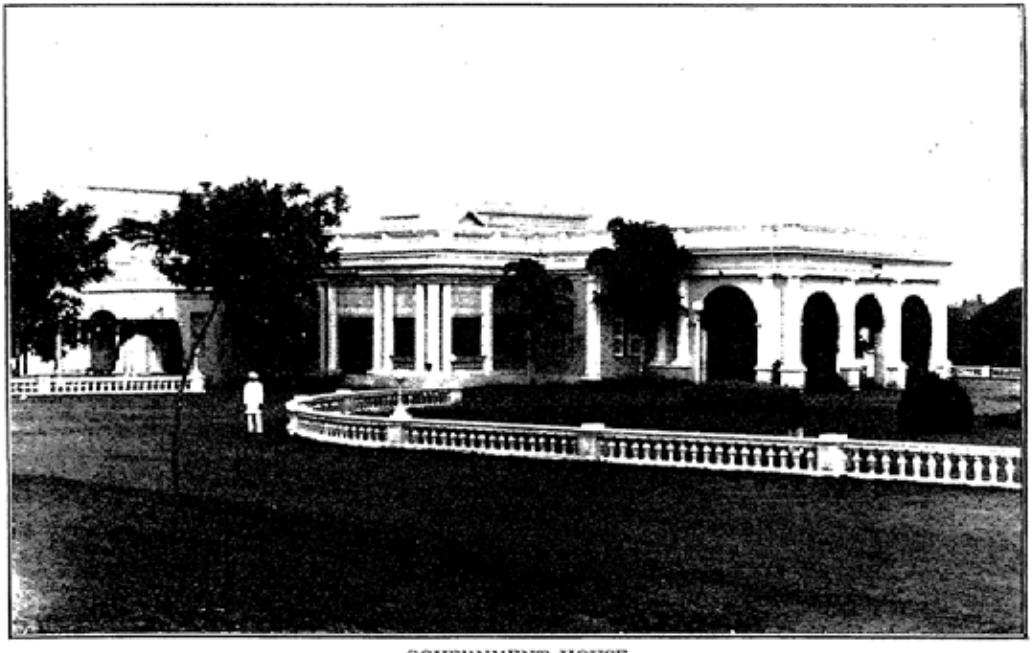
The building was begun in 1800, when Col. Wilks, the Mysore historian, was Acting Resident; in 1803, when Lord Valentia stayed here, it was still 'a small house built for the British Resident'. But in 1805 the Residency, as it was then called, with its fine drawing-room-verandah was, for the time, completed.

Sir John Malcolm was appointed Resident in Mysore in 1803, and was one of the most distinguished men in an age of statesmen and heroes. As a mere boy of twelve he had won his way into a cadetship of the East India Company. 'Boy Malcolm' became immensely popular, and developed great talents. When—a young lad—he was sent with an escort to receive the prisoners exchanged by Tipū Sultān, the officer in charge of them, Major Dallas, asked the boy where the commanding officer was. 'I am the commanding officer. I am Ensign John Malcolm,' was the answer the major was astonished to receive.[1]

'Tall and strong, untiringly active in body and mind, simple, manly, generous, universally beloved . . .' with such qualities, no wonder Sir John was constantly in demand for posts exacting great courage and great statesmanship, that he was sent on missions to Persia,

[1] *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 422.

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Bombay, Scindia, etc. Actually he spent less than two broken years in the State.

In 1807 he returned here for some months, and in the July was married in Mysore to the daughter of a Madras officer. She came out from England as a bride, and it is said that Sir John built the great banquet hall as a wedding gift to Lady Malcolm.

Everyone will immediately notice one peculiarity about the room. Sir John, evidently determined that the hall should be not only handsome and imposing but unique, sent for an engineer who had already—'by Satanic aid,' said Tipū—achieved the apparently impossible. To disprove the assertion that he could not make a stable arch of country brick of a span of 100 feet, he had built, in his own garden in Seringapatam, the great arch of 112 feet, which still, after 130 years, stands and bears his name.

So Captain de Havilland was called from the bungalow in Seringapatam, now known as Purniah's, where he was living; and we may imagine how gleefully he attempted and achieved another feat—the building of the largest room in South India of which the roof is unsupported by pillars.

Lady Malcolm did not enjoy her unique wedding present for many months. Her husband was sent to posts of responsibility and danger in different parts of India; became Governor of Bombay, and died in London of influenza in 1833. A statue of him, by Chantry, was put up in Westminster Abbey, and another in Bombay.[1]

Government House is the home of the British Resident when he stays in Mysore; and distinguished guests are entertained here. Royalty and Viceroyalty — all the

[1] *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 423.

viceroys—governors and generals, princes, prelates and presidents, statesmen and men famous in the world of letters and of art—have sat under Lady Malcolm's unsupported roof, and most of them have sat upon it, to view the firework displays for which Mysore is famous; fireworks usually made in the city.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, the Duke of Clarence, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their son, Prince Arthur, and his wife; M. Clémenceau and General Gouraud are some of the most eminent of the many illustrious visitors who have stayed in this house and enjoyed Mysore's thoughtful, unbounded, famous hospitality.

In the stables there are stalls for over 100 horses or polo ponies.

* * * * *

The *maidan*, to the east of the long main entrance drive, was formerly used as a polo and parade ground, and as a parade ground it is still, once a year, an animated scene. Government House is the goal of the Birthday Procession of His Highness the Maharaja. After alighting, in the portico, from his charger and greeting and receiving the congratulations of his guests in the drawing-room, His Highness on this specially-arranged *maidan* reviews the troops by torch and electric light.

His Highness the Maharaja's first public appearance as Maharaja, on the day after his enthronement, was at a great Coronation Service, held here at the hour when King Edward was being crowned in Westminster Abbey. Lord Curzon, suffering agonies, but brave and dignified as ever, sat at the Maharaja's right hand. It was an extraordinarily beautiful and impressive service. The Viceroy's escort of the 4th Hussars, from Bangalore, a

battery of artillery, and a battalion from Belgaum of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, formed two sides of the great square, of which the chaplain, the choir and the 'reading desk,' covered with the Union Jack, formed a third. The Viceroy, the Maharaja, Sir Donald and Lady Robertson, Sir Stuart and Lady Fraser, Sir Evan and Lady Maconochie and the many guests formed the fourth side, facing Chāmundi.

The influence for good of these three men — Sir Donald Robertson, the Hon. the British Resident in Mysore; Sir Stuart Fraser, tutor and governor to His Highness, and later Resident; and Sir Evan Maconochie, the Maharaja's first Private Secretary—at a critical time in Mysore, when a very young ruler was called to face and frame necessary and great changes of administration and of organization, was far-reaching and incalculable.

Three men they are to whom the State owes a great debt, and continually acknowledges its everlasting indebtedness.

A pretty touch to the ceremony was lent by the beautiful and very sedate mascot of the Warwickshire Regiment, held by two soldiers with silver chains; the three very much in the foreground of the west side of the square. Up to the time of this Installation, though the Warwicks' crest has always been a white antelope, these lovely animals are so nearly unattainable that a young black buck was the mascot. 'The officers of the regiment were anxious to procure a white one. White specimens are to be found in Kathiawar, and more rarely in Guzarāt, and the Maharaja of Bhavnagar had collected a number of them. . . . His Highness sent some specimens of them to the Maharaja (of Mysore) on the occasion of his investiture, and could have given no more significant

token of personal goodwill and esteem. They are beautiful animals, pure white, with white horns, not albinos, for their eyes are coloured.'[1]

One of the most interesting and distinguished guests was Colonel Nihal Singh, from Kapurthāla, 'who,' says Sir Evan, 'had served through the Mutiny in, I think, Hodson's Horse, had been Nicholson's orderly, and was at his side when, mortally wounded, he fell under the walls of Delhi. . . . He was a charming old man.'

The *maidan* was again the scene of great enthusiasm in June 1927, when it was converted into a people's park of amusements for a day, to celebrate H.H. the Maharaja's Silver Jubilee. Booths, with entertainments of many kinds, sports for the troops, for school boys, for any and everyone who would venture to take part in them, were arranged. His Highness drove round, to thundering cheers, and the fête closed with a magnificent display of fireworks.

[1] *Life in the Indian Civil Service*, by Sir Evan Maconochie, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

CHAPTER III

PALACES

THE PALACE IN THE FORT

Its early history is lost in the haze that enshrouds so much of the distant past. The *Annals* speak of the Rājas of the fourteenth century as living in a palace in Mysore, but the first definite mention of it appears to be the account of its rebuilding by Ranadhira Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar, some 300 years ago, after it had been struck by lightning. He built or rebuilt the Ivory, the Samukha, and the Soundarya Vilāsas, the Nāmatirtha and other *tottis*, and placed round the reconstructed palace eleven guns, all named, of which the chief were Rāmachandra, Muddukrishna and Simha.

We do get occasional glimpses of it. It was standing—in what state we do not know—when, in 1760, the pageant king,[1] Immadi Krishna Rāja Wadiyar was 'invited' to visit, for the first time in his life, his capital of Mysore and his palace there by his nominal prime minister, but actual master, Haidar Ali.

When, in about 1793, Tipū Sultān razed Mysore to the ground to build the new city of Nazarabād, the palace was not spared, though some temples round it were. Mr. Rice implies that an interior room, with very thick and strong mud walls, known as the State Room or Painted Hall (demolished in 1929), was part of the ancient structure.[2]

[1] *History of Mysoor*, by Col. Wilks, I, p. 233.
[2] *Gazetteer of Mysore*, II, p. 279.

But the Duke of Wellington emphatically says that there was no house at all suitable for the enthronement of the child Rāja in 1799. It, therefore, had to take place in a pandal, erected outside some workmen's huts, in Nazarabād. The Duke, then Colonel Arthur Wellesley, wrote to his brother, the Earl of Mornington, on June 14th, 1799: 'Henry' (another brother) 'and I went over to old Mysore yesterday, and I am sorry to tell you that not a single house is standing in it. In new Mysore there are some houses, but very bad ones.' On May 26th, 1801, he wrote to his brother, Henry: 'The Rajah's family have moved into old Mysore, where their ancient palace has been rebuilt in the same form in which it was formerly, and, I believe, on the old foundations. The whole family appear as happy as we wished they should be when this government was established. Mysore is become a large and handsome town, full of inhabitants; the whole country is settled and in perfect tranquillity.'

In 1803 Lord Valentia visited Mysore, which, he says, consisted of one street a mile long. He describes the palace as small, neat and unfinished, and says that there was a great deal of open space inside the fort and round the palace. He entered it, he says, through a handsome gateway, which had been an ancient *choultry*.

His account of the men-at-arms is interesting. As he entered the palace the drums and fifes played, officers dropped swords, men remained motionless without presenting arms. 'They were a finer body of men than any I have seen, well-dressed, and, I understand, well-disciplined. His Highness admits none of low caste into his service. . . . The throne on which the boy Rāja sat to receive me was placed in a verandah to the left of the entrance, and was of ivory, fantastically carved.'

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THE PALACE

By the end of the century this somewhat hastily built palace was in very bad repair, and many of the tenements attached to it crumbling to ruin.[1]

In February 1897, at the close of the festivities attending the marriage of the Princess Jayalakshmammanniyavaru, the greater part was severely damaged, indeed almost destroyed, by fire.

Her Highness the Maharani Vanivilasa Sannidhana, C.I., then Regent, decided to build a new palace on the model and on the foundations of the old. The plans submitted by Mr. H. Irwin, C.I.E., architect of Viceregal Lodge, Simla, were chosen, and in October 1897 the work began.

The main building is of massive grey granite, three-storied, and dominated by a five-storied tower crowned by a gilded dome. This tower is 145 feet from the ground to the gold flag on its summit.

Except during the greater festivals, permits to view the palace may be obtained by applying to the Huzur Secretary to H.H. the Maharaja; the number in the party and the proposed time of the visit should be stated. An official will meet and escort the visitors round. (No gratuities.) They will be taken through the great courtyard, the marriage pavilion, the durbar halls, the armoury, the music and drawing rooms.

The new structure, like the old, is built round a courtyard, open to the sky. To the east of this *totti* are (on the ground floor) the impressive Elephant Gate, 21 feet wide and 66 feet high; a wide inner verandah, and a fifteen-foot passage to the wide outer *sejji*, or piazza, overlooking the great square.

[1] *Gazetteer of Mysore*, II, p. 279.

On the second storey, still facing east, is the great Durbar Hall, 155 feet long by 42 feet wide. Above that are private apartments.

Coming back to the ground floor and the inner courtyard, we find on the north the Armoury, Library, electric lifts and stairways. Above are the Music room, ladies' Drawing-room, and on the third storey, bedrooms.

West of the inner courtyard is what remains of the old palace of 1800, with the chief family apartments — the zanāna. Immediately south of the *totti* (courtyard) is the lovely peacock marriage pavilion and, beyond it on the second floor, the Ambavilāsa durbar hall. In the south wing of the palace are zanāna apartments and *pūja* (worship) rooms. These extend down the length of the Ambavilāsa proper.

It may be of interest to note that every Maharani is known, not by her own name, but by that of a part of the palace dedicated to a goddess; as Ambavilāsa, Lakshmivilāsa, etc. Her Highness, who inaugurated this great work, and who for seven years ruled the State with, as Lord Curzon said, 'unfailing tact and discretion, setting an example of public and domestic virtue which has been of equal value to her people and her family, and which has earned for her the admiration of all,' is fittingly known as Vānivilāsa Sannidhāna—Vānivilāsa meaning the abode of Vāni, Sarasvati, the goddess of learning and wisdom.

Those who have seen will never forget, to those who have not seen even photographs can give little idea of the wealth of beauty, in mass and in detail, all about the Mysore Palace. It is admittedly one of the loveliest new buildings in India.[1]

[1] It is true that there have been Westerners so insular that they judge the palace by Western standards only; who are blind to the

While the general design is Indo-Saracenic the carvings are of the Hōysala school of architecture, not uninfluenced by Greek sculpture. Whatever the school or schools represented, the result is admirable. Scenes from Hindu mythology and hagiology are exquisitely carved, and the ingenuity displayed in the chiseling of many of the details (e.g. massive stone chains and foliage in deepest relief) is only equalled by the beauty of design. 'It is unsurpassed,' says Sir George Watt, 'by any other stone work in India.'

Domes, walls, floors, balustrades, pillars, cornices, pierced screens—whether of red, black or grey granite, of porphyry, of grey-green soap stone, of blue pot stone, of pale flesh-coloured feldspar, of green and white marble or of black hornblende — all are inexpressibly lovely.

The marble architraves are inlaid with Agra work—floral arabesques of exquisite blues, greens, greys, reds and umber—shavings of semi-precious stones and of Madras sea-shells. Except marble from Italy and Jaipur, almost all the stone was quarried within a few miles of Mysore. The figures are, mainly, carved in soap stone—soft to carve when new, hardening to iron when exposed to wind and weather. Much, indeed most of it, is the work of local sculptors.

beauty of the Oriental massing of rich colours which, tawdry as they might look in a villa in Tooting, are pure and beautiful in the translucent air of India; men who feebly rant of it as 'the most painfully inartistic building in the world,' who superciliously condemn silver, ivory and rosewood as material for doors.

To men so narrow, so unable to see and appreciate beauty, one is tempted to offer Turner's oft-quoted retort to the woman 'who had never seen such sunsets as he painted'. 'No, Madam, I am sure you never have, but don't you wish you could!'

No less lovely than the stone is the wood-carving. The Gudigars, hereditary sandalwood carvers of Sāgar and Sōrab, worked with fine loyalty and industry, and produced carvings which even they and their ancestors, unrivalled anywhere in the world, had never surpassed. For, and this is indeed a tragedy, the eight families of Gudigars who form the close corporation in this art, were, declares Sir George Watt, 'profligate, indigent and intemperate; ready to starve but not to . . . work hard. Only a few were taught the higher flights of the carver's art, and no outsider was *ever* admitted to the trade. Cheap goods find such ready sale that only as a great favour will any attempt the expensive and difficult work.' The joinery was very unsatisfactory. 'A carver,' continues Sir George, 'will devote weeks to carving exquisite figures on a block of several small pieces, stuck together by glue, which he knows will give way and ruin his work in a few months' time.'[1]

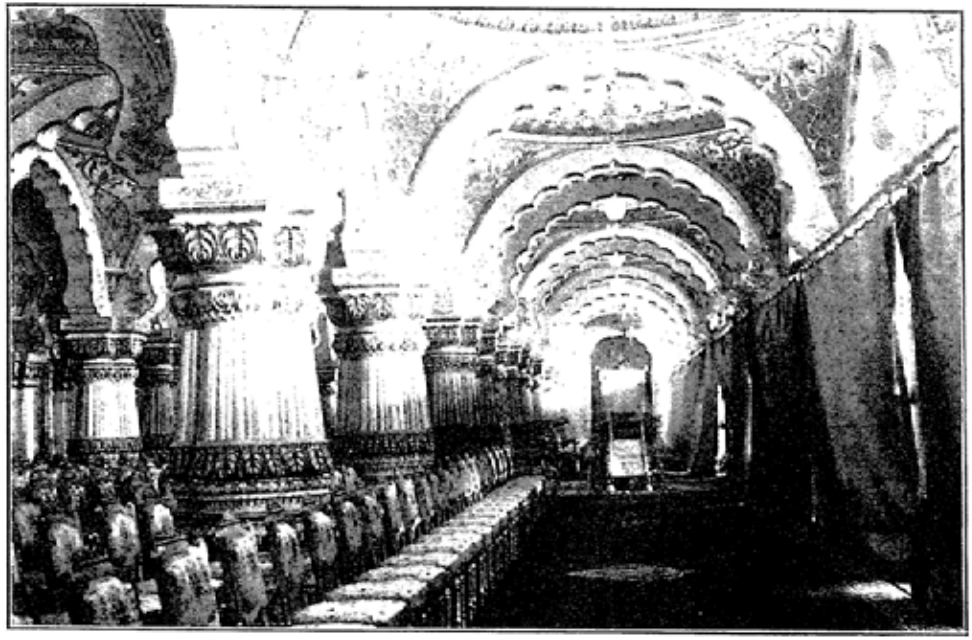
Government is trying in various ways, especially through technical institutes, to encourage these Gudigars in such habits of sobriety and industry as will enable them to maintain their supremacy.

Sir George pronounces the sandalwood spandrels, over the doors in the durbar hall, which were exhibited at the Delhi Exhibition, 'the most perfect example of carving ever produced'. One represents Krishna and the *gopis* (milkmaids). 'Every bough, every bird and animal and even the fishes rejoice; and the contentment of the homing cattle is simply admirable.'

An ancient sandalwood door, rescued from the old palace during the fire, was also exhibited at Delhi. It has

[1] *Indian Art in Delhi*, by Sir George Watt.

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THE PALACE—THE DURBAR HALL

a frieze of geese on the narrow lintel. It is a one-leaf door, which does not open on hinges, but swings on a pivot, and has deep wings intended to embrace door and lintel. The eight massive panels are carved with animals in bold relief, and have 'rosette-like expansions at the joints and around the brass bosses, that give a most unusual finish and dignity'.

Mysore's inlaid ivory work is as world-famous as the sister craft. The ivory is usually inlaid in rosewood, shisham or ebony, and a peculiarity of the Mysore inlaying is that the ivory surface is often, as in the palace doors, enriched with designs drawn, or rather scratched, with black lac. The result is charming and unique.

The elaborately and deeply carved ivory and silver doors at the top of the Ambavilāsa staircase are over a hundred years old, and were also rescued during the fire of 1897.

THE DURBAR HALL. No short description, if any, can do justice to the beauty of line, wealth of material, blaze of colour and exuberance of decoration in the great durbar hall. Walls vie with ceilings, columns with doorways, and, both by daylight and when ablaze with hundreds of fairy lights, the hall gathers up and displays all that poets and artists have dreamed of the splendid setting of an Oriental court ; all the glamour and the glory of The Thousand Nights and One Night.

The pictures on the west wall—stories from the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*—are the work of the two brothers, Messrs. Ravi Varma and Rāja Varma, of Travancore, who painted, often at the same picture, together. Their technique was greatly influenced by a French artist whom they had met in India. As Sir Evan Maconochie says of them, 'An indifferent reproduction of French

academic style is ill-suited to the themes'. Still the pictures, if not high art, are decorative.

The most ancient object in the palace, and the most precious—only to be seen by the visitor when, almost covered with lotus and jasmine flowers, it is set up in the durbar hall for the Dasara ceremonies — is the SIMHĀSANA, the historic *Lion Throne* of figwood and ivory, gold and silver. It is to the Mysorean what the crown of Edward the Confessor is to us. 'As an individual, His Highness offers worship to this ancestral throne before ascending it for the durbar . . . according to the ritual laid down in the *Kāḷika Purāṇa*; as enthroned Maharaja he stands to the people as both the representative of God to them and of them to God.'[1]

The early history of the throne is legendary, but not therefore incredible, and the more generally accepted version is as follows: It belonged to the Pāndavas of Hastināpura; Kampula Rāja brought it thence and buried it at Penugonda. The sage, Vidyāranya, in 1338, revealed its hiding place to Harihara, one of the founders of the Vijayanagar Empire, and for 150 years the throne—at Ānegondi — was used by that dynasty; until early in the seventeenth century it passed by descent into the possession of the Vijayanagar viceroy of Seringapatam, and was removed to his palace there.

In 1609 Tirumala Rāya, or Srī Ranga Rāyal, the viceroy, 'being grievously afflicted with the *rājpora*, or royal boil,' went to Talakādu to find relief or death at the feet of his tutelary god, and resigned his throne to Rāja Wadiyar of Mysore, who, 'with becoming ceremony, ascended this historic throne in 1610, and revived on a

[1] *Dasara*, by Dr. J. Cousins.

great scale, earnestly enjoining their performance on his successors, the observance and full ceremonies of the Dasara feast,'[1] where the throne plays such a prominent part. Stone inscriptions (Seringapatam 99) prove that Chikka Dēva Rāja Wadiyar possessed and used the throne.

The commonly accepted story that he *received* the throne from Aurangzeb has little foundation; but there is every reason to credit Mr. Rice's account. 'Khasim Khān,' he says, 'the friend of the Rāja at the court of Aurangzeb, died; and Chikka Dēva Rāja resolved to send an embassy to the Emperor for the purpose of establishing a fresh interest at court. . . . The embassy, which set out in 1699, returned in 1700, bringing with it, as is alleged, a new signet from the Emperor, bearing the title, *Jug Deo Raj* (Jagat Dēva Rāja, the Sovereign of the World), and permission to sit on an ivory throne.'[2]

That the Emperor Aurangzeb did confer such permission on feudatory rulers is evident from his vengeance on the Rāja of Bednūr, a few years later, for daring to use a throne without the imperial assent.[3]

Fortified by this permission, Chikka Dēva Rāja and his descendants sat on the Mysore ivory throne, so strangely acquired and possibly of such great antiquity.[4]

Even if we disregard the legendary period, there seems little reason to doubt the records of its history during the five and a half centuries, from its adoption by the Vijayanagar emperor in 1338.

It did not pass unscathed through those restless,

[1] *Epigraphia Carnatica*, Mysore, II; T. Narasipur, 63; Seringapatam, 14, 16, 103.

[2] *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 356.

[3] *History of Mysoor*, by Col. Wilks, I, p. 61.

[4] See the Progeny Lotus, in the Jagan Mōhan Palace, Mysore.

turbulent centuries. Four hundred years after its burial in Penugonda, it was dismantled and thrown into an outhouse of Tipū Sultān's palace at Seringapatam. There it was found after his death, and was hastily repaired and adorned for the enthronement of the child Rāja in 1799.

The structure is of figwood, overlaid with ivory. Though these remain, it has since been transformed in appearance, the ivory being now covered with gold and silver figures and arabesques.

Let Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, that same child Rāja who added the adornments, describe it.

The *Dēvatānāma-Kusumamanjari*, written in 1859 by H.H. Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, thus describes the Mysore throne :

'The throne is adorned with golden plantain posts and golden mango leaves; has a bird set with jewels at the top of the . . . umbrella; is rendered charming by female figures at the sides of the flight of steps; has pearl tassels round the umbrella; has a tortoise seat; *yālis* on two sides, and creepers on four sides. It has on the east face elephants, on the south horses, on the west infantry, and on the north chariots. It has Brahma on the south, Siva on the north, and Vishnu in the middle; has Vijaya and four other lions, two *sarabhas* (mythical monsters), two horses, and four swans at the angles. It is beautified by figures of the regents of the directions and Nāga nymphs; is decorated with the svastika diagram and a pearl awning, and is open on all sides.'[1]

A Sanskrit inscription, on the gold umbrella of the throne, contains 96 lines of rhetorical invocations and

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1918, p. 68.

blessings. Part of it runs: 'Afraid of defeat by the spotless moon of your fame, the moon serves you in the guise of an umbrella. Treating with contempt the brilliance of the sun by the power of your patronage, the moon of your umbrella causes joy at all times to the circle of the earth.'[1]

The bird which hovers over the umbrella is the fabulous *huma*, of which legend asserts that it flies for ever, never touching the ground; and that the head on which its shadow falls will wear a crown.[2]

It seems to be a combination of bird of paradise, swan, eagle, pelican and phœnix. Fans of *huma* feathers were used by Haidar Ali and his son as a sign of royalty. How they obtained feathers from a mythical bird is not explained! Possibly they were *humsa* (swan) plumes.

The throne passed through one more danger. When, in 1897, the greater part of the palace was destroyed by fire, the simhāsana was lowered to the ground by almost superhuman exertions on the part of European and Indian volunteer rescuers, and removed in safety.

The ROYAL SIGNET RING is so closely associated with the throne that a short account of its history may fittingly appear here. As we have seen, Aurangzeb is reported to have sent Chikka Dēva Rāja, in 1700, a ring inscribed 'Jug Deo Raj'. The present royal signet, used on official documents, is so inscribed, but a reference to the picture will show those learned enough to decipher it, that it was given, not by Aurangzeb, but by the Emperor Ahmed Shah in A.D. 1749, during the reign of Krishna Rāja Wadiyar II. The inference is that the original seal, having been lost or destroyed, the Rāja sent a request, which was

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1919, p. 44.
[2] Richardson's *Persian Dictionary*.

granted, for a new ring. With the exception of Ahmed Shah's name and the date, this is probably a copy or duplicate of Aurangzeb's seal of 1700.

THE AMBAVILĀSA DURBAR HALL. 'Exuberant richness' perhaps describes this gorgeously decorated room; yet the *tout ensemble* is harmonious, and the beauty of many of the details unsurpassed in the palace.

The Agra work — inlaid with jacinth and jasper, carbuncle and cornelian, amber and lapis lazuli—on the floor, between the pillars, is (like that in the greater hall) interesting as having been begun by skilled artisans from Agra, and finished by Mysore boys and men who were employed to saw and polish the granite, porphyry and the semi-precious stones. They watched the northern men, tried their hands at the new craft, and soon became as expert as their unconscious teachers.

The teakwood ceiling is magnificent, its bold yet intricate and finished carving is untouched by paint, merely waxed, and passing years will but enhance its beauty and its value.

Every door, silver, teak or rosewood, repays minute inspection. On one of the ivory inlaid panels, picturing Vishnu's *avatars* (incarnations), notice a charming drawing of the tiny Krishna, kissing his baby toe as he lies on the sacred lotus.

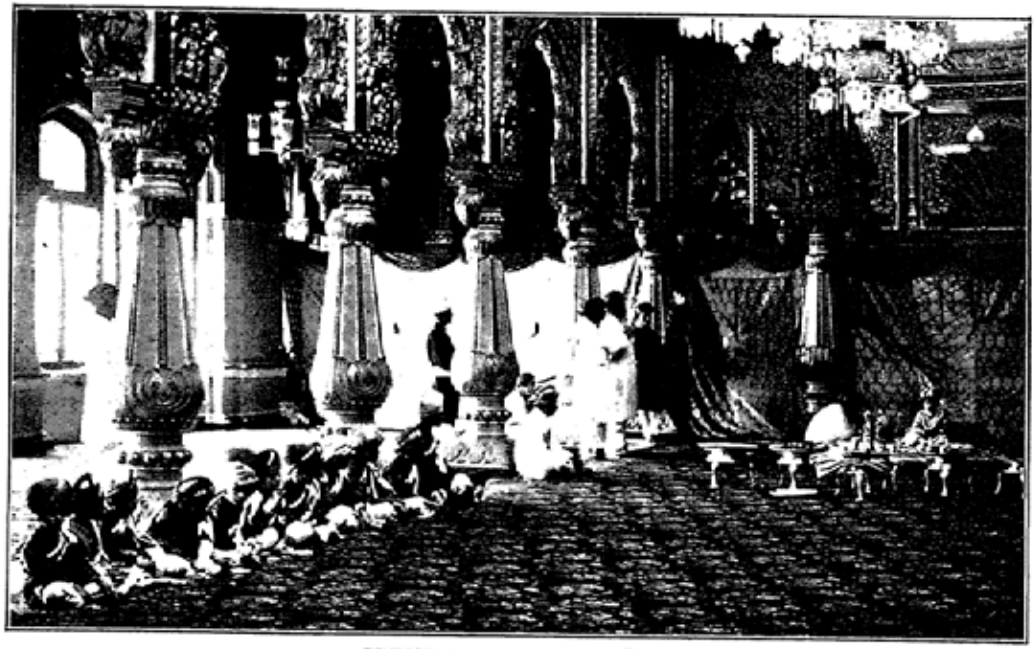
Some of the palace carpets are Western, but the Indian ones should not be overlooked. The jail carpets of Bangalore (and Mysore) have long been noted for their excellence. 'Unapproached by the commercial carpets of any time or place. . . . The marvellously balanced arrangement of their colossal proportions and the titanic power of their colouring . . . satisfy the feeling for breadth and space and impressiveness . . . the noblest designed of



THE PALACE—AMBAVILĀSA DURBAR HALL

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PRINCE JAYA AND DURBĀRIS

any carpets now made,' says Sir George Birdwood, in his sumptuous work on *Carpets*, a book prepared for the Austro-Hungarian Government.[1]

This hall is used for investitures, birthday durbars, etc., and never a prettier ceremony took place in it than that recorded in the illustration, when little Prince Jaya Chāmarājendra Wadiyar, son of His Highness the Yūvarāja, on his sixth birthday (*anglice*, five years old) held the first durbar. The ceremonies prescribed by *shastras* and by custom were directed by the palace *purohitaru*, and scrupulously observed by the little Rājkumār and the very young durbāris.

THE PEACOCK, OR MARRIAGE, PAVILION. The stained glass of this octagonal hall was designed in the palace, but made in Glasgow. The dome is supported by triple iron pillars. A many-hued balcony, screened during ceremonies by cloth-of-gold or silken curtains, through which the royal ladies view the proceedings, encircles the hall. On state occasions, Persian, Mysore or gold-embroidered carpets almost cover the marble floor.

The pavilion was first used in 1910, for some of the ceremonies connected with the marriage of His Highness the Yūvarāja to a daughter of the House of the Delavāyas (hereditary commanders-in-chief) of Mysore. Since then the marriages of other young Rājkumārs and Rājkumāris have been celebrated here; and the ceremonies, witnessed by many guests, have been absorbingly interesting. Among the Arasus (the Rajput or kingly families of Mysore) the custom of child-marriage does not prevail. An Arasu bride is rarely less than seventeen years old, and often much more. Those present feel

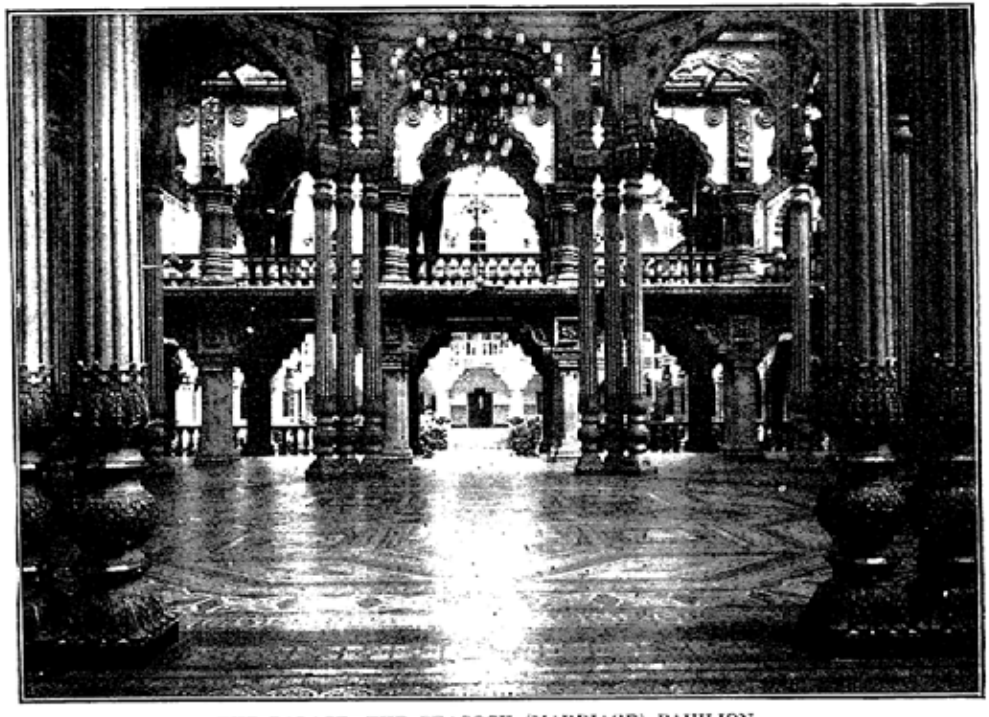
[1] Quoted in *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 537.

as one so often does in Mysore, transplanted into fairy-land or into the dream-world of the *Arabian Nights*, with the heightened interest of knowing that, though the scenes can hardly be surpassed on any stage, these rites, solemn and potent, are swaying the destinies of no mere puppets of the theatrical world, but of real princes and princesses.

THE ARMOURY. In the armoury, which is said to have been founded by Chāma Rāja Wadiyar IV (The Bald) about 1575, are over 3,000 weapons, each inscribed with the name of Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III and a serial number.

On a central pillar notice a sword with an Andrea Ferrara blade, and several *vajra-musti*, or tiger claws. These, fully described by Col. Wilks, were, when used in mimic warfare (as during the Dasara celebrations), made of buffalo horn, and, even so, capable of splitting open an adversary's skull, though at the risk of dislocating the striker's finger-joints. Iron claws were used in actual warfare, and the story of Śivāji's treacherous use of them against the Bijāpur general, Afzal Khān, is often told. The general set out with a large army, determined to fulfil his pledge to trap, 'dead or alive, the mountain rat'. Śivāji whined submission, and induced the Mahratta to sally forth from Partabgarh fort to receive it. Paintings and engravings have preserved the picture of the old, unarmed commander, dressed in white muslin, coming down the rocky path with his one attendant, to Śivāji—also in white muslin robes, which, however, concealed chain armour—smirking humbly at the base of the hill, and bowing low at the feet of the general, who stooped to raise him. As he did so Śivāji's left hand, closed to conceal the terrible tiger-claws, flashed out, tore down

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THE PALACE—THE PEACOCK (MARRIAGE) PAVILION

and held the old man; and the 'consecrated' Bhavani poniard in his right hand swiftly finished the work of treachery.

On the same pillar hangs the most interesting object in the collection—the *nimcha*, or elastic sword (which can be worn as a belt), of Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar. It is probably the oldest weapon here, and more than probably it is the sacred sword which the Rāja called *Vijāya-Narasimha*, and which saved his life again and again; on one occasion very dramatically. The story, as given in the *Annals*, says that the chief of Trichinopoly was smarting from the defeat of his champion wrestlers (or swordsmen) by Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja, who, when still a Yūvarāja and incognito, had heard of their prowess, slipt down to the contests, and after his victory quietly stole home again. Trichinopoly, who was also terribly jealous of Mysore's growing kingdom, discovered the secret of Narasa Rāja's identity, and, soon after the Yūvarāja ascended the throne, sent 25 warriors to worm their way into the palace at Seringapatam (then the capital of the State) and to bring back the Rāja's head.

The first part of their programme, after much scheming and difficulty, they accomplished, and hid at night behind the pillars of a royal apartment. However, the king, as he passed through it on his way from the zanāna, saw suspicious shadows, seized his trusty *Vijāya-Narasimha*, and as the men rushed to surround him laid about him right valiantly, slicing off a head or two each time the sword swished round. The guards rushed in to find some of the dacoits lying dead and some severely wounded. The rest they overpowered and took into custody, to be judged next day in open durbar. The gallant and generous Rāja sent them back to their

master—their only penalty the task of justifying to him the defeat of 25 armed and prepared desperadoes against a single, unsuspicious man.

So the Rāja ordained that evermore the sword should be worshipped (or blessed), and for this he liberally endowed a daily *pūja*.

Many old muskets and guns are shown. Col. Wilks states that the balls used in the muskets of Tipū's army 'were cast in moulds intersected by two divisions at right angles with each other, and the shank was left, by which the bullet was fastened to the cartridge; the bullet accordingly separated into five parts, and, if very close, a large spreading wound was inflicted. In any case the wounds were difficult of cure, but particularly when made at close quarters.' Another proof that the iniquitous dum-dum bullet is not altogether a modern invention.

Other objects of interest and horror in the collection are round, flat discs, thrown in the hope of slicing off an enemy's head; brass spears, to be attached to the tusks of war-elephants; and several fearsome dagger-shears, looking like enormous five-bladed scissors, some blades having saw-like edges. Some, it is surmised, were poisoned. At any rate, the stabber took no chances, and the poor adversary, if a mere dig of the ghastly weapon did not suffice, could at least never survive the opening, inside his wound, of those terrible five blades.

There are six or seven small state guns, probably presented to Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III at his enthronement (gorgeous 'toys' for a boy of five!), and one apparently captured by Col. Wellesley, in 1803, at Bījāpur. Some ornate presentation swords and chauris may also be seen.

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THE PALACE—THE MUSIC ROOM

Creeping among banks of fern, palms and crotons, in the inner courtyard, are eight enormous bronze tigers, the work of Robert William Colton, R.A., who designed and made them to surround his marble statue of H.H. the late Maharaja in the Curzon Park. Until the statue was placed in its present position the tigers found a home here, and here, so admirably do they suit their surroundings, they remain.

Where the rest is in such perfect taste, the rather railway-station-decoration of the coloured tile dado round this verandah strikes a discordant note.

A balustrade on beautifully-carved red porphyry rails borders the cool semi-transparency of the white marble steps, which lead to the second storey on the north, in which are the MUSIC and DRAWING ROOMS.

To one as fond of and as skilled in music, Eastern and Western, as the Maharaja, a Music room is not a luxury but a necessity. His Highness plays the piano, violin and 'cello, with a preference for severely classical music. Taste, technique and perseverance have all helped to make him a performer of the first class, where His Highness might remain but for his conscientious relinquishment of a loved hobby for the insistent demands of the State upon his time. This musical talent is shared by other exceptionally gifted members of his family. One young princess has passed all her Trinity College of Music examinations, and plays exquisitely, with wonderful execution and feeling. The children of H.H. the Yūvarāja are passionately fond of music, and practise their 'piano pieces' with a zest most little ones give to games.

During the visit of distinguished guests to Mysore, a musical evening forms one of the chief and most enjoyable of the many entertainments. Indian music, in one

of the durbar halls, is first heard. A little group of musicians, seated on the floor, play the following instruments: a *sitar*, a *mridang*, a *sarang*, a *tamburi*, a violin, a tiny hand-harmonium, and five slightly different kinds of *vinas*. Experts in Indian music consider their playing to be extremely clever, and the music chosen very beautiful.

This is followed, in the music room, by a programme which includes organ music, perhaps a quartette for the piano, violins and 'cello; and usually a duet, by two Indian musicians, on the rims of basins of water. This is really charming—the music is so liquid, the notes so clear and true.

It may not be out of place to mention here His Highness's palace bands, of highly trained, gifted and enthusiastic musicians, under a European bandmaster. Their playing is tremendously admired whenever—and the occasions are many—His Highness allows them to play for the enjoyment of the public. Other palace bands, which play only Indian music, are pronounced by experts to be remarkably proficient.

A drum and fife band, and the skirl of the bag-pipes thrill more than Scots folk, as they follow the strains of the classical Western and of the Eastern music.

The Mysore Anthem

The tune is said to have been the favourite one of H.H. the late Maharaja Chāmrājendra Wadiyar X, who, with the help of his bandmaster, Mr. Bartles, and the late very famous musician, Vainika Sikhāmani Sēshanna, arranged the score. It is now part of the very life of the people; it is sung daily by thousands of school children; it always heralds the arrival and accompanies the departure of the

The Mysore Anthem

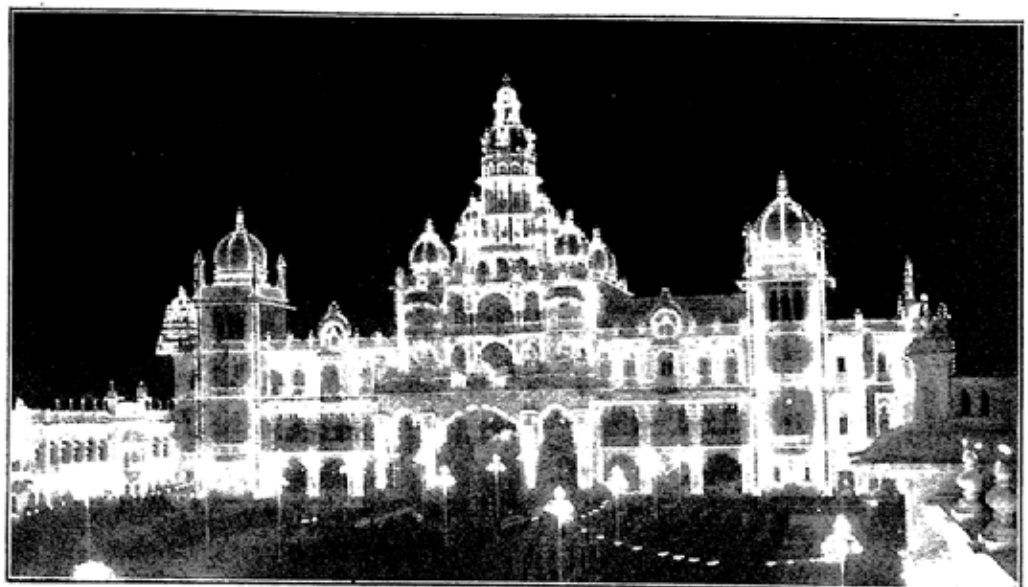
Piano

Harmonized by O. Schmidt



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THE PALACE OF GOLDEN LIGHT

Ruler. At all public functions the first eight bars are played, followed immediately by the first two lines of the British National Anthem.

The words, by the late Basappa Śāstry, are Sanskrit in Kannada dress, and are an invocation to Gouri, or Chāmundēsvari. By non-Hindus the word *devaru* (God) is substituted, and the prayer made to the Great God and Father of mankind.

* * * * *

Beautiful and stately is the palace by day. By night, when veiled in a golden glory of some 50,000 electric lights, it is fairyland, enchantment, loveliness indescribable. When thus 'clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,' it should be viewed from half-way up Chāmundi Hill. It is then a mass of amber, delicately carved and glowing; it is living, exulting light.

THE JAGAN MŌHUN MAHĀL PALACE

This palace is in two parts. That on the east is a pavilion, spacious and rather commonplace, redeemed by its massive carved doors. It was only intended for a temporary structure, when, the great fire of 1897 having destroyed most of the palace in the fort, it was built for the marriage, in June 1900, of H.H. the Maharaja to the Rajput Princess, Pratāp Kuvarba, younger daughter of the Rana Vināya Simha Jhala of Vana, in Kathiawar. 'An alliance which linked together the Rājput dynasty of Mysore with the Kathiawar Rājput Houses, from which Yadurāya, the founder of the dynasty, sprang.'

It was also the scene of the installation of the present ruler by Lord Curzon, in 1902; of the marriage of H.H. the Yūvarāja, in 1910; and during the rebuilding of the fort palace, of Dasara and Birthday durbars. The annual

meetings of the Representative Assembly and of the Convocation of the Mysore University are now held here.

The western, older building is a treasury of pictures and models, illustrating Mysore history and personalities. As their re-classification and distribution is under consideration, those of special interest here mentioned are not always described with reference to the rooms in which they are at present shown.

A large bedstead of blackwood, inlaid with ivory and overlaid with brass, presented to Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III by Basavarāj Urs, of Hebbur, a hundred years ago, may be noticed.

Three rather interesting and ingenious pictures are shown. Each is about two feet square, and represents Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III on the throne during Dasara. *Every* black line in each of the pictures is formed of words in minute handwriting. In No. 24 the words are 'Srī Kanta,' in No. 25 'Srī Rāma,' and in No. 26 'Srī Krishna'.

Screens hold painted and ivory medallions and small pictures of the same Rāja.

On a (modern) carved sofa the very ordinary red, black and cream chintz is interesting as a specimen of that woven on the famous Ganjam looms, in Tipū Sultān's time. The material is almost indestructible, and the colour is fast. It is now made in Shimoga.

A very old, framed relief picture of (Immadi) Krishna Rāja Wadiyar II, painted by order of his wife, was found buried in the ground, under what was the palace of the Mysore Rājas at Seringapatam, when the foundations of the Memorial *Mantapa* were being dug. It stands on an easel in the corner, near a large wall picture of that Rāja holding a durbar in the Seringapatam palace which gives

portraits of the Delavāya Dēva Rāja Urs, the sinister Karāchuri Nanjarāja Urs, and others; especially the tailor!

To the large engraving of a durbar, held by His Highness, the grandfather of the present Maharaja, in which many members of the Mysore Commission and their wives appear, a key-picture hangs in the University Library Hall.

Two *santanambūjas* (lotus progeny), one a framed painting on paper the other engraved on brass, should be noticed. Both are, as the name implies, in the shape of a lotus leaf, and give the genealogy of the Mysore Rājas from Yadurāya, who, in 1399, gained the realm by conquest and marriage, to the grandfather of the present Maharaja. It gives a picture of each Rāja, surrounded by written details of his reign, dates of birth and accession, the number of his queens, sons and daughters, etc. The crescent at the bottom, and all the space around the leaf of the brass plate are filled with a *churnika*, or recital, of the acts and gifts of Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III; his literary works (he was the author of many), his emblems, titles, etc., the titles of the Mysore Maharajas, which are still declaimed by the very picturesque old mace-bearers of the palace at intervals during durbars and other functions.[1] This lotus progeny was prepared by the chief court artist, Tippanna, in 1860.

A somewhat similar picture depicts the same Rāja with his family deities, ancestors and sirdars.

Models of the Mysore palaces are in the verandah room to the west, also a huge carved stone cot or table, seven and a half feet long and six feet wide, with sculptured (separate) legs, two feet high. It was found many years

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1918, p. 64.

ago in a deserted palace of the chiefs of Bednūr, at Kavaladūrga, and was known as 'The Rani's Cot'. A Kannada inscription gives the date 1694. It is surmised that it may have belonged to Kempe Gauda of Māgadi.

Near the Rani's Cot is the Ghandharva Palanquin, first used by Tipū Sultān—witness the tiger stripe, his special decoration; later by Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, as his figure and crest in ivory attest.

Two exquisite album-backs, carved in deep relief in sandalwood, with an unrivalled wealth of detail and rich ness of design, are badly placed. They are on the wall, much too near the ground for the minute inspection they deserve They were carved in Shimoga, and cost Rs. 360 each.

A priceless old piece of ivory carving, the back, apparently, of a settee, or even of a throne, is shown in a cupboard in the small 'organ room'. It, too, was exhibited also, without a rival, at Delhi, in 1902. It is sixteenth or very early seventeenth century work, and is described by Sir George Watt as 'a tympanum-shaped perforated panel of intertwined, feathered and four-footed dragons of all shapes and sizes, richly carved, gilded, stained and lacquered in pale green and pale magenta. Its five cusped arched panels are filled with perforations representing trees, birds and animals.'

A modern copy (but without the gilt and lacquer) is more massive. It is a beautiful piece of work, but in its present position, above a lofty door, is too 'skied' to be well seen or appreciated.

Near the original panel is a most lovely ivory brush-back. The carving depicts, with exquisite grace and verve, jungle scenes.

In the same room hang two Kashmir shawls, each of

which, it is said, takes a lifetime to work and four lifetimes to wear out. The making of these shawls is now almost entirely discontinued, as it was found that the work constantly resulted in the loss of the worker's sight. Another reason given for the cessation of the manufacture of the shawls is suggested by Sir Thomas Munro, who, in 1813, when giving evidence before the East India Company on the civilization, sciences and arts of India, declared that the excellence of their own manufactures precluded the sale of British goods in this country. He had used an Indian shawl for seven years, and had found very little difference in it after that long use.

The market for an article which lasts for generations must naturally be limited.

In every shawl, carpet, and curtain some flaw is inserted—to avert the evil eye; and one pattern is left unfinished. It is considered presumptious to complete, to make perfect, the work of mortal hands.

In another room seven Persian documents, in a frame, are shown. They were formerly believed to be written during the Sassanian dynasty. The writing on one is cuneiform, the other is in some old South Indian character.[1]

Professor Shustry, however, says they are of no age or worth, only one of them being over 160 years old. The object of the documents is merely to display penmanship.[2]

On the staircase walls are many strange paintings on glass, those illustrating various types of peons, *udāsvādaves*, etc., being specially worth inspection.

[1] *The Journal of the Mysore Mythic Society*, XVI, 3.
[2] Ibid., XVII, 1.

An echo of Tipū's playful way of welcoming his guests lingers in a hoary, decrepid and creaky old tiger (stuffed), on a stand like that of a child's toy-lamb, which a peon delights in ejecting from a little cupboard, half-way up the staircase. It is still capable of eliciting squeals of fright from visitors, to the intense delight of the peons, who consider such attention is really worth handsome recognition.

Apparently the Sultān had a collection of such mechanical toys, the one here illustrated being particularly ferocious. It was sent to Windsor Castle, and thence to the Tower.

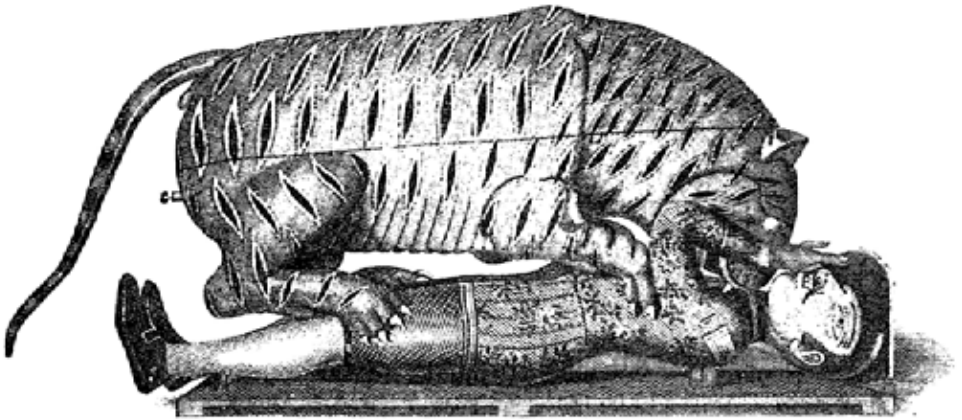
On the landing just above are some enormous dumb-bells and clubs. These are believed to have belonged to, and to have been used by, the great warrior king, Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar, whose prowess we have referred to on an earlier page.[1]

In the Napoleon Room is an ivory-veneered sofa from Tipū's palace. In the Burmese Room is a wonderful bamboo book, richly gilt and lacquered, brought by Sir Harry Prendergast from Thebaw's palace. Notice the tape round the book.

On the third storey, the *Rung Mahal*, or Picture Hall, has many quaint and interesting mural paintings. They are very much in the style of those on the walls of the Daria Daulat, at Seringapatam. On one wall is a Dasara procession, with the Maharaja Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III seated in a State coach drawn by six elephants. Here are, too, eight paintings of the palace sacred cows and their successors. Also hunting scenes. On the opposite wall is another lotus progeny and several *biradugalu*—royal

[1] See p. 33.

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TIPŪ'S TIGER

'A royal tyger in the act of devouring a prostrate European. There are some barrels in imitation of an organ within the body of the tyger, and a row of keys of natural notes. The sounds produced by the organ are intended to resemble the cries of a person in distress, intermixed with the roar of a tyger. The machinery is so contrived that while the organ is playing the hand of the European is often lifted up to express his helpless and deplorable condition. The whole of this design is as large as life, and was executed by order of Tipū Sultān.

'The wooden figure was sent to England to be placed in the Tower of London.'

emblems. Those here shown are said to have been wrested in fight from Tanjore. Other pictures depict Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III playing chess, at which he was an expert, and taking part in Hindu games and ceremonies.

THE CHITRASĀLA. In several ground-floor rooms, south of the main building, may be seen the nucleus of an exhibition of Indian art, illustrative of the evolution of Indian painting in historical sequence, its influence and relationships. It contains pictures of the modern school of Calcutta, which owes its inspiration to the original genius of Abanindra Nath Tagore. It has also some examples of the lovely work of a Mysorean, Mr. K. Venkatappa, the son of a palace painter, in whom Sir Evan Maconochie discovered exceptional talent when the lad was only fourteen. At his suggestion, H.H. the Maharaja had the boy taught English and Hindustani, and sent him with a scholarship to Calcutta.[1] A discovery and a generous encouragement which have been abundantly justified.

One picture, by Ramadalikil, of 'Bhōjarāja and his thirty-two dolls,' cost Rs. 1,250. Some interesting paintings and miniatures, all with clearly written titles or descriptions, may be seen in one of the smaller rooms in the gallery. One of these, H.H. Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III as a little child, has been reproduced in this book by the kind permission of H.H. the Maharaja.

Two enormous mill-stones, worked in the old days by elephants, stand, their work done, in the south-east corner of the compound.

[1] *Life in the Indian Civil Service*, by Sir Evan Maconochie, p. 155.

CHAPTER IV

CHĀMUNDI HILL

MYSORE owes so much of her loveliness to her tutelary hill that the first sight of her great isolated granitoid mass causes the returning Mysorean more than a little thrill; the last backward look, as he leaves her, a little stab of pain. Cloud-capped at dawn, rose-flushed at sunset, star-spangled with her 'torrent of gems from the sky' through the night; her mountain sides, green and gold and grey, Chāmundi, as a background to the city she guards, is perfectly and perpetually satisfying.

The hill, 3,489 feet above sea-level, is sparsely covered with scrub jungle, barely concealing rocks and caves, which every year offer less shelter to the cheetahs, wild pig and porcupines which formerly abounded.

Wide, spiral roads now open up the many view-points on the hill, and lead to the village, the temples and the palace bungalow on the top; to the sacred bull, lower down, and to the still lower pleasance of Lalitādri. Small 'alpine gardens,' in which, aided by an elaborate water-supply system, a not unsuccessful attempt is made to grow western winter flowers, surround the palace bungalow. 'Circles' and 'islands,' revolving summer houses, daintily sculptured *mantapas* and newly-built shrines adorn a hill already enriched by the legends and monuments of a romantic past.

And Chāmundi is far more than an impressive background. Her shrines draw multitudes to worship; her

cool, fresh air, gardens, walks and drives draw multitudes more to rest and recreation.

In order to reach the top you had, twenty years ago, the choice of riding lazily up a cart-track, or of climbing first a thousand steps and then half a mile of stony path.

If you were Royalty or Viceroyalty, you had the further choice of being carried up in a *dhāli* or of riding up on an elephant; a long, hot and tiring expedition either way. Poor Lady Dufferin at least found it so, and describes it as follows: 'After lunch we went to the top of a very high hill, which I ascended in a *jhampan*, borne by 12 men, who chanted as they went up the thousand steps; it was a wild sort of song, which sounded very inspiriting. D—— rode up the other side of the hill and we met at the top, where we admired the view of the country, and a fine specimen of a Hindu temple which crowns the hill. . . . Our descent was very fatiguing, as the thousand steps were very slippery.'

There is a tradition that the Duchess of Connaught elected to make the ascent on an elephant, and bitterly regretted her choice; for her steed, after lumbering up with exemplary sedateness, suddenly decided that his elephant lines were far more attractive than sacred shrines and extensive views. So he bolted home again, with a desperate but powerless *mahout* and a very frightened and uncomfortable Duchess on his back.

* * * * *

THE STEPS

A stairway 'of legend and ringing rhymes,
Of splendid songs and singing chimes,
A road where every pilgrim climbs
To God as to a friend.'—*A. G. Prys-Jones.*

An energetic visitor will be well repaid by a climb up these thousand steps, fashioned 263 years ago, when the

Great Fire of London was raging, by, some say, Manaji Rao, a pious cloth merchant of Mysore; others, and they have the weight of the Archæological Department behind them, by Dodda Dēva Rāja Wadiyar. At the foot of the steps is a small temple to Chāmundēsvari, where animal sacrifices replaced the human ones, discontinued by order of Haidar Ali.

The steps are here and there green with moss and lichen, they are slippery with votive oil, they are polished by the passing of countless pilgrim feet. They are any and every length, breadth and thickness, they slope at every angle, and are nowhere of monotonous uniformity. At the natural resting-places the widening view becomes more and more arresting. Foothills raise their crests, far-off mountains define the horizon, and half-way up, with a little gasp of delight, those who know Mr. Hilton Brown's exquisite poem, *Friendly Mountain*, will see, with a thrill, far away to the west, the pearl and amethyst cone of Malikarjuna, by Bettadapūr.

> For all good hills I give my thanks as through this world I go,
> For the green hills and the heather hills and the hills of rock and snow;
> But one small hill is neighbourly and kind beyond compare,
> The little hill of Bettada, the hill that's always there. . . .
> You see it in the tinted dawn, a gem of gold and grey,
> Blue-shimmering in the noontide, and rose at set of day;
> And when the silver moonrise steals athwart the Cauvery bend
> The silver ghost of Bettada stands up to call you friend.

Those who reach the top of the hill by the easier way of the long spiral motor road will pass, on the way from the Boulevard to Lalitādri,

THE BODYGUARD MASJID

This lovely little mosque, a landmark for miles round Mysore, built by H.H. the Maharaja for the Muhammadan

men of his Bodyguard, was opened by His Highness in August 1922, and is entirely subsidized by the palace.

Among other wise and beautiful things said by the Maharaja in his opening speech is this call to unity: 'This mosque is situated on one side of the lines. The Hindu temple is on the other side. Each ministers to the spiritual need of its followers. Each is symbolic of that unity in diversity which will, I hope, become in an increasing measure a pleasing characteristic of the motherland, with all its diverse castes and creeds. To a devout Hindu each represents one of the paths leading to the same goal.'

Pure white, with grace in every one of its lovely lines, the mosque stands in a grove of dark green trees, against the darker background of Chāmundi. Even in Mysore there are few buildings in a more lovely setting or of greater beauty.

THE PALACE BUNGALOW

This, often used by the Royal Family, crowns the hill. The original house, which has been enlarged and restored, was built about 1822 by Mr. (later Sir) Arthur Cole, when Resident in Mysore. It was described by Col. Walter Campbell, after panting up Chāmundi hill and trotting down with blistered feet before breakfast one morning, in 1833; being well rewarded for his trouble by the splendid view obtained and the delicious change of climate experienced—'positively cold'. 'Here,' he says, 'I found a comfortable English-looking country house, built by Mr. Cole as a retreat during the hot season. There was nothing remarkable about it except that it was fitted up with fireplaces, which gave it a very homely and un-Indian look; and that, hanging in the entrance hall, I discovered

the most splendid specimen of a sambar's head I have ever seen. The horn was 18 inches round the burr, and large in proportion. I have seen many large heads, but never one at all to compare with this.'

The grounds command a wide and lovely prospect. The minarets of the Great Mosque at Seringapatam, the lake and dam of Krishnarāja Sāgara, the sacred hill of Melkōte, the Wynaad hills, the Biligirirangan and the Nīlgiri mountains frame, as with jewels, the fair city of Mysore, laid out like a coloured relief map, at your feet. In the morning, 'when the night retireth from the dawn, her sister, and the Dark one yieldeth to the Red her pathway,'[1] and 'when heaven puts off its hidden grey for mother-o'-pearl,' and sunrise flushes the circling hills, it is a scene of rare charm and beauty. But in the evening, when lengthening shadows steal across the glimmering plains, and hills are caught in the radiance of the sunsets for which Mysore is so justly famous, it is a scene, not of beauty only, but of enchantment; to which another touch is added every evening when thousands of fairy lamps spring into radiance. The crowning touch when, on high festivals, the palace and its gateways (outlined with over 60,000 lights) become living, glowing amber. And you will cry, as so many have done before you, 'But this—oh, but this *is* fairyland.'

THE TEMPLES

The largest and best known is the large Dravidian temple, dedicated to Srī Chāmundēsvari Dēvi, the tutelary deity of Mysore and of her Royal House, generally regarded as an incarnation of Parvati or Durga. 'In the first instance the goddess worshipped in this shrine may

[1] *Rig Veda*, VII, 71, 1.

have been identified with Siva's consort, and a *sthāla-purāṇa* or *mahātmya* was composed which related that on this spot the buffalo-headed monster (Mahish = buffalo and Asura = demon), Chāmunda, was slain. Chāmundēsvari is now regarded as an incarnation of Lakshmi. This unique feature in her legendary history being possibly due to the predominant influence of the Srī Vishnavite sect in the palace in the twelfth century.'[1]

Though the legend has various forms, all indicate that in ages long ago Mysore was delivered from the grip of some great terror—from beast or foe or pestilence.

One account claims that the goddess slew two demons, Chanda and Manda, so winning for herself a name combined of both. But the more usually accepted version speaks of her as Chāmundi-Mahishāsura-mardani, the slayer of the minotaur.

She is, therefore, the household deity of the town named in commemoration Maisa (buffalo), ūru (town). Chāma also means dark blue, and this is regarded as her colour, as in the case of Krishna. Her image on the hill bestrides a lion, and has twenty hands.[2]

In 1573, during a terrific thunderstorm, the Rāja, Chāma Rāja Wadiyar IV, worshipping in the temple, was struck by lightning. Owing, as he believed, to his being in the very act of offering gifts to the goddess, he miraculously escaped with no greater injury than the loss of his hair. He is known to history as *Bol*, the Bald.[3]

[1] *The Journal of the Mysore Mythic Society*, 'Religion in the Mysore State,' by the Rev. E. W. Thompson, M.A.

[2] In the Nuggerhalli temple she is seated on a mongoose. The image worshipped at Dasara is seated on a lion, but has only four hands. One holds a conch, one a discus, one a mace, and the fourth a lotus.

[3] *Annals of the Mysore Royal Family*, I, p. 17.

Of this temple only the western end, the shrine over the goddess, is old; the rest dates from about a hundred years ago. Writing in 1779, the German missionary, Swartz, says: 'A high mountain, with a pagoda on its summit; was formerly dangerous to travellers. The pagan inhabitants of that mountain . . . used to rush out upon travellers, cut off their noses, and offer them to their goddess. But Hyder has most rigorously forbidden it.'[1]

Of that pagoda little, if anything, remains. It is said that Rāja Wadiyar (about 1600) intended to build a *gōpura*, and for that purpose erected four large pillars, or door-posts, which were removed when the present *gōpura* was built[2] by H.H. Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III. 'He built a *gōpura* with golden finials, and set up statues of himself and his three queens in the presence of the goddess.' In 1827 he made arrangements for festivals and processions. In 1843 he presented the *Simhavahana* and other cars.

Note that there are no arches in Dravidian temples, though they usually have great gateways, sometimes over 20 feet high.

The three *sampige* trees in the temple courtyard are of great interest. Though the legend which claims that they were planted over 500 years ago by Yadurāya is too much for modern credulity, yet it is probable that they are considerably more than 150 years old; and because, the priests aver, their roots are watered by the daily offerings poured over the goddess they have never failed to give, every day of every year, from time immemorial, at least two blossoms—one for local worship, and one, sent by a special messenger, for the Mysore palace shrine.

[1] *History of Mysoor*, by Col. Wilks, I, 34.

[2] *Epigraphia Carnatica*, Mysore, I, 20.

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THE BULL, CHĀMUNDI HILL

Of rival interest to the great Chāmundēsvari fane are two temples — small and old. One is dedicated to Narāyana Svāmi, and one, still older, to Mahābalēsvara, formerly the presiding deity of the hill, whose worship is now apparently eclipsed by that of the goddess. In the courtyard is a fine bael tree, of which the wood is sacred to Siva and may be used for firewood by none but Brahmins. Near it were found two slabs, bearing almost the oldest Mysore stone inscriptions yet discovered. Worn and defaced as they are, enough remains to reveal a date not later than A.D. 950. They bear the hill's old name of Mobellada-tirtha, evidence that a thousand years ago this was a sacred spot—a place of pilgrimage, and dedicated to Īsvara, Siva. The fragmentary inscription on one stone relates to a grant to charity. The other is an epitaph, a record that some poor troubled soul—a woman —after life's long pilgrimage, 'found here,' say the blurred old letters, 'salvation and peace'.

Later inscriptions on the hill note that in A.D. 1128 the great King Vishnuvardhana made a grant to the temple, and a fugitive king of Vijayanagar another one in 1620.

THE SACRED BULL

Descending (by the footpath) past the little lake of Herekere, constructed 350 years ago by Bettada Chāma Rāja Wadiyar V, you may reach the Bull in a few minutes. (A motor road, branching off from the 'Douglas Rice Circle,' also leads to it.) Fashioned, says legend, in one night, out of the basalt of the hill, this recumbent, colossal Nandi (the vehicle of Siva) was a gift of Dodda Dēva Rāja, who reigned from 1659 to 1672; a valiant and pious king, who defeated enemies on all sides of the little kingdom, which he greatly extended and which he

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divided into four equal parts; the revenues of which, it is said, he gave to Brahmins, to the gods, to charities, and of the fourth, spent half on jewels for his queens and half on his State and palace. 'Temples,' says an inscription, 'he has made, he is making, and he will make.'[1] He built rest-houses at intervals of a *yōgana* on all the main roads of the State, and stone 'rests'—a horizontal granite stone, laid on two upright stones—on to which weary travellers could slip their shouldered burdens.

Over 25 feet long and 16 high, adorned with ropes, chains, bells and jewels of stone, the Bull—from the days when in England Cavalier and Roundhead fought for mastery—has lain, massive, calm, inscrutable; with half-shut eyes which seem, in *yōgi* fashion, to be closing in meditation. The carving, declared by Mr. Rice to be 'in no way extraordinary,' is bold and by no means without beauty. It is neither coarse nor finicking, and nothing could be more suitable for its exposed position and the distance from which it must be viewed.

Nearby is a small stone lamp-post, erected by a European and lighted, as part of the daily ritual, by the Brahmin priest in charge.

THE LAKE OF A THOUSAND LIGHTS

Quiet, inconspicuous, unnoticed all the year, the tiny mere at the top of the hill has yet its annual hour of glory. For of all the beautiful things to be seen on Chāmundi, or from Chāmundi, the most entrancingly, indescribably lovely is the great raft ceremony, held, after sunset, on this little lake below the great temple, at the Dasara full moon. Below the north wall a large semicircle is reserved for women, where the flash of their jewels and shimmer

[1] *Mysore and Coorg, from the Inscriptions*, p. 179.

of their silk *saris* add their quota of colour and of gleam.

Palace peons, in old-world picturesque costume, bear, a few feet apart, standard electric lamps, lily-shaped. Round and across the lake stretch lines of coloured bulbs. The wooded banks are packed with people. Only those who have seen it can imagine the colourful charm of this Mysore crowd, as it sits among and under the flowering shrubs, on the branches of pipal, tamarind and wild olive trees; each family with its few coloured lights, its cheap fireworks, which from time to time light up the scene with sudden gleams and lingering lights; weird yet lovely fantasies of colour and alternate gloom; and more beautiful still is the following smoke, which veils in misty blue and tender grace trees, boulders and crowds. And slowly the sky darkens to deepest indigo.

Until His Highness appears in the specially-erected silken pavilion on the west, the light of a moon just past the full, a few lamps, a few fireworks, 'gleams amid the scented gloom', reflected in the water's depths, suggest rather than display a structure (vessel, chariot or shrine?) resting on the lake. The Maharaja appears, and instantly a thousand lights reveal a decorated raft. It rests on four enormous white swans; swans lavishly decked with garlands of flowers and chains of gems, with gilded beaks and ruby eyes. In the centre of the raft is a shrine, on the shrine the goddess Chāmundēsvari, a blaze of jewels in a nest of flowers.

Attendant priests stand at the corners. The lights are manipulated from a main switch; those on the raft and those around the lake-side are raised and lowered with striking effect, as, propelled by unseen agency, the stately vessel sails very quietly, very slowly, round the lake.

The charm of the scene is heightened by the stillness. Except for the swish of a rising rocket and the sound of its bursting into showers of golden rain, and subdued 'oh's' of admiration, hardly a whisper is heard, though over three thousand people may be present.

The ceremony, far from being an anti-climax to the Dasara pageantry, is a most fitting, most lovely close to it. It 'makes a swan-like end, fading in music'.

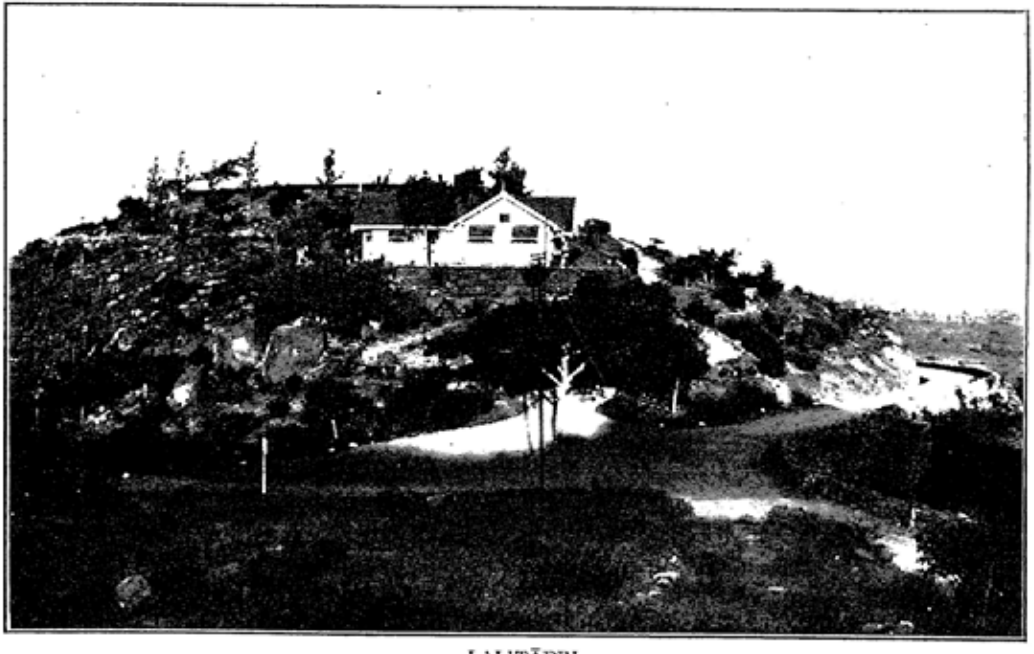
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LALITĀDRI, on its breezy little plateau, is an attractive spot, with its summer houses, garden nooks, plants—tropical and non-tropical—and wide views. Many picnic parties meet here, and there are few evenings when visitors, students, and even families in search of change, of quiet and of the cool breeze which never fails it, do not walk or motor up. From the little 'model house' the caretaker will point out a new model village, just below, and then, lying away twelve miles to the south-east, a tank, 'an opal in a bronze ring,' below the foothills of the Biligiri-rangan range, and on its banks a village, one of the most sacred spots in the legends of Mysore, Hadināru, the scene of the exploit of Yadurāya when he rescued the young princess from the Delavāyi, Maranāyaka, and, having slain him and married her, founded the Mysore dynasty.

But there are many conflicting opinions as to where, and indeed *what*, Hadināru (also called Hadena and Hadana) was. Some authorities place it to the west of Nanjangud; others south of Chāmundi hill, and there seems little authority for the picturesque legend which would set it here.

Another site (in defiance of *Gazetteer* and maps) will also be very confidently pointed out, some eight miles nearer. Barely a site, indeed just one enormous

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LALITĀDRI

tapasi tree (the *Holoptelea Intregrifolia*), all that is left, so they say, of Hadināru's rival, Karugahalli, which springs into notice again and again in Mysore history. It was given by Yadurāya as a marriage portion to his brother, Krishnarāya, who supported him so valiantly. In the time of Rāja Wadiyar, about 1600, it was of such relative importance that when he wished to pass through the village of Tandya (part of the Karugahalli territory), on his way to worship at Nanjangud, he was opposed by its proud lord, Vērarājaya. Rāja Wadiyar not only defeated him, but very effectively reduced his pride by thrashing him with his riding whip on the battlefield.[1] Vērarājaya promptly proceeded to bribe a priest to poison the Rāja, while worshipping in the Lakshmiramanasvāmi temple in Mysore. How he escaped the threatened death is related in the account of that temple.

It was from the Karugahalli branch of the family that Chāma Rāja Wadiyar IX was selected, from other boy claimants to the Mysore throne, so dramatically by Haidar Ali. Old maps and the *Gazetteer* place the village on the south-west of Chāmundi; but the site here pointed out is not without considerable support.

* * * * *

Chāmundi cannot be thoroughly explored in one afternoon or evening. New roads lead by perilous-looking ways, offering real thrills as they skirt the edges of quite fearsome precipices, to points commanding fresh views of nearby plains and far-off mountains.

At the foot of the hill, in the garden circle, just above the road leading north to the Lalita Mahal and back to Mysore, notice a tiny shrine. Inside are two little feet

[1] Seringapatam, 64; T. Narasipur, 63.

carved in black stone: the feet of Chāmundēsvari. There are three or four of these at different points around the hill, placed in pity for the old or the infirm who cannot mount the thousand steps or climb the three-mile road to the temple; and for outcastes who may not enter the temple precincts. They may here lave and circumambulate so much at least of their deity. To bring offerings to these feet is regarded as equivalent to attending and worshipping at the higher shrine.

From here the visitor who has come by the road branching off from the tiny police station, curiously labelled in French, may return by the long straight road, leading due north and past the LALITA MAHAL, the Royal Guest House, to view which a permit may be obtained. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and the extensive views and the glorious sunsets, to which it offers a grandstand, are a daily magnet to Mysore's citizens and visitors. Mr. Nagappa, who is in charge of the mansion, is a noted Mysore worthy. He began his career as *chokra* to an officer, and accompanied him to Afghanistan in the third Afghan War, returned with Lord Roberts, and, after serving various distinguished officers, was made head butler of Government House, Mysore, in 1912. He holds gold medals given him by H.H. the Maharaja and five Viceroys.

Back through the Boulevard, leaving the fine Body-guard Lines on the left, with a smile for the sowar and for his companion, the postman, who at the gate perpetually offers a never-yet-accepted letter; and then to the north, past the Karanji lake and the pretty many-domed KARANJI MANSION, built for the second sister of the Maharaja and her husband, Col. Desaraj Urs, M.V.O., who commanded the Mysore Imperial Service Lancers with such

distinction in Egypt in the Great War; now the property of their only surviving child, Rājkumār C. Desaraj Urs. Then down the Mirza Road, named in honour of the present Dewan, Amin-ul-mulk Sir Mirza M. Ismail, B.A., C.I.E., O.B.E. (to whom Mysore City and State owes so much of their beauty and prosperity), with the Palace Garage on the right and Park House, the residence of the Private Secretary to the Maharaja, on the left; then a turn to the north, and down the Nazarabād Road, stopping at the showrooms of Messrs. Theobald Brothers, the famous taxidermists to King George. These are open from 8 a.m. to 12 noon and 2 to 6 p.m.

CHAPTER V

MAINLY ABOUT ANIMALS

THE PALACE STABLES

PERMISSION to view may be obtained from the superintendent in charge (on presentation of a visiting card), between the hours of 8.30 and 11 a.m. and 3 and 6 p.m.

Since the introduction of motor vehicles the establishment has naturally been greatly reduced, but a great number of very fine animals are still housed here. Organization and equipment are all up-to-date and excellent. The well-ventilated stalls, the whitewashed walls and tiled floors are spotless. On three sides of the great courtyard are the roomy, airy horse boxes. Each horse's name is painted on his stall; each one's daily allowance of fodder and of bedding inscribed on his card. Piles of lucerne lie waiting, and patient, eager heads stretch out for the *bonne-bouche* and the caress few visitors withhold.

The animals are beautifully kept, and range from the four-in-hand teams of big black Hungarians and of great bays, to the tiny Shetland ponies, ridden and driven by the royal children.

More than one old pensioner lives on here in luxury and ease. At feeding time, about nine o'clock in the morning, the horses gather in the courtyard, and, to accustom them to the various noises they may encounter in the streets, and especially in processions, syces and

chokras let off fireworks, beat kerosene tins, and make other 'suitable' noises.

Perhaps the most interesting animal here is the SACRED HORSE. He is never ridden, and indeed it has been proved, again and again, that no sacred horse will dream of allowing anyone but the ruling monarch to mount him. He must be pure white or cream colour, and *must* possess twelve sacred curls or marks. His sweeping Arab tail is dyed once a year in rainbow hues, to enhance his beauty at Dasara. He has his own special cooks and watermen, all caste men, who are entirely reserved for his service; and his own syces or retainers, who groom, decorate and exercise him, and of whom six are needed to calm and lead him when he finds himself a centre of attraction during Dasara. He has four understudies: for his death, without a successor in waiting, would be regarded as a tragic matter for the State.

M. De La Touche tells of a state horse presented to Haidar Ali by a Mahratta general, which was, he says, 'extremely singular. He was of a mouse-grey colour, with a white mane as brilliant as silver, and so thick and long that it reached to the ground. It was tied together with a riband. His tail was answerable in beauty to his mane; but the most remarkable circumstance was that he had a natural colouring of a clear bay colour, which depended as low as his mid-thigh, and which, commencing at the withers, finished at a small distance from the cruppers. On this mantle flowers were artificially painted; so that, though the horse was absolutely naked, it was necessary to be very near him in order to perceive that he was not covered with a cloth of some kind.'

Near the sacred horse lives the DANCING PONY, also cream; a gentle, intelligent animal, who seems quite

unable, or at least unwilling, to walk sedately, and insists on capering, curvetting and caracoling; but rhythmically, very rhythmically, along.

The HARNESS ROOMS are full of well-arranged State and semi-State harness, some almost excessively ornate, much beautifully neat and of excellent workmanship.

A most interesting collection of old-fashioned chariots, State coaches and carriages, including a quaint old elephant-carriage and some ancient palanquins, are shown in the lofty glass-covered hall, forming the fourth side of the quadrangle. Here, too, some very luxurious modern carriages are kept.

A room, just inside the entrance arch, has showcases full of trophies, chiefly silver cups, won by His Highness and his father at races, gymkhanas and polo tournaments. On the walls are paintings and photos of favourite racers and chargers. A large weighing machine, and sometimes an electric rowing boat and an electric horse, are also kept here.

Adjoining the stables is a roomy paddock, where the animals are exercised, and which was formerly, and is now occasionally, used as a riding school. Newer schooling grounds are now arranged off the recently-made road leading south-east to Lalitādri from the east end of the Racecourse.

THE LŌKARANJAN MAHĀL,

or the Summer or Pleasure Palace, was built about 1842. Mrs. Bowring, in *Eastern Experiences*, gives an amusing account of a visit to this palace, some sixty years ago. 'I drove,' she says, 'with Mrs. C. [Casamaijor], to the Summer Palace, which contains such a funny collection of things, valuable things being mixed up with rubbish;

pictures, clocks, toys, plaster casts, beautiful Chinese lanterns and Dresden glass.

'Three elephants were in waiting, and Mrs. C. and myself, with Capt C., climbed up into the State howdah on the back of the largest elephant, which is over 9 ft. high. We found it a very uncomfortable seat, the great creature swaying about as he walked, and nearly shaking us all out. However, we held on for dear life, and, after many perils from branches, horses and bullocks, not to mention a certain feeling of land-sickness from which we suffered, reached home safely. The trappings were magnificent, the seat of silver, the cloth scarlet, embroidered with gold; he salaamed with his trunk in the air like a real gentleman. But he swore dreadfully at having to kneel down, and rose at once because the attendant had forgotten to place cushions under his legs, and he found the gravel walk hard for his royal knees.'

The palace was used as a school house for Their Highnesses, the late and present Maharajas and the Yūvarāja; it is now a guest house for distinguished Indian visitors.

The very picturesque north gateway frames a particularly beautiful view of a lovely garden and of Chāmundi; it is one of the most often painted and photographed 'bits' in Mysore.

In the grounds are a fine racquet court and a splendid, really splendid, swimming bath.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

adjoining the Summer Palace, are open from 7 to 11 a.m. and from 3 to 6 p.m. The entrance fee is one anna. Cameras are not allowed.

The fine and varied collection of animals is hardly

surpassed by that of the Calcutta Zoo, and is certainly not approached by that of any other in India. The very extensive grounds are beautifully laid out, and kept in excellent order. How extensive they are may be judged from the statement that over 40,000 visitors were admitted during the Dasara of 1929.

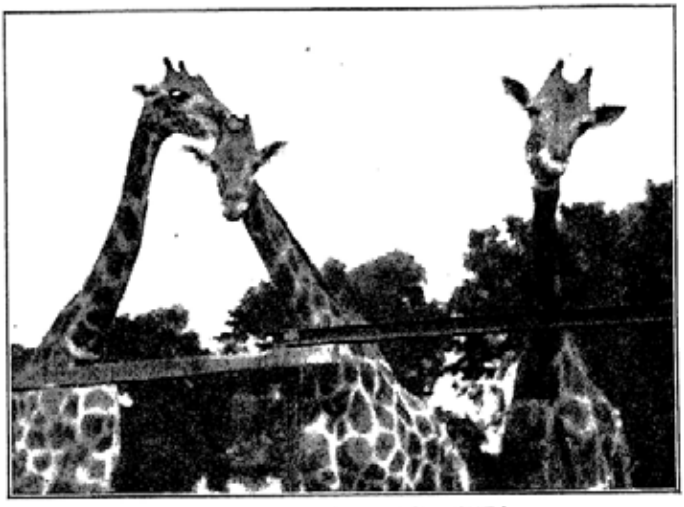
However strongly people may feel that a zoo is a most melancholy place, that confinement, however ameliorated, is lifelong misery to most animals, and real torture to others, and that we have no right, for any satisfaction of curiosity or even of (very problematic) scientific gain, to condemn any creature to misery—and people are feeling this increasingly—yet it must be admitted that the Mysore Zoo, at least, compares well with others. That the superintendent and his subordinates, to whom many of the animals are unquestionably devoted, do study and consider their charges; and that these poor creatures are well-fed, well-kept and generally healthy. Also that some of them have as much liberty as is at present possible, and that arrangements are constantly being made to increase that liberty.

The older day horrors of small iron-barred, concrete-floored, evil-smelling cells, of tin and iron cages, in which lovely birds break their hearts, are being slowly replaced by open, if constricted, spaces, and by large aviaries. Even these are prisons still for innocent captives: condemned cells for creatures guilty of naught but beauty and rarity. And arrangements for the transport of animals by land and sea are still difficult and unsatisfactory. One simply shudders at the thought of what a giraffe or a polar bear must endure, as it travels thousands of miles from heat to cold, or from cold to heat.

Mysore, at least, is doing what is at present possible to



MYSORE ZOO: THE WHITE PEACOCK, COURTING



MYSORE ZOO: 'THREE'S NONE'

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emulate the national parks and sanctuaries of Canada and the U.S.A., the open-air jungles planned for Oxford and Blackpool. Places which we must hope all zoological gardens will resemble in the near future.

There is no denying that a visit to these Gardens is extremely thrilling. But even though attempts are made to ensure conditions approximating to the animals' natural surroundings, who can face, untouched, the despairing dignity of the lion, the utter hoplessness of the polar bears, the sheer misery that looks out of many an animal's eyes?

As some consolation to those who may hesitate, on humane grounds, to spend an hour in the Zoo, it may be said that many of the prisoners welcome visitors eagerly. Few people go without a basketful of nuts, plantains and sugarcane, which may be bought at the gate. But it will be well to ring the changes on this unvarying dessert. Take a few fresh raw eggs, a few tomatoes, oranges, papaws; some bread and biscuits, and you will be greeted with rapture, especially by the monkey tribe. (It is well to find out from the keepers which of these delicacies should be offered to the different animals.)

A huge entertainment to the visitors, and a tremendous joy to some of the monkeys, is to give them a large square piece of (any) material which they can tie as a turban, wind round them as a *sari*, or poke a grinning face through a hole which they will speedily make in the middle. Really, to see the lost soul that looks out of a monkey's eye light up for once with glee and fun is worth a scrap of cloth.

The kangaroos are particularly fascinating creatures to feed, and prefer fresh grass to anything.

We may be thrilled, fascinated, amused by the in-

habitants of the Zoo. 'But what they think of us is probably not printable.'

THE RACECOURSE,

one of the best and most picturesque in India, needs no description. Along the north-west side is the CHĀMUNDI GYMKHANA, belonging to His Highness; with its tennis courts, perfect in surface, position and surroundings, and the delightful golf links, to which there is no fee. Members of recognized clubs are allowed to play here by gracious permission of the Maharaja.

The road to Chāmundi's thousand steps branches off from the south-west 'corner' of the circular, or rather oval, Racecourse. Just before the steps are reached is the ground, given by His Highness for the Mysore PINJRAPOLE, a sanctuary for worn-out or diseased animals. Some ten or a dozen cattle may generally be found here in charge of a keeper.

The Hindu, and particularly Jain, horror of taking life manifests itself in many ways, and not infrequently clashes with Western ideas of consideration for animals. We have all, with wrung hearts, seen dumb creatures thoughtlessly and cruelly treated by those who, without a pang, will leave them to die in agony or of starvation rather than give them a quiet, painless end to suffering.

The intention behind a well-organized, well-equipped and well-supervised Pinjrapole is kindly. Such institutions, when the animals are regularly tended and skilfully doctored, may, in relieving suffering, justify their existence.

These sanctuaries have existed all over India through many ages. The Italian nobleman and traveller, Pietro della Valle, gives an amusing description of his visit to

one in North India in 1623, where not only animals, but cocks and hens, pigeons, peacocks and ducks, and even insects were treated. He says, 'The most curious thing I saw there were certain little Mice, who, being found Orphans, without a Sire or Dam to tend them, were put into a hospital. A venerable Old Man, with a white beard, keeping them in a box amongst cotton, very diligently tended them, with his spectacles on his nose. He gave them milk to eat with a bird's feather, because they were so little that as yet they could eat nothing else.'

If a satisfactorily worked lethal chamber were installed in this Pinjrapole, for, at least, the merciful sleep of the hundreds of starving, diseased and sometimes rabid dogs which infest the city, the institution would doubtless receive greatly increased support.

* * * * *

Back to the Mysore-Nīlgiri Road, and taking, where it joins the Racecourse Road, the turning to the left, to Ootacamund, a quarter of a mile will bring you to

THE PALACE MADHUVANA,

or the Gardens of Mahādēva, the Great God. The original intention was that these gardens should supply the palace with flowers needed for worship and decoration; with fruit and vegetables; and the palace stables with lucerne, etc. All this it still does, but recently His Highness has spent much money in developing fruit culture, in attempts to grow Australian and African fruit trees, and in experiments in various systems of manuring, cross-fertilization, pruning, etc. Up-to-date scientific methods are employed by the superintendent, who is always pleased to demonstrate them to other keen gardeners.

The grounds are charmingly laid out. Avenues of the sacred *sampige* tree and high hedges of pink oleander bushes intersect large beds of almost every kind of vegetable, and of scores of fruit trees. Grapes, apples and pears, oranges and limes, pineapples and rose-apples, pomegranates and papaws, figs, melons, sapodillo plums, cocoanut, arecanut and almond trees are all here, some of them still subject to experiment, some fruiting very freely. Surplus fruit and vegetables are sold to the public at very reasonable prices. Surplus plants are occasionally given away to those whose fruit-growing experiments are likely to benefit the State.

Surely old Andrew Marvell had some such garden as this in his mind's eye when he wrote 'that holy and cheerful note':

> 'The listening winds received this song—
> He hangs in shades the orange bright
> Like golden lamps in a green night,
> And does in the pomegranate close
> Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
> He makes the figs our mouth to meet
> And throws the melons at our feet;
> But apples plants of such a price,
> No tree could ever bear them twice.
> With cedars chosen by His hand
> From Lebanon He stores the land—
> And in these rocks for us did frame
> A temple where to sound His name.
> O, let our voice His praise exalt
> Till it arrive at heaven's vault.'

Close to, and indeed almost a part of the Madhuvana Gardens, are

THE TOMBS OF THE MYSORE ROYAL FAMILY

The gateway is noticeable for the carved figure of Kāmadhēnu, the Cow of Paradise, the 'Seductive Cow' of

Hindu literature; who can give all wealth and fulfil all desires; who has the body of a cow, the face of a woman, the wings of a swan, and the tail of a peacock.

The largest tomb (or rather memorial, for the kingly caste are always cremated, never buried) is that of H.H. Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, the grandfather of the present Maharaja, the tiny child who was enthroned in 1799 by Col. Wellesley, and who died in 1868, at the age of 74, the oldest sovereign in India. His obsequies were celebrated with much pomp. The funeral pyre was of sandalwood; rich gifts were made to those who officiated at the ceremony, and all the poor of the town received doles of money, food and clothes.

The smallest tombs, or rather *brindhāvanas*, pathetic in their simplicity, with tiny elephant guardians at the corners, are those of the young daughters of the second sister of His Highness, the present Maharaja, who, like their young mother, all died of phthisis. In their memory the Royal Family have built the Princess Krishnarajammanniyavaru Tuberculosis Sanatorium, a worthy and lasting monument; which not only enshrines the memory of a much loved princess, but offers hope and restoration to thousands of otherwise doomed sufferers.

The thirteenth *brindhāvana* is that of a very notable woman, the Rani Dodda Lakshmmanniyavaru. Born in 1741, the daughter of the killedar of Trichinopoly, Gōpalrāja, she was married in 1760 (on the death of his first wife) to Immadi Krishna Rāja Wadiyar II.

Through years of abject poverty, of insults, threats and constant apprehension of murder, which she and those she cherished suffered first from her dewan and her delavāya, and then from Haidar Ali and Tipū Sultān, this indomitable woman, undaunted, though often de-

feated, attempted again and again to regain the kingdom for her little charges. For she protected one after another of the infant or pageant kings allowed, in insolent contempt, the mockery of a court. It was she who despairingly plotted with Khunde Rao, who appealed over and over again to the Council in Madras for help.

Mr. C. Hayavadana Rao says of her: '. . . a lady endued with great tenacity of purpose and devotion to duty; possessed of an iron will before which all obstacles, great and small, vanished into thin air. . . . She grasped the cardinal fact that the British were the coming race in India and that the salvation of her ancient house lay with them. . . . From 1761 to 1799 she never ceased her efforts to win English support for her house.'[1]

Mr. B. Puttaiya writes of her as 'a shining example of devotion and self-sacrifice'.[2]

Colonel Wilks met and conversed with Her Highness, and speaks highly of her as amiable, sensible, interesting and intelligent. He entirely disbelieves the stories current at that time of her having plotted—or even wished—to secure the succession to nearer relatives.

Aided by the little lad's step-mother, the Rani Dēvājammanniyavaru, and by his grandfather, she cared for the orphaned baby-prince through three terrible years in 'a miserable hovel', and through the perilous days of the siege. Colonel Wellesley describes a visit to them in the hovel, and was impressed by her devotion and sagacity. The treaty between the British and the Mysore House, at the Restoration in 1799, was signed on behalf of the child Rāja by these two Ranis, Lakshammanniyavaru and Dēvājammanniyavaru. Colonel Wilks says of the former,

[1] *The Journal of the Mysore Mythic Society*, VI, 1.
[2] Ibid., XIII, 3.

'She remained . . . to regulate with distinguished propriety the renewed honours of her House'.[1]

Her Highness, born, be it remembered, nearly 200 years ago, showed remarkable freedom from prejudice and conservatism in her desire to have her adopted son's young bride vaccinated. His father had died of smallpox, and in his family interest had naturally been keenly roused in 'the operation invented by some skilful physician of England, and lately introduced into this country, which alleviates the violence of this pernicious disease'. The Abbé Dubois had been vaccinating in Ganjam with marked success. 'The operation was performed by the Residency Surgeon, and six mild pistules appeared on the young bride, who soon recovered, to the extreme astonishment and delight of the Rani. . . . She was made very happy thereby, and determined that the nuptials should be celebrated within the year.'[2]

The Rani died in 1810, and will ever be remembered for her heroism in cherishing the little ones—who one by

[1] *History of Mysoor*, by Col. Wilks, II, 385.

[2] The writer of *The Late War in Asia* has an interesting note on smallpox:

'It is generally known that the practice of inoculating for the smallpox is common in all Asiatic countries. But there is an art in Hindustan, not yet known in Europe, by which the women effectually prevent all traces of the smallpox on the faces of their little ones. This preservative is composed of a salve made of Indian herbs and a certain kind of oil, which they apply the moment the pock begins to blacken. It does not appear that any of the Company's surgeons have ever enquired, or at least enquired with success, into the nature of this preparation. That the Hindoos, however, know how to save their skins from the ravages of the smallpox is a fact which cannot be doubted.' *Asiatic Annual Register* for 1809.

one faded out of a life so darkened—and for her indomitable fight for a cause that again and again seemed lost.

Here is her simple monument; her rest—after turmoil, dangers, sorrows, humiliations and defeats, after triumph and power—unbroken, unending at last.

* * * * *

(A narrow lane, bordered by high and interlacing trees, leads from just north of the largest tomb to the Elephant Lines.)

THE MEMORIAL TO THE JAGAT GURU

From the tombs a run along the lovely Dēvarāya Sāgara (the big lake) bund, and a sharp turn to the left when the Chāmarāja road is reached, lead to a building well worth a visit. It is usually open about the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m.

It is the newly erected Memorial Hall to the late Jagat Guru (World-Teacher) Sachchidānanda Sivabhinava Narasimha Bhārati, who, born where his shrine now stands, died in 1912.

He was head and high priest of the great Advaita or Smarta section of the Brahmin community in the famous *math* at Sringeri—the sacred hill (Srī-giri) where the luminous Mallikārjuna linga was said to be self-revealed. The *math* was founded by the Saivite Sankarāchārya, the great master of Advaitin philosophy, who lived there for many years and perhaps died there. The spiritual throne founded by Sankarāchārya has been occupied to the present day by a succession of *Svāmis*. The *math* has over 50 temples, some of them ancient and lavishly sculptured. A school is attached, where 50 students are fed, and study literature, grammar, philosophy, logic, etc.

The late Jagat Guru, a highly educated man, greatly

respected outside his own community, by whom he was adored, had, like his predecessors and successor, several royal or semi-royal insignia and the right of the *addapalki*, i.e. that his palanquin, preceded by four men carrying a golden *makara torana* (a string of golden flowers), might be carried across the roads, allowing no room for anything to pass or overtake him.

This memorial building, maintained partly by the Sringeri *math* and partly by the palace, is of grey granite. The colouring is subdued, and the architecture simple, austere, serene. No fussy ornament or restless decoration breaks the beauty of its lines. Such carving as there is, on pierced screen or moulded cornice, is gracious and decorous.

The apse, an unusual feature in Hindu shrines (though there is one in the chief temple at Sringeri), is about 8 ft. wide, and is built directly over the Guru's place of birth. It is the setting for a plinth supporting a white marble statuette of the Teacher, seated. The figure is somewhat hidden by drapery (a silk *angi-vastra*, scarf, and a large *rudrakshamala*, necklace of sacred beads), which obscures rather than adorns the figure. In front of the statue is a tiny gold image of Isvara. To these the priest in charge makes daily offerings.

High on the west wall are paintings of two former Jagat Gurus. A very beautiful one of H.H. the present Maharaja, in an attitude of worship, hangs over the main doorway, facing the shrine.

The surroundings of this quiet sanctuary are wonderfully appropriate. It lies in a peaceful garden on the bank of the unruffled lake, whose waters mirror the calm majesty of Mysore's guardian hill.

THE ELEPHANT LINES,

as noted above, may be reached by a green tunnel, formed of drumstick trees and betel-leaf creepers, starting from close to the Royal Tombs.

The lines attract most visitors, for the elephant, the embodiment in an absurd body of stateliness, nobility, patience and gentleness, wins all hearts.

Some 15 to 30 animals, elephants and camels, live here in the open. The best time to see them is early in the morning or after 5 in the evening, before they go or after they return from their day's work. The visitor who takes them bundles of sugarcane and bunches of plantains will add to their pleasure, and his own.

The SACRED ELEPHANT and the STATE (AMBARI) ELEPHANT are both here. Also the enormous elephant carriage used in processions. Not a few of the Mysore elephants have been, in one way or another, famous. The 'portrait' of one may still be found on old copper coins. It is that of Haidar Ali's favourite Poon Guj, extremely handsome and steady, and prized by the Nawab above all others. He died suddenly, in spite of Haidar's offerings to temples up and down his realm; and his sorrowful master had his figure stamped on his copper coinage.

The very early morning bath of the elephants in the lake is a sight worth the effort of a still earlier rise.

There are some camels here, too; putting on frills as usual; amazing, irritating, pathetic creatures. One longs to ask them why such secondhand beings (did anyone ever see a brand new camel?) should be so frigidly supercilious. The Arabs say the answer is that, while man knows 99 names of Allah, the camel, and only the camel, knows the hundredth name.

Kipling's line sums him up perfectly:

> ''E's a devil, an' a ostrich an' a orphan child in one.'

CHAPTER VI

SHRINES AND INSTITUTIONS

TEMPLES IN THE FORT

'Religion is that view of the ultimate nature of the Universe which is influential upon conduct.'—THE REV. E. W. THOMPSON, M.A.

'Whosoever comes to Me, by whatsoever way I reach him, all men are struggling through paths which in the end lead to Me.'—*The Vedas.*

'Religion simply means reverence for everything sacred, and any manifestation of this feeling. What a man sees for himself to be sacred is that man's religion, and in so far as he lives and pursues it he is religious.'—*Religion in the Making*, by PROF. WHITEHEAD.

To Westerners, who may not enter them, the main, perhaps the only, appeal of these temples, bastis and mosques in Mysore will be that of age. An age in few cases of more than two or three hundred years. Yet against the newness of the city, destroyed at the end of the eighteenth century, these shrines (which were all that Tipū Sultān—in veneration or in superstition?—left standing) hold something of the glamour, faintly seen, something of the history, almost lost, of days of old.

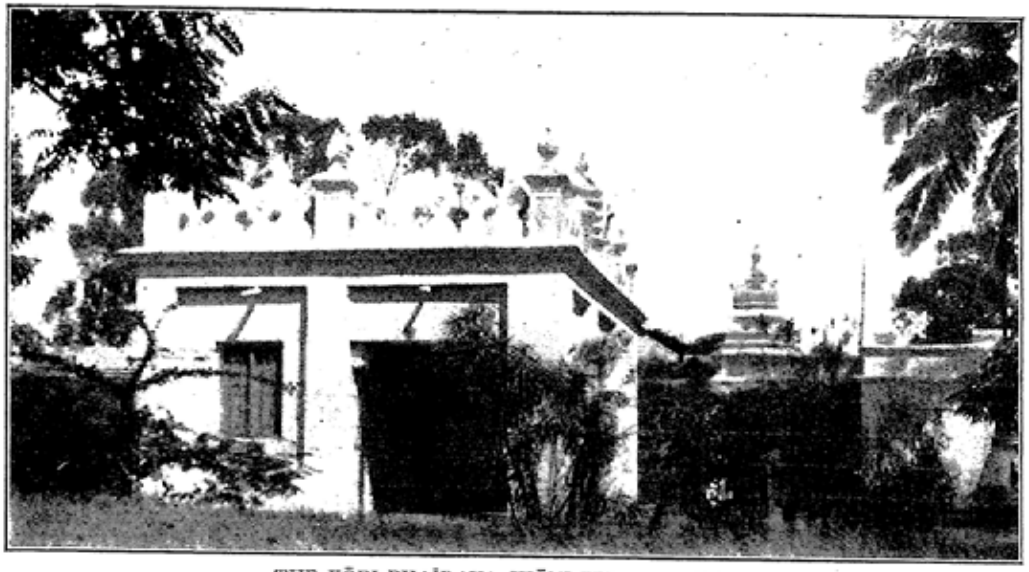
For they are very simple, these buildings, very plain, almost crude; with little beauty of architecture or detail, compared with Mysore's world-famed temples in Bēlūr, Haḷebīd, Somnāthpūr and Belgāmi. But as the oldest, indeed almost the only bits of old Mysore left, they must, as relics of the past, attract all whose interest is more than fugitive or shallow.

To many visitors, of whatever clime or creed, any fane built for worship must make a strong appeal. Passionately as each may be convinced that his belief, his forms of worship, his attitude towards priests or ministers must be the right ones, yet he will respect all utterly sincere endeavours to find The Life, The Truth, The Way—every stumble to the Light—and will look in sympathy on temples of any faith where seekers after God use pure and reverent ways of expressing their devotion, however widely those may differ from his own.

No one has put this feeling 'of the deep unity underlying the apparent differences between religions,' the conviction that 'we have all much to learn from one another, and that any manifestation of a desire for the life of the spirit, however crude, is deserving of a sympathetic understanding' more beautifully and more convincingly than H.H. the Maharaja, in his speech to the delegates of the World's Student Christian Federation, held in Mysore, in December, 1928: '. . . in your origin are to be found the strongest contrasts of brilliant inspiration and unwearying research; of solid fatalism and feverish activity, of blind acceptance and obstinate questioning; yet you have met together in one common faith, and you have met in what may not unfitly be described as the holy land of another. Here, in Mysore, before the beginning of your era, King Chandragupta, having turned Jain and left his kingdom on a pilgrimage, found peace in death.

'Here, again, each of the three great teachers of Hinduism spent a part of his life. Sankarāchārya, the apostle of the absolute unity of God and all life and the soul, founded here the school in which his memory is enshrined and his work continued. Rāmanujāchārya, fleeing from

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THE KŌDI BHAIRAVA SVĀMI TEMPLE, MYSORE

persecution by the Chōla kings, found in Mysore, even at that early date, that toleration and freedom of speech which, following the examples of my predecessors, I have always tried to make one of the watchwords of my government. Later followed Mādhava, with his doctrine of the equality of the soul and God, and, what may perhaps be most attractive to you as Christians, his teaching of the necessity for *bhakti*, the love and devotion of the soul for God.

'Thus you are surrounded here by places in which some of India's best and noblest have breathed out their lives in intense aspiration, in profound meditation, in the eager desire for absorption in God.'

And it is in this spirit, surely, that the visitor will approach the Mysore shrines.

The Kōdi Bhaīrava Svāmi Temple

'And here the soul of an ancient race
Found hostelry and home.'
—*A. G. Prys-Jones.*

The temple is so called because it stands where, centuries ago, the Doddakere, or the Dēvarāya Sāgara, discharged its superfluous waters over a weir, or *kōde*.

In the days of Rāja Wadiyar, some 359 years ago, the fort walls enclosed a much smaller space than they now do. He planned the foundations of the outer walls as they now stand. These were completed by Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar, demolished by Tipū Sultān, and rebuilt by Purniah in 1800.

This modest, unassuming little shrine once stood at the very edge of the lake, a fact of quite tremendous importance in Mysore history; a fact which makes this temple for ever sacred as the starting-point in the traditions of

the Mysore dynasty. For it was here—and it is easy to visualize the scene, laid in 1399—that, waiting for the dawn and a promised guide, two young Rājput princes sat early one morning.

After weeks of travelling, from their capital in Kathiawār (or in Dvāraka) by way of Vijayanagar, to worship their family god, Narāyana—'the Ornament of the Peak of Yadugiri' (Melkōte)—they were arrested, says the old chronicle, by the loveliness around. 'Beholding the beauty of the land they were unwilling to leave it, and took up their abode in the good city of Mahisur.'[1]

Dreams, too, played no small part in their decision. Dreams of a fair kingdom and fairer maiden; both to be won by knightly deeds. So from the temple at Melkōte they journeyed to the Īsvara temple on Chāmundi. There another dream directed them to this Bhaīrava Svāmi shrine, here to await and obey a local Jangama (Saivite priest), who would be sent to direct them. Descending to Mysore, they offered *pūja* and spent a night in the courtyard of this temple. At dawn as they were sitting on the steps, with the water lapping at their feet, they listened to some women who were washing clothes nearby, lamenting the terrible fate of the young princess, Dēvajāmmanni.

Her father, Chāma Rāja, was a lineal descendant, through Sūryadēvarāya, of King Bhōpa, of the great Gautama Gōtra. Sūryadēvarāya, leaving his capital, Mathura, on the Jumna, had migrated to Mysore, and here founded the family of which the little maid, Dēvājammanni, was the representative. Her father had died, leaving his tiny kingdom, his wife and only child unprotected.

[1] *Epigraphia Carnatica*, Seringapatam, 14, A.D. 1680.

Māranāyaka, the low caste chief of Karugahalli—he was a Toregar—had apparently been acting as delavāya (or head of the army—literally the mouth of the army, or he who utters commands) to the Mysore chief. He assumed the regency, which he wished to convert to royalty, demanded the hand of the young princess in marriage, and compelled her helpless mother to accept him as a son-in-law, and to arrange the wedding feast in Hadināru, which was then the chief town in the little Mysore realm, and about 16 miles distant from the present city.

While the brothers listened to the women's tale of woe, the desperate Rani, also instructed by a dream, dispatched a family priest to Mysore, and to this temple. Here the young princes, Yadurāya and Krishnarāya, still sitting on the steps washed by the Dēvarāya Sāgara, looking towards Chāmundi (behind which lay Hadināru, the villain of the piece, the struggle and the bride), awaited and greeted the messenger.

Swiftly the brothers and the saffron-robed priest laid their plans and started for Hadināru. Here the loyal troops (a large proportion of the little army), now assured of trustworthy leaders, gladly joined them. The wedding feast preceding the marriage ceremony had hardly begun when the hated bridegroom and his followers were surprised and killed, and the trembling bride rescued, to be the centre of interest in other and happier wedding ceremonies a few weeks later.

What wonder then, that this shrine is reverently preserved. Few places in the State can rival it in historic interest.

It is said that, when the fort was being cleared of the congested buildings, which up to a few years ago crowded it, this structure was condemned ; and only the personal

intervention of H.H. the Maharaja, literally at the last moment, when the first blow of demolition had actually fallen, saved a unique and precious building.

It is also said that the fact that the temple stands in the north-east of the fort is a proof of its antiquity: that being the quarter in which the first temple should be, and always is, erected.

'The image of Bhaīrava, about three feet high, has for its attributes a trident, a drum, a skull and a sword. It is flanked on the right by a female *chauri*-bearer and on the left by a female figure, apparently Bhadrakāli, with a billhook in the uplifted right hand.'[1]

The temple now has electric light, and a sapling of the rare and sacred *banni* tree has lately been planted in the compound.

Close by, to the north, stands another small temple, dedicated to SOMĒSVARA, consisting of three cells in a line. The middle one has a very ancient linga; the other cells enshrine figures of Narāyana, Sōmasundari and the nine planets, all presented by H.H. the Maharani Vanivilasa Sannidhana, some forty years ago. In a niche, on the south outer wall, is an image of Dakshinamūrti.

PRASANNA VENKATARAMANA SVĀMI TEMPLE

'. . . Men who have, with a fearful wrench, torn themselves from all comforts and pleasures of home, and gone off without money, without possessions of any kind, without even clothing beyond the barest covering, to wander in the jungles of India, by the banks of its sacred rivers, stopping sometimes in caves, sometimes in shrines, sometimes in temples, mortifying the body, subduing the passions, meditating on GOD, striving to realize Him;

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1922, p. 2.

> seeking out great living masters, searching the sacred books, training and disciplining themselves till they, in their turn, come to be regarded as holy, and to attract others to them. Many of the "holy" men who wander over India . . . are gross and coarse. And many domineer with insufferable spiritual arrogance. But a few there are of a sanctity most exquisite—men who, in their ardent search for GOD, have endured the most terrible hardships of body, mind and soul, and through their sufferings have acquired a gentleness and a sensitiveness of soul which wins men to them with an irresistible attraction.'[1]

This temple, a small square building, almost due east of the new and beautiful west gateway, is about 100 years old. *The Archæological Report* for 1919 gives a very full and interesting account, here greatly condensed, of its origin.

It was founded by Subbarāyadāsa of the kitchen hall, an official of the inner gate, a protégé of Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, and of his queen, Lakshmivilāsa, who granted Subbarāyadāsa a house.

A severe epidemic of cholera broke out in the city in 1827, and Subbarāyadāsa gave himself up to prayer and fasting on behalf of the victims. Directed in a dream to cure the sufferers by means of three pieces of charcoal, a coin, and some coloured rice, 'he performed many miraculous cures, seen and certified by the Maharaja,' who presented him with the anklet of the sacred horse and a silver bell, as badges of honour.

From that time his story is one of 'miracles,' of pilgrimages to most of India's sacred shrines, and of accumulating badges of honour wherever he went. His

[1] *Wonders of the Himalaya*, by Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.S.I.

retinue was large, and his *rahadari* (passport) from Chennapatna to Ramēsvara enumerated, in four languages: '60 Brahmins, 30 Sudras, 20 foot soldiers, 1 palanquin, 2 elephants, 16 horses, 3 camels, 20 pack-bullocks, and swords and guns.'

Returning to Mysore, he begged that his house might be converted into a temple. This the Maharaja did, and constructed a pond, named Srinivāsapushkarīni, in front. His Highness also gave a processional car, vessels and vehicles needed for the temple, and set up the god, Prasanna-Venkatesa, in 1836, giving for it a monthly endowment of Rs. 100.

Subbarāyadāsa and his elder brother, Sinappadāsa, built, 'for the spiritual welfare of their parents and for the increase of the king's prosperity,' an *agrahara* of nine houses in front of the shrine. There are three stone inscriptions (each with the Rāja's signature) in the temple, which give full details of Subbarāyadāsa's travels, honours and gifts. His portrait statuette, about three feet high, represents him as surrendering everything, even his body, to GOD, and stands in front of the shrine, with an inscription giving his name and explaining his attitude. He bears a *tamburi* (banjo) and holds a *lota* (vessel), from the spout of which a libation of water falls, indicating that 'he pours out all that he has at the feet of GOD'.

'There is also,' adds the report, 'an interesting painted, wooden panel over the Anjanēya shrine. . . . The lower portion exhibits four standing figures, of which the first represents the Dewan Purniah (Purnnaiya), the second Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, the third Subbarāyadāsa, and the fourth his brother, Sinappadāsa.' In the same room, on the upper panels of four doors, are portrait paintings of twelve principal Mysore Rājas, with their names and the

length of their reigns; from Rāja Wadiyar to Khāsa Chāma Rāja Wadiyar.

The affection of the Maharaja for Subbarāyadāsa was shown not only in munificent gifts, but in letters. One letter begins: 'It is a long time since you left Mysore on a pilgrimage to Tirupati. As requested by you, the stone-mason, Chaudachāri, has been ordered to complete the work of the temple . . . services are being regularly performed.'

Subbarāyadāsa seems to have suffered some sad bereavement, so heavy that he wished to leave Mysore for good. The Maharaja's letter of sympathy begs him, 'in the interests of your family and for my sake, to rise above your grief. . . . I look upon your grief as my grief. . . . I have tested you in every way and you have stood the test. . . . Your wife must be bowed down with overwhelming grief. Please offer her my condolences and console her.' And though Subbarāyadāsa was not one of those 'who tore themselves from all the pleasures of home, and without money or possessions of any kind wandered over India,' nevertheless he did, on his return, renounce all his possessions and the gifts he had acquired, and did 'pour them all out at the feet of GOD'.

And so, whether his journeyings to sacred shrines, throughout the length and breadth of India, were in order to preach the faith he held, or were a quest for knowledge, for salvation, Subbarāyadāsa, the kitchen official, settled down in Mysore by the temple to which he had dedicated all the gifts he had amassed, and where, though deep grief was for some time at any rate his portion, we may hope he found—for he seems to have been a loveable man—peace at the last.

Srī Lakshmiramāna Svāmi Temple

This is held by some authorities to be the oldest temple in the city; though the claim of the Bhaīrava shrine to that distinction seems much stronger.

An inscription, found in Cole's Gardens, records a grant for the god in A.D. 1499, by order of the father of Krishna Dēva Rāya of Vijayanagar.[1]

The Annals of the Mysore Royal Family (I, 21) relate a curious story of the cure of a half-blind Brahmin in this temple, at the interposition of Rāja Wadiyar, about 1599. A standing figure, two feet high, of this king, who, with folded hands, faces the god, commemorates this act; and an inscription records his building the Mahādvāra, or great outer gate. Also that 'for him the god changed poison into nectar'. The story of this miracle, also related in the *Annals*, says that Virarājayya, of Karugahalli, defeated in his attempt to prevent the Rāja from passing through his tiny 'dominions' to worship at Nanjangud, and very sore at his defeat, bribed Srīnivāsayya, the priest of this Lakshmiramāna Svāmi Temple, to offer Rāja Wadiyar a poisoned drink. The priest handed the lota, as part of the ceremony connected with the *pūja*, and trembled so violently that the Rāja, first with sympathy, then with suspicion, questioned him and elicited a full confession. The liquid, which the king had already drunk, 'turned from poison into nectar in his throat'.

The priest was very leniently punished. He was transferred to a temple at Kannambādi. Virarājayya's ears and nose were cut off, his fort destroyed, and the contents of his treasury laid at the feet of Chāmundēsvari.

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1920.

At the back of the temple Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar erected a handsome *mantapa*.

In this temple the religious ceremonies connected with the enthronement of the child-Rāja, Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, took place on June 30th 1799.

Varahā Svāmi Temple

The Varahā Svāmi temple is a large one, of the Hōysala type of architecture, near the south gateway of the fort. *The Archæological Report* for 1918 gives two plates illustrating its outer walls, and the information that the processional image, the boar, bears an inscription to the effect that it was the gift of Chikka Dēva Rāja Wadiyar some 250 years ago. He is said to have procured it (the stone image of Sveta Varahā Svāmi) from Srīmushna, and to have set it up in a new temple at Seringapatam, which was destroyed later by Tipū Sultān. In 1809 the god was removed to Mysore, and set up here by Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III.

Above the niche, on the south outer wall, is a twelfth or thirteenth century inscription, 'Māya-bhadra,' but as no one seems to know whether it refers to the niche, the goddess or the artist, it is not very illuminating.

The temple 'has an elegantly carved doorway, well executed pillars, and a good tower'. 'There are two inscribed images, representing the sages, Dēsikar and Jīyar, both Srī Vaishnava teachers, who lived in the fourteenth century. These images were formerly in the Prasanna Krishna Svāmi temple.

Prasanna Krishna Svāmi Temple

It was founded in 1825 by Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, who endowed it, and presented it with 'nearly 40 metallic

images of gods and goddesses, saints and sages, each inscribed with its name'.[1]

Plate IX, 3, in the *Report* shows an inscribed image of Rāma. A small cell enshrines a figure of Atri, the *gōtra rishi* (family saint or sage) of the Mysore Royal Family.

An inscription in the temple describes the eight 'Jewels' which the Maharaja offered to Srī Chāmundēsvari:

The jewel of Adornment, in presenting crowns to different shrines;

The jewel of Devotion, in building temples;

The jewel of Patriotism, in founding Chāmrājanagar and other towns;

The jewel of Consecration, in completing temple towers;

The jewel of Public Good, in erecting dams and bathing ghats;

The jewel of Charity, in establishing *dharmasalas* (rest-houses) in sacred places;

The jewel of Fame, in issuing gold and silver coins;

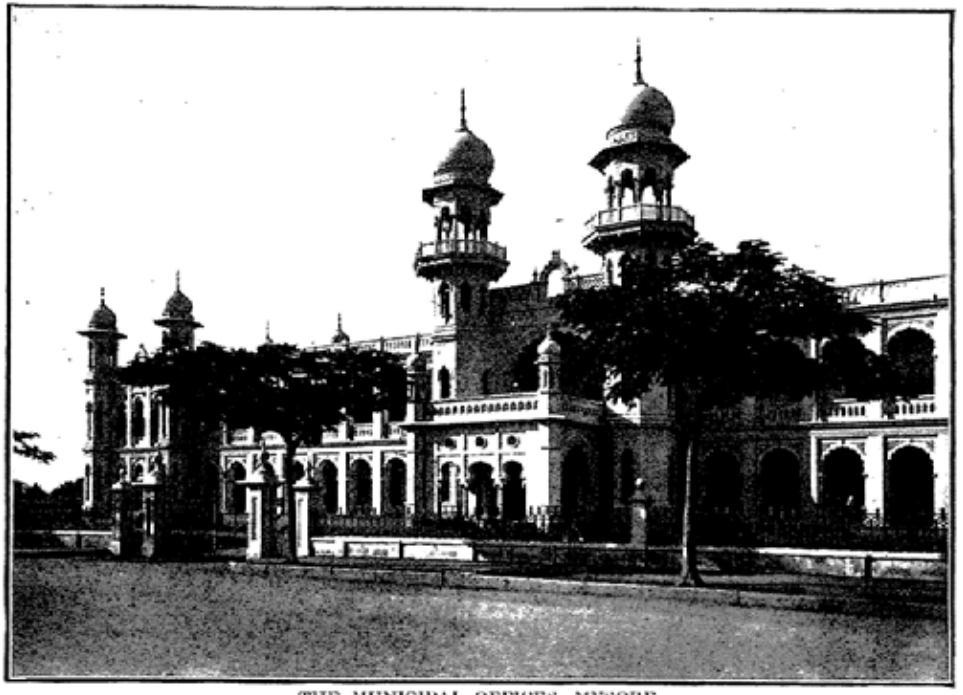
The jewel of Language, in publishing commentaries on sacred books.[2]

The Triyanēsvara Temple

A Dravidian structure, east of and facing the palace. It existed in the time of Rāja Wadiyar, but was then outside the fort walls, and on the edge of the Devarāya Sāgara, which washed its steps. The land in front of it was reclaimed by Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar, in order to make the approach to the temple more con-

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1919, p. 18.
[2] *Mysore and Coorg, from the Inscriptions*, p. 132.

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THE MUNICIPAL OFFICES, MYSORE

venient. In his time, and in that of his successor, Dodda Dēva Rāja Wadiyar, the walls of the fortress were built between the temple and the lake, and the temple enlarged and renovated.

Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar built a verandah, and set up the *pancha liṅga* and several images, including those of Dakshina Mūrti, Kshetrapāla, Kumārasvāmi, Suryanarāyana, and one of himself, praying, with folded hands. A similar one of Dodda Dēva Rāja Wadiyar stands by its side.

The carved mahādvāra (outer gate) is lofty. There are, as is usual in Dravidian temples, no arches. The enclosure is almost filled with lingas and shrines, including a new white marble figure of Sankarāchārya. On a platform, under a pipal tree, are many elaborately carved *nāga* (snake) stones.

INSTITUTIONS, MOSQUES AND BASTIS

From the fort temples the Siyāji Rao Road leads past the Municipal Offices and the Lansdowne Bazaar to the Dēvarāj Market.

In the south face of the great block, close by the Dufferin Clock Tower, is one of the three centres of the GUNAMBA MATERNITY AND CHILD WELFARE work, financed partly by the munificent legacy of one and a half lakhs, left by the late Sirdar and Dewan Sir M. Kāntarāj Urs, and partly by contributions.

The three branches are busy, happy centres of light and leading for the poor mothers and little ones of the city; and owe a great measure of their popularity and success to the untiring efforts of the honorary workers, who daily supervise them. Each centre has two fully qualified nurses and an *ayah* attached to it. The working

hours are from 7.30 to 11.30 a.m. and from 4.30 to 7 p.m.

The nurses attend as many as 67 labour cases a month. About 125 babies are regularly brought to the centres, morning and evening, for hot-water baths and oil baths, for cod liver oil massage and for a feed of milk; the scrupulous preparation of these feeds being in themselves an object lesson to the mothers. No distinction of caste or creed is made, and the authorities wisely use or adapt Eastern customs and appliances as far as possible.

Careful registers of the babies' weight, condition and progress are maintained. Simple talks on hygiene and on the training of children are given to the mothers; and prizes of sweets and clothes are annually awarded for regular attendance, tidiness and cleanliness. Ante-natal and baby clinics are held bi-weekly by the lady doctors in medical charge of the centres, and are eagerly attended by all classes of women, rich and poor.

Gifts of money or of clothes are always gratefully received.

By the DUFFERIN CLOCK TOWER are some pony tonga stands. The tongas are cheap and fairly comfortable, but the ponies are too often under-sized, under-fed and overworked. Many are adorned with plumes like feather brooms, with wool and paper flowers, with necklaces of shells and of blue beads, through which their poor, bewildered, desperate faces look; little concerned about the evil eye from which the beads are supposed to save them, when voice and stick inflict more immediate and constant suffering than any eye will ever cause them.

If all who use the tongas will refuse to allow over-loading and unmercifully fast driving, and will *examine* the pony to see that it has no sores (often concealed by the

harness), no flapping blinkers, no rusty bit, they will soon improve, immeasurably, the lot of these hard-worked little animals.

This Siyāji Rao Road is the chief shopping centre of the city and, though defaced in daylight by many irregular, gaudy and untidy advertisements, is quite beautiful by night.

> 'When softening through the coloured gloom
> The lamps like burning tulips bloom.
> Now, lighted shops, down aisles of mist
> Smoulder in gold and amethyst.'
>
> —*Alfred Noyes.*

On the east side, just before reaching the Bank of Mysore, is the fine VICTORIA GIRLS' SCHOOL, one of the many schools in the city maintained by the Wesleyan Mission.

And, of all the charming sights in this favoured and lovely capital, are there any more beautiful than classes of Hindu maidens, 'flower beds come to life,' as some one has well described them? Classes of babies of four and five years old, radiantly happy, yet how immensely dignified in the presence of a stranger. Classes of girls of 13 and 14, most of them wives, with their graceful, gracious ways and bright intelligence.

The Kanarese woman's dress, which lovers of Mysore are striving hard to prevail on all its women and girls to retain unspoiled by 'European' additions and excrescences, is a perfect garment. In simplicity, for it requires no sewing or pinning; in beauty of line, for it falls in lovely folds; in usefulness, for it is skirt, body, shawl and head-dress in one; in cleanliness, for it is but one length of material, easily washed; and in beauty of colour, unrivalled. Such a glorious medley of colours, of which

perhaps the most beautiful are the ones so often worn by orthodox Brahmin and Arasu ladies. Flame and orange, rust and red, umber and chestnut brown, all subdued to a marvellously beautiful and becoming tawny brown. Artificial silks also are now widely used, in shades approximating to the colours of the past; delicate tones of mauve and purple, of navy blue and glowing orange, of others 'where, like a shoaling sea, the lovely blue plays into green'.

As the pupils, in these *saris* (often the exact copies of those worn by their great-great-grandmothers), rise with the grace and dignity of Indian girls to greet the visitor, making the silent and beautiful salutation of the '*namaskāra*'—folded hands and bent head and bowing figure—they may surely challenge the girlhood of the world in charm, and very surely they win the love of those who work with and for them. A visitor who posed as a great authority, and lectured on the condition of women in many lands, once staggered a Mysore audience by informing it that Indian girls had no games and did not know how to play. Half an hour in the school compound would have taught her much. And that games are no innovation we may learn from many ancient writings. In 1623 Pietro della Valle, the Italian nobleman and traveller, greatly admired the graceful 'Kolahata,' in which Hindu girls in the Mysore, then as now, beat time on coloured sticks to the melody they sang; and danced intricate figures with quiet stately measures, recalling, of all European dances, the minuet.

The land, once covered by plague-infested houses, on which this school stands, was given by Government. The building was opened by Lady Robertson, in August 1902.

Classes in the Victoria Girls' School are held from



'DON'T INDIAN GIRLS PLAY?'
Dressed up as a Fakir

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11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Visitors, by previous arrangement with the lady superintendent, are cordially welcomed.

A few yards farther up the road is the KRISHNA-RĀJENDRA HOSPITAL, built in 1876, and rebuilt in 1918 at a cost of about Rs. 5,00,000. It has accommodation for 150 in-patients, a large staff of doctors, specialists and probationers, and of nurses. A new out-patient department, a particularly well-planned and elegant building, was opened in 1929. Near the hospital are rising the fine new buildings intended to house the Medical College and the Ayurvedic Medical School.

CHAMARAJENDRA TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

Just across the road stands the Chāmarājendra Technical Institute, begun in 1892 in Nazarabād. In ten years' time it had expanded so greatly that the present building, erected to the memory of the late Maharaja, H.H. Sir Srī Chāmarājendra Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.S.I., was begun. The foundation stone was laid by H.M. King George (when Prince of Wales), in 1906, and the building was finished in 1913, at a cost of nearly two and a half lakhs.

Many arts and crafts are encouraged and taught here. Experiments are made in materials and in appliances, and lately, under new management, a very high standard of excellence has been reached. This is especially praiseworthy, as the main object of the institute is educational, and almost all the articles turned out (the annual value is little short of Rs. 24,000) are the work of students, of whom about 320 are in training.

The authorities aim at both a wide and a specialized education. Besides the art classes for drawing, painting, designing and modelling, and for many handicrafts (as

carpentry, rattan work, stone-carving, pottery, brass and copper work), commercial classes are held; and a solid foundation in general education is required from, or given to, students taking commercial, industrial and art subjects.

Not only do the articles now fashioned in the institute find, at very reasonable prices, a ready sale, but students who receive the institute's diplomas are assured of a livelihood.

The showroom goods are well-arranged and well-displayed, and are on sale from 8 to 11 a.m. and from 2 to 5 p.m.

Furniture, made from thoroughly seasoned wood, of artistic design and careful workmanship, finds ready sale in and far beyond the State.

This is the chief depôt for the Mysore specialities of inlaid ivory work, sandalwood carving and Chennapatna lacquered work.

INLAID IVORY WORK. Ebony (*diospyros ebenum*), blackwood (*dalbergia latifolia*), or shisham are the woods chiefly used for inlaying with ivory, bone or whitewood (*wrightia tinctoria*). Sir George Watt, as quoted elsewhere, in reviewing the exhibits of the Delhi Exhibition of 1903, says: 'The superiority of the Mysore carving is due to the more artistic designs, better workmanship and more durable wood. . . . Surfaces are not overloaded with ivory, articles have a most pleasing finish and style, and the price is not greater than that of the inferior Hoshiarpur work.'

The specimens sent to that exhibition included two magnificent doors, which may be seen in the Mysore Palace. These were absolutely unrivalled there. The great charm of the work is that it is individual; artists and students are encouraged to produce original designs.

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CARVED FURNITURE: SCREENS. CHĀMARĀJENDRA TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

SANDALWOOD CARVING. Famous as the inlaid ivory work is, the sandalwood carving of the Gudigars of Sāgar and Sōrab is, and has been since the sixth century A.D., even more so. The craft, in its higher branches at any rate, has for many years been restricted to one family of some 30 artisans, who find it easier and more profitable to make scores of cheap, ordinary goods, using beautiful hereditary designs on badly-joined coarse wood, than to spend, as their forefathers had done, months of labour on larger pieces of finer work. But efforts are being made to induce these hereditary workers to give up their apathetic ways, and to arrange for the youths of the caste to have skilled training, and such encouragement that they may again produce work equal to the best of former days. Better there cannot be.

The instruments used are extremely simple. A plane, a mallet, a saw, a hone of hard and fine-grained stone, chisels of varying thicknesses (made chiefly from old umbrella ribs), and a few engravers' tools. Some of these are extremely fine and delicate. The pattern is drawn on the smooth and whitewashed sandalwood, or on paper pasted on the surface. This is then engraved or outlined in every detail; the interspaces between the lines are cut away, thus leaving the pattern in low relief. Lastly the design is carved in minutest detail by chisels, finer and finer as the work progresses.

The wood is so extremely hard that it is very difficult to carve against the grain; and it is very liable to split with the grain; the work is, therefore, very laborious, and demands the utmost care and patience, especially as the designs are usually most minute.

Some critics contend that, with the change from Jainism to Hinduism, in the twelfth century, the style (but not the

technique) of the carvers somewhat deteriorated. But though it is true that originality is encouraged, yet it is equally true that the majority of the carvings (ancient and modern) are based on the wonderful sculptured designs of the Jain Bastis and the marvellously beautiful Hōysala temples of Bēlūr, Haḷebīd, Sōmnathpūr, and Nuggarhalli.

Large quantities of Mysore sandalwood are exported to China, being in every way superior to the Fiji sandalwood.

Purchasers of this carving in the institute may be sure of getting the genuine article. Those who buy outside should be on their guard against having common wood, steeped in sandalwood oil, foisted on them.

Besides the precious sandalwood (a Government monopoly), there are over 73 varieties of timber in the Mysore forests, and of these a very large number are used for furniture and decorative woodwork. The most important are ebony, teak, redwood, satinwood, Indian kino, whitewood and Chittagong wood.

LACQUER WARE. The lac insect (*coccus lakka*) is propagated on the lac tree (*shorea talura*) and the black mimosa (*kala kukur*). As long ago as 1832, a Commission investigating Mysore products and industries pointed out that Lakvalli (in the Shimoga district) was famous for its lac, and that 'the shell lac was manufactured into a description of sealing wax inferior to none in the world'.

The Indian Economic Conference Handbook for 1928 states that 'special measures have been adopted to increase the supply and to introduce better methods of cleaning and washing the lac. Many experiments are being made. A small factory for the manufacture of button lac and shell lac has been established, and excellent progress has been made in the manufacture of lacquerware by power-driven machinery.

'The work is done by polishing the article to be lacquered with fine powder from broken crockery. The cracks are then plugged with wood or with waste lac, and cloth is glued across. This is again treated with pottery "dust," and polished after each coating with a kind of chisel, made from the leaf-stalk of a palm. Some towns are famed for their blending of rich colours.'

CHANNAPATNA WARE. Toys form the bulk of the lacquer-ware turned out in Channapatna, the headquarters of the industry; but beads find a steady sale, and rather fascinating sets of writing-table adjuncts—trays, blotters, rulers, ink-stands and pen-holders, stationery cabinets, stamp boxes, etc.—are made. But they should be made to order, with stern directions as to colour.

In recent years the toy-makers have begun to mix their colours in the most distressing way. Their one object apparently being to crowd as many hues as possible on every article, even the tiniest. While most of their shades are beautiful in themselves they are often hideous in combination, and it is deplorable that, finding they can so quickly dispose of these garish articles, they can hardly be persuaded to turn out, as they used to do, objects or groups lacquered in one shade only. These are incomparably more beautiful.

Much of the TEXTILE WORK of the State, admittedly unsurpassed in other parts of India, is also on sale in the institute, such as soaps, pencils, matches, scents, silk and woollen goods, etc.

The PUBLIC LIBRARY occupies the upstair north block of the building. From here a wide stretch of ground covers what was the old Bamboo Bazaar. It is now being converted into yet another people's park. It is bordered on the west by what remains of 'Purniah's Nulla,' the

canal bed cut by the famous dewan to convey water from the Kāveri to the capital. The fine Siyāji Rao Road is built over the filled-in portion of this *nulla*.

To take the second turning to the right on the road which skirts the new park will lead past the GOVERNMENT ZANĀNA NORMAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR WOMEN, a rented building in the Idga Extension. The school, with two separate departments, the training school and the middle school, has about 100 Muhammadan scholars. The aim of the school is to prepare women teachers to staff village schools.

Close by is the imposing HOLDSWORTH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, erected in memory of, and by the friends of, Mrs. Holdsworth, who lived in and for Mysore during its plague-swept years. The building, on seven acres of ground given by the Government, was opened by H.H. the Maharaja in 1906. His Highness spoke of the Wesleyan Mission as 'friends of us all, pioneers of modern education in the city, whose good works are known to everyone'. Her Highness the Maharani of Mysore, C.I., gave a munificent donation of Rs. 10,000.

The building, which has cost over two lakhs and accommodates about 100 in-patients, is staffed with European and Indian doctors and nurses. The equipment is up-to-date, and includes lamps and other apparatus for ultra-violet ray treatment. In 1928, 1,648 in-patients and 11,817 out-patients were treated; the total attendances were 48,097.

Autograph portraits of King Edward and his Queen were given to the Hospital by Queen Alexandra, and King George and Queen Mary sent theirs for the opening ceremony.

The hospital is a great memorial to a lovely life; and

no less to the generosity and untiring efforts of the Rev. G. W. Sawday, the veteran missionary, who has worked for over 50 years in Mysore, and, in addition to other multifarious duties, has planned and built, and is responsible for the finances and the endowment of this great centre of healing. Two of its fine band of doctors, Dr. Alexander and Dr. Anne Hardy Banks, gave all they had to give, brilliant gifts and tender service, and died as the result of over-working, in unceasing efforts to heal and help the sick and suffering.

At the northern end of the Doddapetta two slight turrets crown what is left of the city walls, and a road immediately beneath the left-hand turret leads to the

Mysore Jail

The total prisoners in this and the Bangalore jails, in 1928–29, were 7,848, and the fact that only three died says much for the care expended on them. Elementary education is given to all in need of it; classes are held in Kannada, English, Hindustani; and many industries, from which the profits in that year were Rs. 41,361, are taught.

Minor industries are rope-making, basket- and mat-weaving and rattan work; the important ones are carpentry, weaving and spinning of all kinds, and particularly carpet-making. From cotton dhurries and gymkhanas to the thick-pile, exquisitely patterned rugs and carpets, of the same genre as the famous Bangalore ones, all are made here, and bought up as quickly as they can be made.

Of these jail carpets Sir George Birdwood, in his sumptuous work on *Carpets*, says: 'The wonderful carpets of Bangalore probably approach, in their bold scale of design and archaic force of colouring, nearest to their

Euphratean prototypes. . . . The severely co-ordinated designs and immense masses of clearly defined, deep-toned colours of the carpets of Bangalore . . . which, without a trace of Saracenic or any other modern influence, are, relatively to their special applications, the noblest designed of any denominations of carpets now made . . . unapproachable by the commercial carpets of any time and place.'

The Jail may usually be visited on presentation of a visiting card from 8 to 11 a.m. and from 3 to 5 p.m.

* * * * *

From the east gate of the Hospital the first turn to the left leads into the Doddapetta, passing on the right the AZAM or GREAT MOSQUE.

This was formerly known as the Chōta Masjid, but lately has been enlarged and re-decorated, and is now a striking and beautiful building.

When the State was handed back to the Mysore Rāj in 1799, troops were stationed here, their headquarters being in Cole's Gardens. The house, still standing there, was then the cantonment building. All around may be seen traces of barracks, magazines, etc. Most of the men were Muhammadans, and for their use a mosque was built, 'a little mosque,' now renamed the Azam, or Great, Masjid.

The LASHKAR MOHALLA was so named because a great part of it was occupied by these troops.

There are over 20 mosques in the city, and about a furlong farther down the Doddapetta is the CUTCHI MEMON MASJID, a large, well-endowed and much frequented place of worship. It was built about 60 years ago by Cutch Saits, who came as traders to the city and settled here. Their community now maintains the mosque and services.

In a street nearby, parallel to and east of the Doddapetta, is the Jain SUMATHINATH BASTI. It, also, has lately been rebuilt, enlarged and re-decorated by local merchants. Its tower, the only one of its kind in the capital, is a contrast to, and blends very happily with, the *gōpuras* and domes nearby.

The shrine is upstairs in a richly ornamented hall. The worship and ceremonies are specially elaborate on *amavāsi* (new moon) days, when the images of the three Tirthankers, which are the principle objects of worship here, are adorned with numerous and valuable jewels. Some quaint and interesting pictures—recalling Kim's Lama and his wonderful drawings of the Wheel of Life—may be seen on the walls.

Visitors, who should obtain permission previously, are courteously received, and are allowed to see the worship.

Another small but interesting mosque, the KĀKHI SHAH MASJID, between the old and the new post offices, was built by a famous wrestler of that name, who is buried near. It is being enlarged and improved.

CHAPTER VII

SANCTUARIES, A SANATORIUM AND THE KRISHNARĀJA SĀGARA DAM

On the south of the rather infelicitously named Railway Station Road is the Juma Masjid, built about 1830 by Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, for the Muhammadans who were brought, or attracted, to Mysore, when, at the Restoration in 1799, Government was transferred from Seringapatam to this city.

His Highness not only built and endowed the mosque, but also attached to it a Lungakhāna, or rest-house, for indigent Moslems.

After a century's use, the masjid and the lungakhāna, too small for the needs of the greatly increased community, needed such considerable repairs that they were reconstructed, at a cost of Rs. 38,000, by the State engineers. The mosque, a stately and beautiful building, is now the largest in the city. A fine, new Musafkhāna, towards which Mir Nawab Nizam-ud-din Ali Khān contributed Rs. 5,000, has been erected in the courtyard.

The expenses of the establishment are now borne by the Muzrai Department.

His Highness the present Maharaja, with that splendid toleration for, and sympathy with, all true religious aspiration and all philanthropic activities which have always distinguished him, re-opened this Juma Masjid on April 6th 1927 in state. His Highness, in his opening speech, said: 'It has been a real sorrow to me to see lately in

different parts of India great clashes over the externals of religion, showing, if they show nothing else, a tendency to pursue the shadow rather than the substance. I am rejoiced to think that no such spirit has yet manifested itself among my people, and I hope this Juma Masjid, which I am declaring open to-day, may be of great assistance in promoting the search for the eternal verities and in suppressing sectarian rivalries and prejudice. . . . It has been a long time in building; may it endure for generations, as a source of inspiration, as a place of goodwill, as a centre of all that is highest and best in your religion, is my prayer for you all.'

Just beyond the Masjid, on the north side of the road, is a tiny, *very* tiny, 'square'. The squalid, insanitary houses which once tottered here have been demolished, and the ground, now turfed and planted with shade trees, forms a safe playground for little groups of eager children. Tiny and unpretentious it may be, in this city so rich in parks and gardens, but it is one of the first of many which are to offer—scattered about the still congested parts of the city—sunshine and fresh air, a grassy carpet, the shade of blossoming trees, security from the dangers of the road and space for the children's play. They are an answer to the unjust, unfounded criticism, that the beauty of Mysore City—and this is unchallenged—stops at the entrance to the mean streets; that vast sums of money are spent on 'show places' while the poorer quarters are neglected.

Those who knew the place thirty years ago—even then no mean or unlovely city—know how immense is the improvement in the slums and narrow congested areas; know how earnest the thought, how strenuous the labour, how great the sums of money expended by the City

Improvement Committee and other agencies to make every part of Mysore a model, every acre of it beautiful, and above all healthy.

Then out of the crowded Station Road as, from the roof of the great mosque, the cry of the muezzin rings out to worship over the laughter and songs of little children, we cross the Siyāji Rao Road into the wider approach to the railway station. This fine road passes, on the right first the new Medical College, then the grounds—formerly horse lines—now reserved for the annual Dasara Exhibition. On the left is the bed of the old Jēvarāyan Kere. This, disfigured by an ugly mill and uglier chimney, is being laid out as a demonstration and amusements ground. The demonstrations will be arranged in connexion with the exhibitions. Across the railway lines, passing the east gate of the mansion of the Princess Cheluvājammanniyavaru and Sirdar Lakshmikāntarāj Urs, and five minutes run brings us to the open, wind-swept height crowned by the

PRINCESS KRISHNĀJAMMANNI'S SANATORIUM

for tuberculous patients.

The foundation stone of the fitting and beautiful memorial to one, whose life and that of all her young daughters were cut short by this terrible disease, was laid by H.H. the Maharani Sri Vanivilasa Sannidhana, C.I., in April 1918, and Her Highness dedicated it to the memory of her daughter, whose name it bears, and from whose estate Rs. 75,000 was given towards this hospital for the relief and cure of sufferers from what is still too prevalent a curse.

The institution has already cost nearly two lakhs, and new buildings are constantly being added. The best medical and nursing aids procurable are provided, and

every effort is made to cheer the patients. On many a Sunday evening His Highness sends a palace band to play here—a kindly, thoughtful act, greatly appreciated by the thirty to fifty inmates.

Visitors, with a spare evening, can give much pleasure by visiting the Sanatorium and the patients; the authorities are grateful for gifts of fruit, illustrated papers, gramophone records, etc.

A few miles farther, *à mi-route* to the Dam, is Belgūla, and near it

BALAMŪRI

From Belgūla a narrow, sandy, rocky, overhung cart-track, which for a few months in the year is just possible for cars, wanders for nearly a mile, due north, to this delightful little spot. Two old temples, a few small shrines, a granite *ghat* and a stretch of reeded, sandy bank on the Kāveri—peaceful and picturesque. To the south-west of the larger, almost ruined Janārdana temple is a small shrine of some architectural merit, dedicated to Bhakta-vatsala. It is circular, about six feet in diameter and ten feet high, ornamented with three projecting bases and two cornices above. The whole was once surmounted with a brick and mortar dome.[1]

Outside lies a mutilated, huge image of Ganesha.

The Saivite and Vishnavite temples at Balamūri are of no particular architectural interest, of no discoverable historical importance. But at dawn or sunset they are extraordinarily picturesque, with changing and fantastic mysteries of light and shade on the carved and rugged walls. Still more by moonlight. It is an ideal spot for an evening picnic. Low date palms fling wide an emerald

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1920.

spray; and clear against the pale saffron of the western sky tall areca palms stand sentinel above the grove, where the quivering heart-leaves of the sacred pipal trees whisper earth's secrets to the gods. The river, its waters stilled at even, slips by like a sheet of grey satin, and quietly laps the greyer granite steps. Baby wavelets curl and cream on the little sandy beach, thinly fringed with softly sighing reeds and sworded rushes.

The umber and purple shadows on the old temples throw up in sharp relief cornices and figures, rosy and golden in the afterglow, silver as the moon drifts above the shimmering trees.

South of the temples are two particularly fine examples of the innumerable platforms of snake stones to be found in almost every village, and which are so much part of the life—the religious life—of the people that they call for more than a passing glance. From the days of Eve, the Serpent and the Tree of Knowledge, women, snakes and trees have been in various ways linked together in the legends and customs of many lands. Here the connexion is a very close one, for at these shrines women are nearly always the priestesses and women the chief worshippers. The platform is almost invariably built round two trees. One is the *Ficus religiosa*, the *pipal* or *asvatta*; perhaps the most sacred of all India's sacred trees. It represents, and is supposed to contain, Vishnu, and in it the ghosts of Brahmin boys are believed to live. A giver of boons this holy fig is supposed to be, and a daily sight is that of women, who crave the gift of a son, doing *pradakshinam*—circumambulating it 108 times.

The second tree is the prettily named *Melia azadirochta*, the *margōsa* or *neem*, sacred to Vishnu's wife,

Lakshmi. Idols are made from her insect-proof and durable heart-wood; the root, bark, leaves, flowers and seeds are all used as medicines, antiseptics or insecticides.

The two trees are married, with similar ceremonies to those which unite the human beings who worship them. A partial explanation of which performance may lie in the fact that the roots of each supply what is needed for the perfect growth of the other. Occasionally the *bael* (*Aegle marmelos*), sacred to Siva (and not to be used for firewood except by Brahmins), is planted with them.

The orthodox arrangement of the snake stones 'consists of three slabs, set up side by side. The first bears the figure of a male cobra, with one or more heads up to seven; the middle slab exhibits a female serpent, the upper half of human form, generally crowned with a tiara, and sometimes holding a young serpent under each arm; the third slab has two serpents intertwined after the manner of the Æsculapian rod, or the caduceus of Mercury.'[1]

Almost all the Balamūri stones are of this third type; the figures between the heads, however, vary. The stones are also unorthodox, in facing north instead of east. If the bael tree is planted with the fig and margosa, a linga will often be engraved between the intertwined snakes.

That no devout Hindu will kill a cobra, that the creatures are not only unmolested but regularly fed, if they take up their abode in or near a Hindu house, is well known. Also that more than one day in the year is set apart for their worship, the chief day being *Nāga panchami*. What is not so generally known is that, if within a month of this feast a snake bites anyone who has faithfully performed all the rites prescribed for that day, the creature

[1] *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, 455.

may be killed without blame or fear of reprisal. 'Its life is forfeit on account of its ingratitude.'

Cobras are commonly supposed to be the guardians of hidden treasure, especially in or near old temples, where the existence of concealed gems is more than probable. For instance, the space between the tops of the jambs and the lintel of the great doorway of the Anjanēya temple at Mudugere is always occupied by cobras. Mr. R. Narasimhachar, the famous archæologist, reports that he himself saw one on the right jamb.[1]

Not far from these temples the Balamūri dam, across the river, gives rise to the important Vīrājanadi channel, of which a lovely little bend is crossed close by the village of Kalastavādi, on the road from Mysore to Seringapatam. Forty-one miles in length, the channel irrigates over seven thousand acres, and the revenue derived from it is little short of 50,000 rupees.

Five or six miles from Belgūla bring us to the great

KRISHNARĀJA SĀGARA DAM,

known before its official opening by His Highness, whose name the 'ocean' (sāgara) now bears, as Kannambādi, from the village on the left bank.

This name occurs again and again in Mysore epigraphical records. In 1579 it was a great *agrahara*. Yedatore 58 mentions a grant of an *agrahara* here to 120 Brahmins. 'Each house contained a mattress, a bolster and coloured blankets; stools, vessels for worship and others filled with rice, with nine kinds of grain, with jaggery, ghi, oil and other necessaries. Cows were given and each Brahmin was presented with two cloths, a turban, ruby ear-rings and

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1920.

other ornaments.' Koppa 25 contains a curious narrative of 1818. People were dying by scores from smallpox and cholera. 'Two goddesses became incarnate in Nanjamma, a virgin of Kannambādi. Through her miracles many were immediately cured, as she moved through the country accepting offerings.' A temple was erected to her, or to the goddesses she was supposed to represent.

But the oldest and most moving record is the stone inscription Heggadadēvankōte 18, of A.D. 1057: 'an affecting idyl, beautiful in its simplicity and pathos'. It is a memorial to the daughter of the Nugu-nād chief. Her young husband, a powerful wrestler, had the misfortune in a match to kill his opponent, a relative of the Rāja. He was tried and found guilty of murder, marched off to Talakādu (the capital) and put to death. His wife immediately resolved to commit *sati*, evidently prevalent, and nothing her relatives or friends could say deterred her. The author of the inscription was named Malla, 'a friend of poets who use not words in vain,' a description well deserved. Of Dekabbe, the wife, he says: 'In matchless virtue, in disposition, in high generosity, in spiritual devotion . . . can the pure-minded one be compared with those of the present day—wicked, worthless, badly disposed, ill-mannered and low? . . . On hearing they had put to death the hero, that beautiful one, the light of the family went forth to die. . . . All united, saying, "Don't do it. Stop." She prayed, "Be silent; I will not stop," and with loving words giving away her lands, her gold embroidered cloths, her cows and money, and folding her hands in love to the god of gods, she entered the blazing flames . . . and went to the world of gods.'

Dekabbe left a piece of garden land, south of the

Malte tank, which she had constructed, to provide for a perpetual lamp for Māhadēva. And, as throughout the ages the cry keeps ringing, 'The good old days, the worthlessness and ill-manners of the modern woman,' there is at least something heartening in the insistence on the beautiful character of these same modern degenerates, as they become the generation that has passed or is passing, holding out hope that even the character of the severely criticised modern maiden may in days to come be venerated and extolled.

The priest who, early in the seventeenth century, bribed by Vēnarājaya of Karugahalli, tried to poison Rāja Wadiyar, was sent to the great temple at Kannambādi—a very lenient punishment for dastardly disloyalty.

* * * * *

The Kāveri, as it flows through the State, is dammed by eleven other anicuts, constructed, some of them, it is said, a thousand years ago, with wonderful patience and ingenuity, by the people of Mysore. Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar built dams, north of Seringapatam, more than 300 years ago. The idea of a particularly large dam here is no new one. Almost the first object pointed out to the visitor to Krishnarāja Sāgara is the inscribed slab, which now, with its English translation, stands in the verandah of the inspection lodge, at the entrance to the long trestle bridge leading to the dam. It was found in 1911. When, having decided on the present site, the engineers were excavating, they unearthed this foundation stone of an anicut which Tipū Sultān, 130 years before them, proposed to build here. Though houses and temples were demolished to make room for it, the work on the dam was never started. As Lord Valentia, who visited Mysore four years after the Sultān's death,

said: 'Tipū destroyed tanks everywhere; he never built one.'

The visitor will hardly fail to notice that, while Tipū characteristically erected his vain-glorious monument at the very beginning of a work he never carried out, the Mysore Government put up no such boastful memento even at the finish. What they have put up is a statue, not to Mysore even, but to the river goddess, Kāveri.

This may be seen in a niche, on the great western wall of the dam, facing the rising sun. The image is carved in the prescribed 'feminine' black stone, absolutely flawless, of perfect weight and sound, which comes from Heggadadēvankōte. It is the work of Siddalinga Svāmi, a hereditary sculptor, whose studio in Anikatti Road, not far from the Elephant Lines, Mysore, is well worth a visit. He was paid Rs. 1,000 for this statue, which is about five and a half feet high and represents Srī Kāveri with four hands. Two hold an *amrita kalasa* (or sacred vessel) in which grows a *sōma* plant; the upper left hand holds a lotus, and the right a *jappa malike* (or rosary).

* * * * *

'The idea of utilizing the waste power, generated by the Sivasamudram Falls, had,' says Sir Evan Maconochie, 'long appealed to the speculative. But it took the practical knowledge and the persuasive tongue of General Joly de Lotbinière; the imagination to appreciate the potentialities of the project and the courage to see it through of one of India's greatest statesmen, Sir Sheshadri Iyer; and the consistent support of the British Resident, Colonel Sir Donald Robertson, to turn 'the dream into reality.' Lord Curzon, in 1902, set the power in motion.

From 1902 to 1908 the various anicuts were dammed

with sand bags, in order to supply Sivasamudram with water-power for electricity. It was a very irregular supply. The State guaranteed 10,000 H.P., but had frequently to give rebates.

In 1911 an estimate for Captain Dawes' scheme was sanctioned. It was to be an 80-foot dam, costing two and a half crores, and supplying Sivasamudram with 46,000 H.P., and irrigating 125,000 acres. (The produce of one acre is generally reckoned to support one family.)

Each H.P. represents a return to Government of £10. Enough water is now (1929) supplied to the installation to provide 17,000 H.P. for industries, 11,000 H.P. to the Kolar Gold Mines, and 4,000 H.P. for lighting.

The irrigation from the dam, when developed, should yield about 12 lakhs of gross revenue, and immeasurable direct and indirect advantage to agriculturists and to the State. The dam is the largest of the kind in India, and is so far surpassed only by the great Egyptian Dam at Assuan. The lake, formed by converting part of the Kāveri valley and bed, is one of the largest artificial lakes in the world. In the evening light especially, it has a wonderful quiet beauty.

Including the waste weir, the dam is a mile and six furlongs in length, and is curved, with its convex face to the lake. It is at present 106 feet in depth. This is to be raised to 124 feet. It is founded on a formation of gneiss and hornblende schist. There are 37 sluices. The catchment area is 4,100 square miles.

The cost has already amounted to 225 lakhs, and Government has budgeted for Rs. 25 lakhs more.

A later development of the scheme is the construction of the Irwin Canal, which is expected to bring under irrigation, after full development, an additional area of

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KRISHNARĀJA SĀGARA DAM

1,20,000 acres of land, much of it in the arid taluks of Mandya, Mālvalli and T. Narasapūr. The work is progressing rapidly.

The great lake and the rush of water through the sluice gates are impressive and beautiful sights; but hardly comparable with the beauty and majesty of the immense cataract of water which, when the height of the great wall was not more than ninety feet, came rushing over the top and crashed down in one unbroken glorious mass. Wonderfully grand, inexpressibly beautiful, it was a sight never to be forgotten, never to be seen again.

* * * * *

In connexion with the early work at the dam the name of one man must be for ever sacred. Captain Bernard Dawes, R.E., Chief Engineer of the State at the time, in 1909 was prospecting at the Krishnarāja-katte, some miles above the present dam. The bund there had been severely damaged by abnormal floods; the ryots' water-supply was seriously threatened, and Capt. Dawes determined, in the face of great difficulty and danger, to repair it. He and seven coolies, or fishermen, were in a boat trying to fix *pipais* (tubs) of cement where sand-bag barriers had been swept away. A sudden rush of water overturned the boat, and all but one of those who were in it swam safely to shore. Capt. Dawes saw the man struggling, jumped into the current and swam to the rescue, but was caught apparently by some under-tow, and sank at once. The fisherman struggled to shore, but it was four days before the body of the man who had given his life for another was found, far down the riverside.

That Capt. Dawes' sacrifice really did appeal to the imagination of the people, and that their gratitude was deep and real, is proved by a gift of Rs. 600, which was

raised by the Kattepūr villagers and invested in the 6½ per cent. State Loan, to form an endowment for a CAPTAIN DAWES PRIZE. The interest on the endowment is to be awarded annually, to a student of the best character and the best record of the year for services rendered to others, from any of the (men's) constituent colleges of the Mysore University.

There is an alternative route back to Mysore. Turn to the right on reaching the junction of the dam road with the Paschimavāhini Road (the road already traversed), and take a new road to the south-west. This, some six miles farther on, runs into the Mysore-Hunsūr Road, most of the way being over bare and breezy upland.

CHAPTER VIII

HOMES OF LEARNING

THE MAHARANI'S COLLEGE

THE Maharani's College may, by previous arrangement with the lady superintendent, be visited between the hours of 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. Mysore stands as the pioneer of women's education in South India. This college was started in 1881 as a caste girls' school. In 1895 it was raised to high school standard, and in 1916 became a constituent college of the Mysore University. In 1919 the college was separated from the primary, middle and high school departments, and was placed under the control of the University.

The college exercises, and has exercised, great influence in the State.

In 1906 two Brahmin lady students passed the B.A. degree examination of the Madras University—the first women in South India to obtain such distinction. One of them, Srī K. D. Rukminiamma, is the present distinguished and very able head of the college. To her influence, zeal, and fine administration it owes much of its prosperity.

* * * * *

In front of the District Katchēri is Onslow Ford's statue of Sir James Gordon, tutor and governor to the late Maharaja, and afterwards Resident in Mysore.

With the exception of the Katchēri, the park, which crowns this hill, is reserved almost exclusively for the

MYSORE UNIVERSITY

The University buildings include the Maharaja's College, an intermediate college, a high school, a senate house, three libraries, a sports pavilion; residences for the vice-chancellor and professors; some hostels and many acres of playing fields, fields thronged every evening by cricket, football and hockey players and by scores of interested spectators. (The Maharani's College is situated to the east, below the hill.)

The University was founded in 1916, and, except for the income from fees and a few endowments, is State supported.

There are five constituent colleges: The Maharaja's and Maharani's Colleges, in Mysore; and the Central, the Engineering and the Medical Colleges, in Bangalore; and six intermediate colleges—four for men and two for women.

Hostels are attached to the colleges. University unions, libraries and laboratories; a publication bureau and a system of extension lectures, all do their share in increasing and extending the usefulness of the University.

* * * * *

THE ORIENTAL LIBRARY

The hall was erected in 1891 as a memento of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The library and the Department of Archæology, which are both housed here, are attached to the University.

The library contains a collection of over 12,000 books and some 10,000 manuscripts, comprising copies of almost every important Sanskrit work known — Vēdas and Shāstras; books on Indian history, religion, philosophy, literature, logic and grammar; books in Sanskrit, in old Kannada, in modern Kannada, in English and other languages.

In connexion with the Archæological Department, it possesses printed Sanskrit works in all characters, many original copper plate grants; photos or impressions of all discovered Sanskrit and Kannada inscribed stones relating to Mysore, and many others.

Nearly 20,000 copies of its publications have been presented to savants and institutions in different parts of the world. A large and learned staff of pandits is constantly employed in tracing, examining, translating and preparing books and manuscripts for publication.

A few notes on the Kanarese language—admittedly a very liquid and musical one—and on Kanarese literature may be of interest here. The information given is largely drawn from *The History of Kanarese Literature*, by the Rev. Edward P. Rice, B.A., a book which treats the subject in a most interesting and lucid way.

Mr. Lewis Rice tells us that 'the written character of Kannada' (foster-child of Sanskrit) 'is derived from the South Asōka character; it belongs to about 250 B.C. and is of Semitic origin.'[1]

There are about 638 characters, or rather combinations of characters, providing a sign for every sound.

The three stages of the literature in the last 3,000 years —ancient, mediæval and modern—may be compared, says Mr. Edward Rice, 'to a river receiving tributaries. During the first millennium of its course it is an unmingled stream of Jaina thought. In the twelfth century this is joined by the streams of Virasaivism; and the two streams, like the Rhone and Saone at Lyons, flow side by side without mingling.

'In the beginning of the sixteenth century these two are

[1] *Mysore and Coorg, from the Inscriptions*, p. 491.

joined by a Vaishnava affluent; and the united stream flows on until, in the nineteenth century, it is broadened and much modified by the great inrush of Western thought.'[1]

Kanarese words and passages have been found in a Greek farce of the second century A.D., written in an Egyptian papyrus, discovered in 1899 at Oxyrhynchus. A full account of this appears in the *Mysore Archæological Report* for 1926.

The *Gazetteer*, indeed, declares that there seems reason to believe that Kannada was the earliest to be cultivated of all the South Indian languages. It mentions praise given by the celebrated Sanskrit author, Dandi, of the sixth century, to a Kannada poem of 96,000 verses of Chudāmani, of evidently much earlier date. This poem was declared by other early writers 'to display all the graces of composition. . . . Proof,' adds the *Gazetteer*, 'of a considerable literature in Kannada and a widespread culture of the language before the sixth century.'

Though there is abundant evidence of many still earlier writers, the earliest extant work of which the date is known is the *Kavirāja-Mārga* (The Royal Road of the Poets), written about A.D. 850, when Alfred the Great of England was struggling in the midst of distracting wars to spread the love of literature among his people.

The following verse, translated by Mr. Edward Rice, reminds us—and we have other ample evidence—that in those far-off ages the Kanarese people delighted in poetic forms and images.

> 'The people of that land are skilled
> To speak in rhythmic tone:
> And quick to grasp a poet's thought
> So kindred to their own.

[1] *History of Kanarese Literature*, p. 16.

Not students only, but the folk
Untutored in the schools
By instinct use and understand
The strict poetic rules.'—I. 39.

As Mr. Rice points out, his English version loses the alliteration which is one of the chief graces of the original. For instance, the first line of one verse of the translated poem runs:

'Vasudhā vilaya vilīna visada vishaya visesham.'

Among the highly laudatory praises of a Ganga king of about A.D. 799, he is said to be 'a distinguished sailor, able to reach the other shore of the unfordable ocean of Pānini's grammar'.

Pānini flourished, in more senses than one, in the fourth century B.C.

Another inscription, recording a grant to endow a temple dancing girl, in A.D. 1372, declares the donor to have been 'versed in *Vedas*, science, grammar and language to the utmost limits'; and as a crown, which all Europeans who have been bemired in the d's and t's and l's and n's of the Kannada tongue will gladly accord such a prodigy of learning, he is triumphantly described as 'also versed in pronouncing distinctly the labials and palatals'. One is glad to know that 'he was fond of and merciful to war elephants . . . and fearful only of worldly illusion'.[1]

His only rival, surely, is that Ganga chief, Mushkara, 'who has reached the other end of all the sciences'.[2]

One of the earliest, most famous and most popular Kanarese poets was Ādi Pampa, who, in A.D. 941, wrote the *Ādi Purāṇa*, the history of the first Tirthankara,

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1924, p. 77.
[2] *Epigraphia Carnatica*, Mysore, II, Gundalpet, 34.

'in a style unsurpassed among Kanarese poets,' said Mr. Narasimhacharya. None could speak with greater authority.

The earliest known Kanarese poetess was a *kanti* (Jaina nun), who, at the court of Vishnuvardhana, at Haḷebīd, about A.D. 1100, competed in limerick fashion with the celebrated Nāgachandra, another poet of the time.

The library has a copy of an excellent Sanskrit poem by the lady, Madhuravani, of Mysore, written about A.D. 1640. She could compose 100 verses in 12 minutes.[1]

Sanskrit and Kannada authors delight in an ingenious form of writing, where consecutive words are run together so that the letters are capable of being divided up in different ways. The *Mysore Archæological Report* for 1918 mentions a poem, *Krishnanripa jayōtkarsha*, by a court poet of Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, in praise of his patron, and composed in prose and verse in such a way that, with a little alteration in punctuation, it can be read as either a Sanskrit or a Kannada work. And the *Pāndara Rāghavīya*, a Sanskrit work of the sixteenth century, is so written that, divided in one way, it tells the story of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, divided in another, of the *Mahābhārata*.

Kanarese literature, when not concerned with grammar and language, is almost entirely religious and almost entirely in verse.

That female education among the masses in Mysore is no new thing is proved by the literary work of Honnamma, a Sudra, who was 'Woman of the Betel Bag' to the Rani, at the court of Chikka Dēva Rāja Wadiyar, over 200 years ago. She wrote *The Duty of the Faithful*

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1920.

Wife, citing illustrations from the epics and from Manu.

Kanarese histories appear about 1640, and most of them were written under the patronage of the Mysore Rājas. Chikka Dēva Rāja Wadiyar, in particular, 'caused a valuable library to be made of historical materials, including copies of inscriptions in his dominions'.

Up to 1796, when the Mysore Royal Family were transferred from their already looted and bare palace in Seringapatam to a miserable hovel, they had carefully treasured this collection of *cuddattums* and palm-leaf chronicles; but Tipū callously ordered them all to be used as fuel to boil his horses' gram, and only a few, through the pious artifice of a Brahmin, says Colonel Wilks, were saved. An irreparable loss of documents, which would have helped the puzzled historian to penetrate the haze of those distant, restless days, when empires rose and clashed and fell, and *palegars* and petty rājas ruled one day a village and one day a province.

Of those long ago and turbulent South Indian ages, and particularly of the part Mysore played in them, so few records remain: potsherds, an ear-ring, a worn coin, a mud fort-wall, a fragment of a stone, with defaced figures and words almost obliterated of a tongue no longer spoken; grotesque legends, losing nothing of their quaintness as they pass down the lips of the generations.

The Kannada Academy (Kannada Sāhitya Parishad) has been established for the encouragement of writers of merit, the cultivation and improvement of the language by the unification of dialects, the fixing of scientific terminology and the formation of a common literary style.[1]

[1] *History of Kanarese Literature*, p. 103.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

is in the same building, and is intensely interesting. The curator of the library is also director of archæological research.

This office has been held by such eminent men as Praktana Vimarsa Vichakshana Rao Bahadur R. Narasimhachar, Arthasastra Visarada Mahamahopadhyaya R. Shama Sastri, B.A., Ph.D.; and M. H. Krishna Iyengar, M.A., D.Lit., the present director, who brings not only learning and enthusiasm, but most valuable experience in excavating, gained in assisting Dr. Flinders Petrie in his Egyptian explorations. The learning, industry and patience of these three directors are recognized by savants all the world over, and no praise can be too great for the work they have done and are doing in tracing, unearthing, examining and recording the archæological treasures of the State.

The annual reports of the department, beautifully produced and illustrated, are mines of information; information which is of absorbing interest, presented in a vivid, lucid way.

* * * * *

South-west of the Jubilee Hall, across the railway line, a five minutes' run leads to the

GOVERNMENT SILK FILATURE FARM

Sericulture in this State has been carried on to some extent from time immemorial; but, owing to disease or deterioration of the silkworm, it had almost died out in 1886, and, after many ups and downs, was threatened with extinction again in the first years of the Great War. Government, tackling the problem earnestly, tried many schemes, investigated and experimented, employed experts

from Japan and from Italy, organized and re-organized committees, and formed the Department of Sericulture, an adjunct to the Department of Industries and Commerce. It has more than justified its existence, and has achieved among others the following results:

1. The Mysore silkworm, one of the best polivoltine worms in existence, is now almost disease-free. Its greenish-yellow cocoon yields a lustrous velvety silk of high quality. 'It is hardy, highly resistant to disease, but slow in arriving at maturity,' and the supply of silk produced repays, but only just repays, the expenditure on food.

2. The record yield at present is 89 lbs. for 100 layings of an F.I. hybrid.

3. Mysore now supplies 60 per cent or 70 per cent of the silk produced in India, and the estimated value of the silk reared in the State is about a million rupees. Woven into fabrics, it may be worth nearly three million rupees. About one-third of the silk produced is woven locally, the rest is sold in the Madras Presidency, and the silk waste exported to France and Italy, where it is cleaned and spun and returned to India.

4. Great improvements in the processes preparatory to weaving have been introduced into this Silk Filature Farm. These improvements are mainly due to the use of the patented 'Mysore domestic basin'. One, two or (and this is the best combination) five turners can work at one basin; 'silk, reeled with this basin, being nearly as good as silk reeled in a full-sized filature,' fetching prices 30 per cent higher than '*charka* silk'. A small twisting machine has been designed as a companion to the domestic basin, and the two together ought, said the Dewan at a recent conference, 'to raise the quality of the silk and extend the range of its employment'.

5. It is proposed to install 50 such basins on the farm. The filature is capable of producing 300 pounds of silk a month.

6. Although sericulture is mainly a subsidiary craft, yet 2,00,000 families depend on the prosperity of the industry, and there are over 50,000 acres of mulberry under cultivation, as conditions for mulberry cultivation are ideal in many parts of the State. 'A sericulture village has generally an air of life and prosperity all its own,' says the *Indian Economic Handbook* for 1929. Demonstrations, exhibitions and lantern lectures are arranged in towns and villages, at *jatres* (fairs), etc., and competitions between users of modern and of old-time appliances are encouraged. Government loans are made to persons starting and engaged in sericulture.

The main object of the farm is educational and experimental. It is well-managed, and the staff, keenly interested kindly people, are always ready to show and to explain to visitors the different processes in operation.

As the Dewan of Mysore recently pointed out, this industry supports, wholly or in part, nearly an eighth of the population of the State; and he quoted the saying that, while our gold mines were exhaustible and benefit only a fortunate few, our sericulture was a perennial flow of gold which brought life and prosperity to the poor of the country.

'In natural lustre and beauty,' the Dewan added, 'the Mysore silk, when properly treated, cannot be surpassed. . . . We should strive to make the most of this advantage. My ideal of a proper co-ordination between rearing and reeling is that for every 200 acres of mulberry there should be a centrally situated filature of ten domestic basins, and that the reeling should be so standardized

that all these filatures can produce uniform grades of silk.'

* * * * *

From the farm the way runs due east into the Chāmarāja Road, which, like most of the city's new roads, is 100 feet wide, and which, for quite half its way, is bordered on one side by gardens. One, opposite the Sītadharma-sāla, is the bed of what was the Subbarāyankere. It has lately been reclaimed and laid out as a people's park and playground. The carved *mantapa*, in the centre, was built over the foundation stone (laid by King George) of the Chāmarājendra Technical Institute, and is now used as a bandstand.

A little lower down, on the same side of the road, is the MIR MAHMUD MASJID, a picturesque building in a quiet, pleasant garden, immediately opposite a house which is worth more than a passing glance. It is a model, on a much reduced scale, of Tipū's Palace in Seringapatam, and belongs to a member of the Sultān's family, Nawab Mir T. N. Nizam-ud-din Ali Khān, great-grandson of Kamar-ud-din Ali Khān, cousin of the Sultān and commander-in-chief of his army. Kamar-ud-din, by his unconditional surrender to the British and his unswerving loyalty, won Colonel Wellesley's warm recommendation that his claim to the *jahgir* of Gurramkonda, the ancient possession of his house, should be recognized—as it was—by the British. In urging the claim, the future Duke of Wellington wrote to his brother, Lord Mornington, the Governor-General: 'He has behaved so well, and by coming in so early has rendered us so great a service that, *coute qui coute*, we ought to give him what he wishes for. If he had remained in arms we never could have settled this country unless we incurred

the enormous expense of keeping our army in the field, and even then the operations to be carried on would be liable to all the hazards of protracted military operations. He has saved us this at least, and has thereby rendered us a service almost as great as any of those rendered by His Highness the Nizam . . . there can be no doubt of the propriety of rewarding Cummer-ud-Deen.'

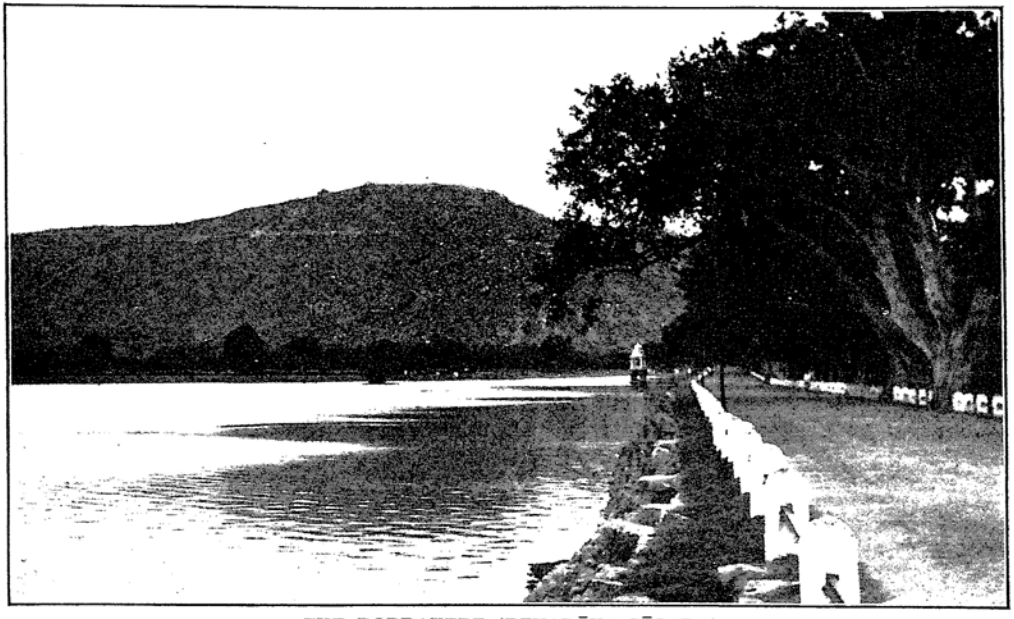
The mosque was built (for the use of the family) by Nawab Syed Mahammad Tippū Sultān Ali Khān Saheb, father of Nawab Mir T. N. Nizam-ud-din Ali Khān, and is maintained by his descendants, honoured citizens of Mysore, prominent in all philanthropic and civic activities.

* * * * *

The road passes the stately PALACE OFFICES, crowned by pale, cream-coloured domes, which, against the purple-grey of Chāmundi, look like great lotus buds; and reaches the Lake, which disputes—or, rather, far too gracious and serene to dispute anything—and shares and duplicates the sovereignty of the palace and the hill.

The lake, we know, was here at the very dawn of Mysore history, before 1399; before the young knight-errant, Yadurāya, came to find his fate on the steps its waters lapped. It has been 'constructed'—probably enlarged and repaired—again and again. Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar, 300 years ago, planted many flowers and fruit trees in the garden of a memorial *mantapa* to his ancestor, Bola Chāma Rāja Wadiyar, and called it the Sringara Garden. He then 'beautifully constructed a large lake,' which reached the east end of the Triyanēsvara temple, and called it the Sringara Garden Lake. It is tempting to quote an inscription (Seringapatam 103) about this king, the darling of the old chroniclers, the hero of many a legend. 'When this king,' says the old stone,

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THE DODDAKERE (DEVARĀYA SĀGARA)
With Chāmundi Hill in the background

'ruled Mysore, the lord of the gods sent good rains, the earth brought forth full fruit, all points of the compass were unclouded, all were free from disease, the country was free from trouble, the women were devoted to their husbands, and all the world was prosperous.'

In the year of the Great Fire of London Dodda Dēva Rāja Wadiyar 'constructed a big lake between the Dēvarājapūra *agrahāra* of 63 houses (which he had built at the foot of the Chāmundi steps) and the Mysore fort'. This he called Dēvambudhi, or the Dēvarāya Samudra (sea), or, more grandiloquently, Dēvarāya Sāgara (ocean). Probably he enlarged the Sringāra Lake to the present size, or even larger. For the land, now a playground, between the two roads from the bund to the Zoological Gardens, has been reclaimed from the lake, and grass sown within the last 20 years.

A stone inscription (Heggadadēvankōte 51) records that in 1829, just a hundred years ago, a wild elephant came to the Delavāyi-kere in Mysore, and then escaped into the forest. A Jain (of all people!) had it shot, and was rewarded with a grant of land.

Beyond the Tōpakhāna (Gun-room), and where the Chāmarāja Road joins the Nīlgiri Road, is a lovely, much photographed, group of little white temples, one to Ranganatha Svāmi and one to Īsvara, in a tope of noble pipal trees, often haunted by gibbering monkeys.

The lake side is bordered with fine specimens of the glorious *Poinciana regia*, the tree to which so many names, in despairing attempt to suggest its glory, have been given: Gold Mohur, Flame of the Forest (though this belongs of right to the *Butea frondosa*), and the French flamboyant. It is, indeed, the queen of flowering trees, robed in flaming gold and imperial crimson. The

road in April and May, when the trees are in full bloom, is worth going many a mile to see.

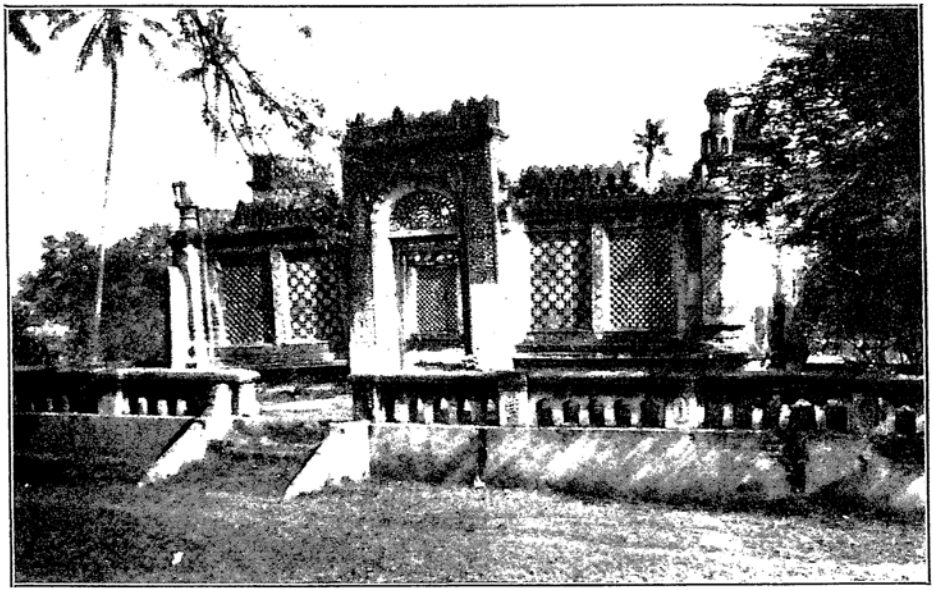
Interspersed are other showy trees. The *Cassia florida*, in bloom for many months, with its masses of yellow blossom, stands out against the eucalyptus, flinging wide its pungent fragrance, and the casuarina pines, through whose feathery 'leaves' the wind whispers with the sound of waves breaking on some sandy shore. A.R.U., in a recent *Spectator*, describes them exquisitely:

> 'In labyrinthic charcoal lines
> the casuarina branches lie
> across the carmine-mottled sky . . .
> And nothing else is in the air
> to stir that still mosaic scene,
> black-traced against the opaline
> of the late sunset smouldering there,
> but impish bats that twist and twine
> their crazy patterns as they fly.'

To flower- and tree-lovers the Hardinge Circle, the Curzon Park and the Nishet Bagh (into which the Circle opens) are veritable treasuries. Among hundreds of varieties, the orange and cardinal flowers of the noble *Butea frondosa* almost approach the *Poinciana regia* in massed magnificence. Hardly less glorious are the scarlet-crimson blossoms of the *Spathodea campanulata*, and in quiet contrast the graceful milk-white *Millingtonia* (cork) and several varieties of acacias and palms.

Gateways and trellises and even lamp-poles are dressed in creepers of all kinds—honeysuckles, solanums, pink and white antigonons; purple, crimson, scarlet, old rose and palest pink bourgainvilleas; purple and mauve, white and blue ipomeas; thunbergias and bignonias; and below, discreetly distributed beds blaze with cannas, with salvias,

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THE BEGUM'S DARGAH

with cosmos, with any and every variety of garden 'bedding plant,' from crotons to gypsophila.

THE DARGAH

Not a stone's throw from where the Government House Road crosses the Nazarabād Road is the Dargah Tomb, or shrine of a Kurnul Princess. Though neglected and in danger of falling to pieces, it is still a lovely and picturesque memorial to a very beautiful and much loved woman. It was erected a hundred years ago, over the grave of a Muhammadan Begum; the daughter of a ruler of Kurnul and the wife of Dr. John Colin Campbell, the durbar physician, devoted friend and champion of H.H. Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III. His Highness described him as 'my friend—an officer of rank and long standing in Her Majesty's Indian service, a true supporter both of my interests and of the British Government. To him I am indebted for much wise counsel over many years.' Dr. Campbell had been at the Maharaja's Court for 16 years, after 17 in the Army, and Lord Canning, in 1860, wrote of him: 'The Maharaja's encomiums on Dr. Campbell are not undeserved. Dr. Campbell was in the confidence of Sir Mark Cubbon, while he has ever been a steady friend of His Highness, and it is no exaggeration to say that any influence he has possessed has been exercised beneficially.'

A large engraving, in the entrance hall of the Jagan Mōhun Mahāl, representing a Birthday parade during the reign of that Maharaja, shows Dr. Campbell riding by his side. The Begum was possibly a daughter of Alif Khān, son and successor (but deposed by Tipū Sultān) of Runmust Khān of Kurnul, a Pathan chieftain to whom Tipū wrote a most flowery letter reproaching him with not

having gladdened the Sultān with joyful tidings of his health and happiness, and begging for an interview—which Runmust Khān never granted.[1]

Alif Khān, when deposed, joined Lord Cornwallis' forces at Seringapatam in 1792. It may have been his daughter who became Dr. Campbell's wife. Kurnul was celebrated for the beauty of its women, and for its muslins, from the clear, fine-spun thread of which it gets its name.

That Dr. Campbell was devoted to his wife is known, but whether he erected this memorial to her, or whether, as some authorities imply, it was raised by his friend, Mr. J. A. Casamaijor, the British Resident in Mysore, is doubtful. Dr. Campbell built and lived in the house afterwards converted into the Residency by Sir James Gordon, now Chāmundi Vihār, the mansion of H.H. the Yūvarāja. It still contains mementoes of the doctor, including a handsome screen covered with paintings of Highland chieftains in full dress.

In April 1861 Dr. Campbell embarked for England with Sir Mark Cubbon, Chief Commissioner of Mysore, who was in failing health and died at Suez. After encountering difficulties which, General Dobbs said, no other man could have overcome, the doctor had his friend's body embalmed and took it to Southampton, and then to its last resting-place in the Isle of Man.

He returned, having served Mysore as faithfully and strenuously in England as in India, to the capital, and, in 1865, a widower, left finally for England, taking with him his young daughter and his niece.

[1] Kirkpatrick, p. 344.

CHAPTER IX

CHURCHES, HOSTELS AND THE FORT

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND CONVENT stand at the north end of Church Road, which borders Government House on the west.

The Roman Catholic Mission was established in Mysore City by the celebrated Abbé Dubois, soon after the Restoration of 1799.

The many activities of the Mission are directed by two European priests, and by the nuns of the Good Shepherd of Angers, who, in and around the convent, supervise day schools, an orphanage and a rescue home. These, by arrangement with the Reverend Mother Superioress, they are always pleased to show to visitors. The convent itself is a fine, commodious building, and stands in a typically peaceful and well-tended garden.

The teaching in the convent schools is excellent; their results in the Trinity College of Music examinations being, year by year, brilliant.

Just beyond the convent is the parish church, dedicated to St. Joseph. Its very handsome gates were presented by H.H. the Maharaja. There is a congregation of some 1,500 members or catechumens; and there are boarding, industrial and day schools for boys.

A small church at Ānepaleam, in the Krishnamurtipūram Extension, has lately been built for the Catholic community in the south-west of the city.

WELLINGTON LODGE. This house, opposite the west

gate of Government House, was the headquarters of the first Commissioners in Mysore after the Restoration. These Commissioners were Lieut.-General Harris, Colonel the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Kirkpatrick and Lieut.-Colonel Barry Close. The secretaries were Captain Munro, and Captain Malcolm, who must have often, from this bungalow, watched the building of Government House, which he was a few years later to inhabit and adorn. In Wellington Lodge Colonel Wellesley at least lived for nearly two years, as the inscription on a tablet on the front of the house testifies:

'This house was occupied by Colonel Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, when in political charge of Mysore, 1799–1801.'

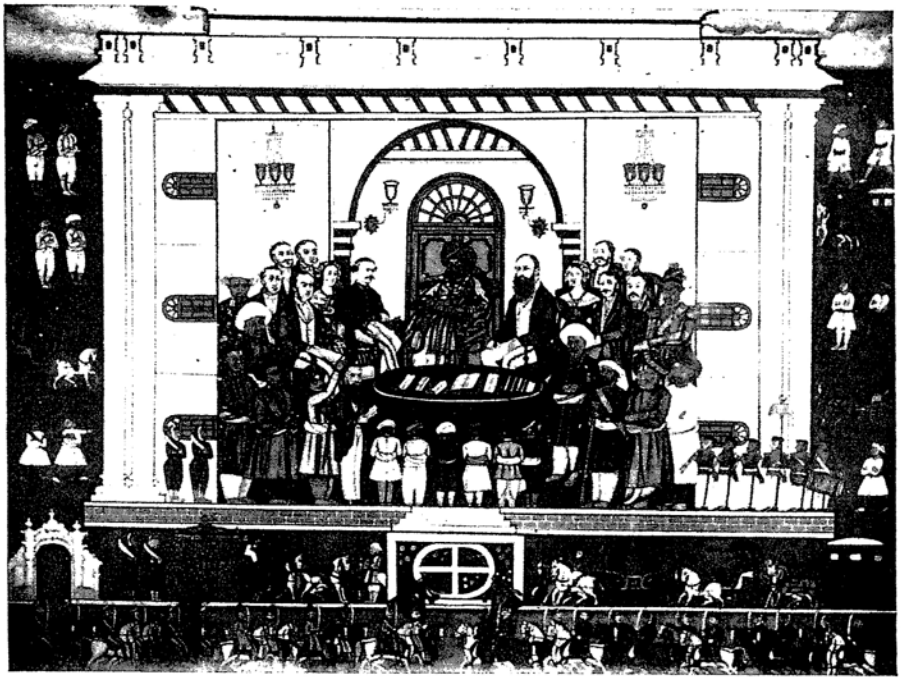
It is now used as the headquarters of the Boy Scouts of Mysore City.

The GOVERNMENT TRAINING COLLEGE is in the next block of buildings to the south. Its central hall is interesting as the birthplace of the University of Mysore.

In 1839 an English school for boys was opened by the Wesleyan Mission, and was most generously supported by H.H. Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III, who gave a house, Rs. 120 monthly, and defrayed all expenses. In 1841 there was a full-dress examination, before His Highness, of the 90 boys in the school. The lads were examined in the New Testament and other subjects, most of which were more academic than useful. Grammar, of course, was one; geography, the history of Mysore and—poor kids!—the reign of George III!

Some time after, still under royal patronage, a Government boys' school was started. By 1850, with Mr. Dunning as headmaster, it throve to such an extent that

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OPENING OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL

Among those shown in the picture are H.H. Krishnarāja Wadiyar III, Mr. Bowring, C.I.E., Mr. Saunders, Major Ramsay, Major Elliot, Dr. Renton, and Mr. Dunning, the headmaster.

'a new building with a fine hall' was erected for it; and to this hall, now part of the Training College, the Maharaja came in state, to open it and to distribute prizes.

A quaint and interesting old painting—now in the Chitrasāla of the Jagan Mōhun Palace—by the gracious permission of His Highness here reproduced, commemorates this function.

* * * * *

Almost opposite is the WESLEYAN MISSION PRESS AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, with a depôt attached for the sale of stationery, school books and apparatus, etc. The *Vrittanta Patrike*, a Kanarese weekly newspaper, with the largest circulation of any vernacular paper in the State, is edited, printed and published here.

The Press was established by the Rev. Henry Haigh in 1890. All its machinery is now electrically driven. It is up-to-date in every department, excelled by none, and equalled by few, in India. English and Kannada printing, type-casting, block-making and book-binding employ over 130 hands. The average number of pages of matter printed annually is about twelve million.

* * * * *

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH. The church was built during 1830-31 by the European residents of Mysore, without Government aid. There was no chaplaincy of Mysore at that date. Mr. Francis Lewis, whose memorial tablet is in the church, was instigator of the building scheme, which cost Rs. 3,500, collected by the residents, who were mostly civil and military officers attached to the Residency staff.

On the appointment of the Commission in 1831, a considerable increase in the number of Europeans in the station brought the question of the ministration to the

members of the Anglican Church in Mysore more prominently forward, and the church building, which had been used undenominationally, was henceforward devoted to the use of the Church of England community of Mysore. This decision, made by Archdeacon Shortland in 1847, was based on the deed of consecration, dated November 29, 1830.

The first Government chaplain of Mysore, which had been ministered to by the chaplains of Bangalore, was appointed in 1856.

On the Rendition of Mysore in 1881, the number of Europeans in Mysore decreased; French Rocks ceased to be a military out-station, and the two stations of Mercara and Mysore were linked into one chaplaincy; the chaplain visiting eight months at Mercara and four in Mysore.

On the reduction of the ecclesiastical establishment recently, Mercara and Mysore ceased to be a Government gazetted chaplaincy — and has become one of the 'aided chaplaincies'. The chaplain now resides at Mysore, pending a final settlement of the ecclesiastical supervision of Mysore and Coorg.

St. Bartholomew's Church is interesting historically as being connected with the history of Mysore from 1799 until the Rendition of Mysore in 1881.

In it royal visitors have worshipped when visiting the Mysore State; it is used on occasions of Imperial State ceremonies and it is the place of worship of the Anglican community, which still furnishes a congregation of over sixty members.[1]

The WESLEYAN CHURCH, next door to the Press, was built over 60 years ago. It holds some four or five

[1] The above information was kindly furnished by the Rev. Edmund Bull, M.A., Chaplain of Mysore and Coorg.

hundred, and the congregation at the Sunday morning Kanarese service overflows it. The returns for 1928 show 929 Wesleyan Christians in the city. Some of them worship in the Hardwicke College, the Hospital and Karunāpura chapels.

The service on Sunday evenings is in English. The mission was first established here in 1839, when H.H. Krishna Rāja Wadiyar III sold to the Wesleyans the Escort Officer's Bungalow (the present Press Bungalow). One of the earliest missionaries in the city, the Rev. E. Hoole, speaks of the welcome extended to him and to the mission by the Resident (the Hon. Arthur Cole) and by the Maharaja. When Mr. Hoole visited Mysore to see what opportunities awaited him, he was invited to stay with Mr. Cole, 'who received me,' he says, 'with his accustomed kindness, and offered his influence in our favour in Mysore if we were desirous of establishing ourselves there'.

Of the Maharaja he says, some months later: 'His patronage and approval have been given to the operation of the Wesleyan Mission now established in Mysore, one of the principal mission schools being exclusively supported by himself.' This, as we have seen, was the first English school in Mysore City. By 1840 this one English school, one Tamil and three Kanarese schools, with 111 boys and 9 girls, had been started. In 1844 'a great experiment was made in Mysore. In April it was decided to build a girls' boarding school, at a cost of Rs. 650, not knowing where to look for the money.'

There are now just under one thousand boys and some hundred girls reading in high school and middle school classes, and 850 boys and 800 girls in primary classes in the Wesleyan Mission schools.

The CLOCK TOWER, at the cross-roads, close to the two churches, and the buildings around them, were once part of the old post office. Round it once a year, in February or early March, a strange *tamasha* takes the place of the horrible hook-swinging of olden days. Rival factions of Holiyars, or Ādi-Karnātikas, approach with trumpets and shawms—weird music, anyhow—from opposite ends of the city, to meet here. Formerly the two men who were swung up endured, with amazing fortitude, large iron hooks thrust through the skin below the shoulder blades. From ropes, attached to these hooks and to two central poles, the men were swung slowly round, trying, with long and heavy sticks, to hit each other. When this barbarous custom was stopped the two antagonists were harnessed and hoisted up with ropes. Above the head of each was a flower wreath; and, armed with lathis, each endeavoured to knock down the garland over his opponent. The fighting was still so fierce that a few years ago one of the men was mortally wounded, and Government insisted that in future only dummy figures should be swung aloft. Under them a fire is kindled, and round it, in great excitement, the actors in this strange pageant dance. It is said to be an act of propitiation of Mariamma, the goddess of smallpox and sickness generally.[1]

* * * * *

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND,

close to the tower, was founded in 1901, and since 1918 has been the headquarters of the Indian Association for Workers for the Blind.

[1] The tower and the old post office building are now demolished, but the swinging festival continues.

It is generously aided by Government, and is managed by a local committee. About 30 deaf-mutes and an equal number of blind pupils are usually on the rolls, and about 35 are in residence. Over 80 deaf-mutes and over 130 blind pupils have passed the prescribed tests in reading, writing and arithmetic. A Braille printing plant—the only one in India—has been set up for the use of the blind; the composing is done by these blind boys. Much of their time is given to music of various kinds. They are taught to sing and to play the *vina*, the violin and the *tabala*. One blind youth from this school distinguished himself at the All-India Music Conference in Baroda in 1916.

The deaf-mutes are learning to speak, and do very creditable tailoring, knitting, weaving, carpentry and rattan work.

Visiting hours are from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Visitors are warmly welcomed, and can do much to bring interest and change into very shadowed lives. A common and pathetic sight in Mysore is that of strings of pupils from the institution taking their daily walks, deaf-mutes leading the blind.[1]

* * * * *

Down a side street, off the Old Post Office Road, is the PARSVANATHA BASTI AND HOSTEL FOR JAIN STUDENTS.

About 36 are in residence, and most of them attend the University. A printing press in the compound, with English and Kannada type, is run by and for the benefit of the boys.

The buildings and grounds were given by the late Mr.

[1] The institution is now in fine new premises in the Northern Extension, and the old building has been demolished.

M. L. Vardhamaniah in 1909. Visitors are welcomed by the resident secretary.

Then round to the left, by the tall and slender grey Clock Tower, rebuilt and decorated by the palace officials in commemoration of the Silver Jubilee of His Highness, August 8th, 1927; and, passing between the grounds of the Rangacharlu Town Hall on the west, and the Freemasons' and the English Clubs (above shops) on the east, we reach the exquisite white marble statue of H.H. the late Maharaja, in his G.C.S.I. robes. It is the work of Robert W. Colton, R.A., who spent three months in Mysore in making studies for this and other works. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1912.

The purity and dignity of the figure are equalled by the delicacy and beauty of detail. It is a worthy memorial to a loved and honoured ruler. It stands almost in the centre of the CURZON PARK, formerly a mass of houses, unhealthy swamps and a moat. These were drained, filled in, and laid out as a park in readiness for the Installation of His Highness the Maharaja in 1902.

THE FORT

is reached through the north gateway, between the two openings of which stands a small and very popular temple to Ganesha, and a lofty *Garudagamba*, about 40 ft. high. Within a cage-like structure at the top were two iron windlasses, used apparently to haul lamps up from below; the *kamba*, or pillar, now holds powerful electric lights. It was discovered at Belgūla, in front of the small Bhaktavatsal temple, and lately brought to Mysore.

The walls of the fort—of which the plan is almost a quadrangle—measure about 1,350 feet on the north, east and west sides; the south wall is over 1,400 feet long.

The recently re-built north, west and south gates are all fine structures, combining strength and delicacy; and when illuminated are fitting portals to the fairyland they enclose.

'Flanking towers,' says the *Mysore Gazetteer*, 'command the curtain at frequent intervals; there is a casemate at the south-east, and a parapeted cavalier at the north-west angle; but the defences are mean and ill-planned. A ditch was carried round the fort, and a sloping glacis, covered with houses abutting on it on all sides but the east, where the fort ditch is separated from the Dēvarāj tank only by the high road to Nanjangud.'

Less than 20 years ago the interior of the fort was a mass of houses and narrow streets. They were picturesque in the extreme. The street of the brass-sellers (from which the vendors would always obligingly produce any kind of antique brass or copper utensil desired—given a fortnight to 'find' it), and the street of the flower-sellers were eminently so; masses of gorgeous colours against a background of dark and elaborately carved doors and windows. They were streets which, during Dasara and Birthday weeks, were thronged with Government House guests—royally mounted on elephants, or riding in barouches which almost filled the width of the narrow streets—bargaining with shopkeepers who naturally demanded extortionate prices from people so great.

But the packed dwellings, however picturesque, were anything but healthy; plague broke out in 1898, and in that and the years that followed, again and again took a heavy toll of human lives. So a scheme for removing all the inhabitants to higher, healthier sites, where each house should have air and light on at least two sides,

where streets should be wide and tree-bordered, and where pure water and electric light should be supplied to even the poorest homes, was put in hand.

Most of the up-rooted Sirdars—whose houses in the fort resembled small fortresses—built spacious dwellings on the wind-swept uplands to the south-east of the city. For the poorer people land and facilities for building were given in the south-west extensions.

The ground, enclosed by the fort walls, not occupied by the palace, the palace square and the temples, is now a garden. Acres of emerald turf and beds of glowing flowers cover the once plague-stricken areas.

The story of these walls is obscure, and through the haze of distant days it is difficult to distinguish between fact, fiction and surmise. For even such meagre statements and dates as are obtainable are often contradictory.

Probably there was a small fort, with mud walls, here when Yadurāya and his brother, Krishnarāya, in 1399, rescued it from the Karugahalli usurper. And, as Col. Wilks points out (in another connexion), mud walls were by no means to be despised; being more effective than any other form of defence against such attacks as could be made in those days.

But the fort was, at any rate, smaller than it is now, and the eastern wall was behind the three temples now well within it: the Triyanēsvara Svāmi, the Somēsvara Svāmi and the Bhaīrava Svāmi shrines, which stood on the very edge of the Dēvarāya Sāgara (the big tank), then extending much farther to the west than it does now.

Some authorities assert that the fort was constructed or enlarged in 1524, in the time of Bettada Chāma Rāja Wadiyar III. Others contend that it was originally erected by Bola Chāma Rāja Wadiyar IV (the Bald),

some 50 years later; that he removed his capital from Hadināru to Puragiri, or Puragadi, to which he gave the name of Mysore (Mahishāsura). Again, reasons have been given for supposing it to have been known by its present name before the Christian era.

That Chāma Rāja IV was able to defy and withstand the Vijayanagar viceroy from Seringapatam, is evidence that he had a fort capable of resistance.

About 1593, according to *The Ancient Dynasty of Vijayanagara*, Mysore was conquered, after a three months' siege, by Manjun Khān. Except for the fact that 25 elephants and other booty were taken, we have no further details of this siege and surrender, says Father Heras; adding, that about the siege the Hindu sources maintain a discreet silence.

Mysore, however, did not long remain in the hands of the Muhammadans. Manjun Khān was recalled to Bījāpur in the same year, and the imperial army of Venkata II 'freed the petty rājas of Kanara'. That was during the reign of Rāja Wadiyar, in whose favour his elder brother, Chāma Rāja Wadiyar V—a brave and chivalrous man, but an indifferent ruler—had been deposed. These qualities were strikingly displayed in an incident quoted by Col. Wilks. Early in Rāja Wadiyar's reign, the chief of Karugahalli (and the enmity between the two families breaks out repeatedly throughout Mysore history) formed the design of seizing Mysore by surprise, and appeared suddenly before it. The deposed Rāja was walking carelessly about, with the air of leaving to the new Rāja the care of his own defences. 'What!' said a woman who met him, 'is this the time for the blood of a Wadiyar to be inactive?' He instinctively seized a battle-axe, called the troops to follow, cut through at a

blow the simple bolt of the gate, sallied forth on the enemy, and completely defeated him. And henceforth we find this generous and gallant soldier leading the forces of his younger brother.

Rāja Wadiyar, in 1610, had removed his court and capital to Seringapatam, but possibly as the result of the failure of these walls to resist the siege of 1593, and the realization that the simple bolt of a gate that could be cut through at a blow hardly afforded great security to any city, he decided, in 1616, to extend and reconstruct the Mysore fort walls. He drew up the plans, and built the foundations of the outer walls where they now stand. These, and an inner (extra) wall, apparently on the foundations of the previous south wall, were completed by his grandson, Chāma Rāja Wadiyar VI.

The next siege was in 1638. Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar—daring and magnanimous, one of Mysore's heroes—was hardly seated on the ivory throne when he was called upon to defend these new walls against a siege conducted by the Bījāpur General, Randulla Khān, 'the bridegroom of the battlefield'. The Rāja did this successfully, but, finding that the walls had been weakened by the attack, or doubting their being capable of sustaining a similar or more severe siege, he, too, strengthened them. At the same time he rebuilt a great part of the palace, which had been struck by lightning. He also built a lake, which he called the Sringara Lake, and on its shores a garden, enclosing a memorial *mantapa* to his ancestor, Chāma Rāja Wadiyar IV. This lake and garden were to the south of the Triyanēsvara Svāmi temple.

Of this siege a strange story is told. As Randulla Khān approached the fort he heard that there were women defending the walls, and chivalrously commanded that,

though they might be driven away, they must not be fired upon. A nearer view revealed, on each of the round towers commanding the bastions, three Amazons of most terrible appearance, with streaming Medusa-like locks and fire-darting eyes. They were firing furiously. Not unnaturally, the invaders, forbidden to retort, turned and fled—much to the amazed relief of the garrison, to whom these manifestations of, as they afterwards believed, Srī Chāmundēsvari, had not been visible.

The fortress sustained another siege of three months in 1759, when Haidar Ali sat down before it to displace Karachuri Nanja Rāj Urs, who, despite promises to retire to Konanur, had firmly taken up his abode in the city.

'In 1783 the fort,' says a booklet published in 1800, by Gye of Bristol, 'was the living grave of many a captured English officer, and the scene of many a foul and secret sacrifice . . . of prisoners sent hither for that purpose by the tyrant Sultān.'

Of such victims were several young officers, commanded to become Muhammadans and to join Tipū's forces. 'All refused, and paid for their refusal with their lives. Captains Fraser, Sampson and Rumley were taken from their friends on February 26th, 1783, and sent in palanquins that evening to Mysore.' Capt. Sampson was so desperately ill that his almost starving fellow-prisoners made up a small sum of 40 gold fanams for him. 'Strange and dark were the conjectures of those left behind as to the fate of these gentlemen. Rumley had led the charge against the guns on the morning of Col. Baillie's tragedy. Fraser was one of Baillie's staff officers. Sampson was an officer greatly beloved—'loved as my son,' by Col. Braithwaite, who wrote some verses in his

memory and sent them to the officers' prison.[1] As the palanquins passed the soldiers' prison, one of the officers was heard to say, 'Goodbye, lads. We don't know where they are taking us.'

Rumley and Sampson were, some say, poisoned in the 'palace prison' of Mysore. At the entrance to the fort, close by the Ganesha temple, 'Fraser, who managed to have about him part of a sword blade, cut his throat in despair and died on the spot'.

Several of the prisoners, amongst whom were Bristow and Scurry, were once sent for and seated on the ground in front of the Seringapatam palace for hours—some hoping they were at last to be released, most of them fearing torture and death. They were then escorted under a strong guard to Mysore, where they were separated and sent to different prisons. Scurry's narrative says that the spot that he was in was the fatal place where Captain Rumley and Lieutenants Fraser and Sampson had their throats cut.[2]

* * * * *

A tiny sidelight on the pride the Mysoreans took in their fort walls, is revealed in the account of his mission to Haidar Ali by the German missionary, Swartz, quoted by Dr. Buchanan. He says, 'The glacis of the fort had the appearance of the finest green velvet. . . . I observed that wherever some earth had been washed away by rain the people instantly repaired it.'

All in vain their pride and labour. A few years afterwards Tipū, determined to obliterate all traces of the

[1] The Rev. F. Goodwill, *The Journal of the Mysore Mythic Society*, VI, 3.

[2] *Stories from Indian History*, by the Rev. E. Bull.

Hindu Rāj and to extinguish even the memory of the name and place, levelled the fort with the ground, and employed the materials in the erection of another fortress, which he ungrammatically called Nazabar—'the place visited by the eye of Allah'. The fact that the letters of the name form a chronogram of the date may have been considered, Col. Wilks suggests, of more importance than correct grammar.

The houseless inhabitants were ordered to remove to Ganjam or to the Agrahara of Bumboor, renamed Sultanpet, two miles south of Seringapatam, on the Mysore Road.

As Dr. Buchanan points out, 'This new fortress could have been no possible use in defending the country. . . . At a great expense, and to the great distress of the peasants working at it, the Sultān had made considerable progress in the works of this place when he began to consider that it afforded no water. He then dug an immense pit, cutting down through the solid black rock to a great depth and width, but without success; and when the siege of his capital was formed, the whole work was lying in a mass of confusion, with a few wretched huts in it for the accommodation of the workmen.'[1]

To the best of these the young Rāja was conducted, and in a pandal in front of it placed on the throne.

These Nazarabād walls (with the exception of some yards still to be seen to the north and east of Chāmundi Vihār Mansion) were demolished in 1800, and the materials used to rebuild the Mysore walls on their old foundations.

The new walls, within the memory of the middle-aged, were surrounded by a moat; its stagnant waters being anything but salutary. It was drained and turfed when the Curzon Park was laid out.

[1] *Travels in Mysore, Canara and Malabar*, I, p. 46.

CHAPTER X

ON THE KĀKANKŌTE ROAD

THE Kākankōte Road is an extension of the Viceroy Road, which leads south from the station. It leaves this road where the two meet the Vānivilāsa Road, then passes Krishnamūrtipūram, a suburb built to accommodate the people moved from the fort and from what was a *Holigeri* (outcaste village) on the Vānivilāsa Road; and about a mile farther on leads to

THE SANDALWOOD FACTORY,

a Government institution. There is another Government factory in Bangalore, and a large essential oil factory, run by private enterprise, in Mysore. But this factory is the largest in the State, and was recently pronounced by Sir Alfred Chatterton to be in some ways unique, in the character of the plant it possesses for the distillation of an essential oil.

There are two common (the white and the red) and two highly valued (the cobra and the peacock) kinds of sandalwood. The tree grows to greater height and girth in a damp ground, but the wood is more fragrant when the roots find rocky soil. Sandalwood is a Government monopoly.

The net revenue, in 1927–28, from sandalwood oil was Rs. 23,00,633, and the revenue from the retail sales of sandalwood Rs. 33,542. Over 2,470 tons of rough wood were collected; over 2,115 tons of 'good' wood

prepared in that year, and over 2,00,000 lbs. of sandalwood oil produced.

Exported all over the world, it is famous for its purity, and is in fact regarded as the standard of excellence. Extraordinary care is taken, before it leaves the factory, to see that it passes the most rigid chemical tests.

'The essential oil is obtained by distilling the finely-divided wood in a current of steam.' The process is a continuous one, going on by day and night throughout the year.

This oil is the basis of most perfumes, and is also in great demand for medicinal purposes. As the pharmacopœial standards of various countries differ, the oil is prepared and certified to satisfy the standards of the many countries to which it is exported.

The heart-wood of the sandal tree is hard and heavy and the best parts are reserved for the carvers; Mysore sandalwood carving being absolutely unrivalled in any part of the world.[1]

'The roots, which are richest in oil, go to the still.' Wealthy Hindus sometimes buy and add sticks of this fragrant wood to the funeral pyres of their loved ones.

Over 500 persons, all Indians, are employed in the various processes of the factory.

About four miles farther on the Kākankōte Road is

THE RAYANKERE DAIRY FARM

The farm is part of the private estate of His Highness, and supplies the palace with milk, cream and butter. The methods and appliances are all up to date, and it should provide an object lesson to all interested in the production

[1] See pp. 24 and 91.

and distribution of pure milk. The work on the farm is to some extent experimental and educational, as well as of practical use to the palace. Experiments in cross-breeding, in feeding, in preparation of ensilage, in anti-serum production and treatment are here tried.

The farm is connected with the Department of Agriculture. It may not be out of place to mention here that a new cattle-breeding station is being organized, to ensure breeding from the famous Amrit Mahal animals on modern scientific lines. For the protection of animals, a Serum Institute was organized in 1927, which last year produced Rs. 5,00,000 worth of doses. It is expected that in 1928–29 it will yield Rs. 18,00,000 worth of doses, providing inoculations for from two to two and a half lakhs of animals.

The Amrit Mahal (milk department) special breed of Mysore cattle have been famous for centuries; their breeding and care formed a special department under the Mysore Rājas. Their value, demonstrated again and again by Haidar Ali, Tipū Sultān and the Duke of Wellington, as draught cattle for artillery, was improved by Haidar, who 'introduced a Trichy breed, which, crossed with the Mysore cattle, produced the famous and unrivalled Hallikar breed. It was this establishment which enabled the Duke of Wellington to execute those movements of unexampled rapidity which are the admiration of every military man. . . . During the Peninsular War the Great Duke often regretted that he had not the assistance of the Amrit Mahal cattle.'[1]

The cattle, says the *Gazetteer*, are readily distinguished from every other breed in India by the peculiar shape

[1] *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 200.

and beauty of their heads and the symmetry of their forms. 'They are active, fiery, and walk faster than the troops. The average height is 54 inches, the cows are white, the bulls generally have an admixture of blue over the fore and hind quarters.'

They are divided into herds, and are grazed in Government reserved *kavals*, or pasture grounds, divided into hot-weather, cold-weather and wet-weather *kavals*. 'They are kept in their wild state, without shelter of any kind. It requires several months to break the bullocks in, and the employment is extremely difficult and dangerous.'

THE ELEPHANT KEDDAHS

Beyond Rayankere the road proceeds to the great Kākankōte State Forest, on the Kabbani river, noted above all as the scene of most of the State-regulated elephant catches, or keddah drives. These take place at intervals of several years, and, though not one visitor to Mysore in a thousand has the opportunity of seeing a keddah, they are so famous that a short description may find place here.

The main object of a keddah is, apparently, the delectation of very distinguished visitors; the second, the protection of crops, which undiminished herds of elephants would inevitably ruin; the third—less and less necessary in these days of motor traction—to supply workers; and, lastly, to replenish the ranks of those which still form so imposing and so interesting a part of all State ceremonials.

Greek and Latin writers describe elephant-catching operations in vogue in India over 2,000 years ago; and terribly cruel they must have been. It is barely 60 years since the system of catching them by means of pitfalls

('a most barbarous method,' declares Mr. Sanderson, the famous elephant-catcher), and the atrocious cruelties involved in it were given up.

The system now invariably employed is that of the Keddah Drive. It is thus described by Mr. Sanderson: 'The word, Keddah, means the enclosure intended for imprisoning the herd. This is formed of stout uprights, about 12 feet in height, arranged in a circle of from 20 to 30 yards in diameter, and strongly backed by sloping supports behind.

'An entrance of four yards in width is left for the ingress of the herd. The enclosure is built on one of their chief routes, and in a spot where the thickness of the cover screens it from view. To guide the elephants to the gate, two lines of strong palisades are run out from it on each side of the path by which they will approach. Once within this funnel-shaped approach, the herd is easily driven forward by the beaters behind. The gate is very strong, and studded with iron spikes inside. It is slung by ropes to a cross-beam, the ropes being cut as soon as the elephants have entered. Inside, round the foot of the palisade, a ditch, four feet wide and deep, is dug.

'When the keddah is complete arrangements are made to drive the herd in. Beaters combine to narrow the circle and to drive the herd to the keddah. When they are near it men close in on all sides with shouts and shots, and the beasts enter the trap without much hesitation.

'Tame elephants are then admitted, with mahouts on their necks, and a rope-tyer seated behind. These tame elephants secure the wild ones by separating them from their companions, when their legs are tied together by the men, who slip to the ground for the purpose. A rope is then secured round each captive's neck and to one hind

leg, and they are led out and picketed in the forest, near, till tamed.'

That these operations are even now free from cruelty, some wanton, some inevitable, no one will assert.

The preparation for the keddah occupies a small army of beaters and shikars for months beforehand. With infinite patience, endurance and skill, they stealthily track and drive the unconscious victims at the appointed time to the place where the open tunnel, leading to the great enclosure, fronts the herd. The 'catch,' therefore, falls into two parts. The drive of these magnificent animals, when rounded up they are induced to cross the river which sweeps by the entrance to the keddah, being the first part; and the tying up, overpowering and taming of them, when they reach the inner stockade, the second. Between the interest and pleasure of these two operations there is simply no comparison. The first is a glorious sight, with thrills enough for a lifetime; the other is far more sickening than glorious; horrors and cruelty are inevitable. Though, indeed, tribute must be paid to the courage and skill displayed by the tame elephants, and their mahouts too.

The time to enjoy a sight of the animals is when they are secured in the large enclosure, as they often are for days before the final drive.

A keddah was arranged in 1906 for the present King and Queen, and the writer was privileged to spend ten glorious December days at the Kākankōte Camp. Here over 50 elephants had been driven into two large enclosures, and were kept there in preparation for the final drive into the inner stockade. They were only separated from inquisitive visitors by a V-shaped trench, eight feet deep, eight feet wide at the top, and by an outer palisade

of immensely strong upright and crossed poles. Outside this we sat for hours, entranced, and watched the herds; the stately leadership of the tuskers, the anxiety of the mothers and the pampered babies. Such fascinating, such spoiled little creatures they were, often enough asserting and securing their own way, turning a dozen mighty monsters round with a petulent slap of their tiny trunks.

Even there pathos was not absent. Two cow elephants, whose calves, whether by accident or design, had been left outside, were, like Rachel, weeping for their children, and would not be comforted. Tears poured down their poor cheeks and their sobs were heartrending.

For us the tying up and taming held no attraction, and our last sight of this huge family party was of a herd, trapped indeed, but in an enclosure of so many acres that they were hardly conscious or resentful of the fact, and were more curious than crushed.

* * * * *

On the way back to Mysore a very pleasant hour may be spent at

LINGĀMBUDHI

Before repassing the Sandalwood Factory, on the west of the Khārapūr Road, just beyond the nearest village to the factory, a rough track leads to another rarely visited spot, within five miles of the city. Lingāmbudhi is a worthy objective for an evening drive. It would be an enchanting and enchanted spot for a moonlight picnic. Its isolation and calm are probably due to that same very rough cart-track, not easily found, which leads to it, or rather, perhaps, guards it from invasion.

But the way, though rough, is by no means impossible even for a car.

Around the land stretches in belts of fallow jade, of

growing, glowing emerald, of arable umber. The sandy, rocky way leads between fields of rice, cholum and gram; when the crops are garnered, a blaze of yellow *huchchellu* (the 'foolish-oil-plant'), which will be dug in as manure; it leads between hedges of milk-weed, tamarind and mimosa bushes and cassia shrubs. Hardly a dwelling is in sight; hardly a figure visible, beyond a tiny urchin, armed with a slate pencil, in charge of a group of ferocious-looking buffaloes and dejected cows. Over all hangs silence like a harmony, only broken by birds' notes ringing across the mere, as these 'waters of loneliness' come into sight.

The temple, a simple, dignified little structure, inherits no long past. It is just one hundred years since it was built, 'by permission of her lord,' by Lingājammanni ('The Moonlight-to-the-lily Krishnavilāsa, Lingājammanni, the lawful wife of Mummadi Krishna Rāja Wadiyar'). An inscription on the wall records the gift. 'For the pleasure of Chāmundēsvari, she built a temple with a *prakara* (enclosing wall) and a *vimana* (tower), adorned with a golden *kalasa*. She set up in her name the god, Mahālinga-ēsvara (as her sister-queen was doing at the same time at Varuna). She also 'set up the goddess Lingāmba; built a new tank, named Lingāmbudhi, to the south of the temple, and endowed it to provide for offerings of rice, flowers and lamps and for a car festival'.[1] A *pujāri* goes daily from Mysore to perform worship.

The lake in the rains is widespreading, and from the west mirrors the trees which fringe one side and fling their many coloured shadows into it; the reeds, over which dragon-flies hover, 'warning where the serpent lies'; the quiet temple, and behind it, half a dozen miles away,

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1920.

Chāmundi. Her rocky, grassy crags, swept by gleams of bronze, flushes of crimson, of amethyst and indigo, stand out against the saffron and lilac of the evening sky. Later still the beauty deepens, when the full moon rides slowly over the hill, and only the white evening star and the mountain's necklace of lights dispute her sovereignty; and nothing breaks the stillness but 'the hum of insects, like tiniest bells on the garment of silence'.

The merit of making a tank in a sun-parched land is obvious. Perhaps no one has more quaintly or forcibly expressed the fact than a verse, quoted in Mr. Rice's *Inscriptions*, describing the merit acquired by all who assist in the formation of a tank. It runs thus: 'The quail and the boar, the she buffalo and the elephant, the teacher and the performer—these six went to *svarga*' (heaven). The explanation given is that a quail once scraped a hollow in the ground in which to nestle, a boar came and made it larger; a buffalo and an elephant, each in turn, enlarged it still more; a holy man then pointed out that it could be made into a tank or pond, and the king, to whom he gave this advice, carried it out. For their shares in this work of merit they all went to *svarga*, or paradise.

Let us hope the Moonlight-to-the-lily Queen is also enjoying the reward of those who gave, as she did, a grant of land. 'As many roots as the crops in the ground, as many hairs as cover the cow, so many thousand years does the donor of land enjoy in heaven.'[1]

Quiet, peaceful, deserted Lingāmbudhi.

'And nobody walks by the lotus with dainty feet now. Only the wide-winged cranes fly out of the sunset.'[2]

[1] *Mysore and Coorg, from the Inscriptions*, p. 42.

[2] Hamish Maclaren.

CHAPTER XI

JAIN SHRINES AND THE YELWĀL ROAD

ALMOST opposite the Umbrella Gate of the palace, at the south corner of the road leading to the Jagan Mōhun Mahāl from the Lansdowne Bazaar, is one of the city's chief Jain temples, the SANTISVĀRA BASTI.

It is a graceful little building; and the tower, on which sit quaint figures of Jain saints, makes, with the domes of the palace stores offices and the over-shadowing trees, a charming and much photographed group.

Inside the basti, on the pedestal of a metallic image of Ānantanātha, an inscription records that Dēvarāja-nripiti (a bee at the lotus feet of Jīna, and a Kshatriya of the Kasypa-gōtra), and his wife, Kempammanni, gave and set up the image in 1832. 'Two more inscriptions, on brass-plated doorways, commemorate the gift of one doorway by Nāgaiya, son of Dhanikara Padmaiya, in 1814, and the other by Nāga, son of Dhanikara Marināga.'[1]

Two lampstands were given to the shrine by the Rani, Dēvājammanni, one of the queens of Khāsa Chāma Rāja Wadiyar IX, great-grandfather of the present Maharaja.

There are nearly 200 palm leaf MSS in the library, 'containing Kannada and Sanskrit poems and dramas; works on logic, grammar, rhetoric, medicine, astrology, ritual, philosophy, cosmology and religion. There are

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1918, p. 64.

also commentaries on several Sanskrit and Prakrit works. Many are unpublished.'[1]

* * * * *

From the basti take the road past the large *math* of the Srī Srī Brahma-tantra Parakalasvāmi, by the north of the Jagan Mōhun Mahāl and by the Maharani's College.

On this road may be observed the growth of a shrine. Here is the tomb of a greatly honoured Muhammadan, who is attaining, or who has attained, saintship. The reverent care which has always been bestowed on what was a very simple grave is giving place to more elaborate ritual and richer decorations. It does not seem unlikely that, provided ground can be acquired, a stately fane may one day rise over this honoured wayside tomb.

* * * * *

Cross the Viceroy Road and pass into the GORDON PARK, so called from Onslow Ford's statue of Sir James Gordon, which stands in front of the fine District *Katchēri*.

With the exception of this *Katchēri*, the park which crowns this hill is reserved almost entirely for the MYSORE UNIVERSITY (founded in 1916). The University buildings include two colleges, a high school, a senate house, three libraries, a sports pavilion; residences for the vice-chancellor and professors, some hostels and many acres of playing fields; fields thronged every evening by cricket, football and hockey players, and scores of interested spectators.

The views from this hill are particularly fine; there are extensive ones to the west, and charming ones of the city to the east.

[1] *Mysore Archæological Report*, 1919.

Drive through the great north gateway on to the Yelwāl Road, passing the mansion of the third Rājakumāri (His Highness's sister, the Princess Chaluvājammanniyavaru) and her husband, Sirdar Lakshmikāntarāj Urs; passing, too, 'High View,' the house of Colonel T. J. McGann and Mrs. McGann, O.B.E., which is opposite the north end of the road—which, in perpetual memory of all Mysore owes to their live-long devotion to her people, bears their honoured name. 'Lake View' is the official residence of the Dewan of Mysore.

A mile or so farther on, just beyond the toll gate, stands the HOME FOR THE AGED.

All who are willing to give, as well as to receive, pleasure will stop here for a few minutes. They will be cordially welcomed.

The home was started in 1927 with 32 inmates, aged, decrepit or destitute men and women and orphan children. Every effort is made to employ them happily and usefully. A little garden keeps some busy and cheerful; *charka* reeling has been introduced. An Indian 'band,' with its three or four very simple instruments, visits them on most evenings, and appears to give immense pleasure to a very appreciative audience.

The home is supported by the palace and by private charity, and seems to be extremely worthy of support.

A mile farther, on the south, is another royal residence; the Jāyalakshmmanni Mansion, built for the eldest sister of the Maharaja and her husband, Sirdar Sir M. Kāntarāj Urs, K.C.S.I., at one time Dewan. It is now the property of their daughter, the Rājakumāri Lilāvatiammanniyavaru.

* * * * *

Four miles from Mysore the remains of the old Hinkal Racecourse, grandstand, paddocks and the houses erected

for the occupation of the chief officers and the guests at the races, are reached. Close by are two groups of *vīrakals* and *māstikals* (warrior and *mahā-sati* stones). Just beyond is the beautiful YELWĀL RESIDENCY, built by the Hon. Arthur Cole, when Resident in Mysore, in 1806.

It is a charming old-world Irish country house, for the design was taken from that of the seat of Lord Enniskillen, Mr. Cole's father, in Ireland. It is sometimes lent to distinguished guests; sometimes, by kindness of the palace authorities, used as the headquarters of a visiting hunting party. The grounds are now a sandalwood nursery.

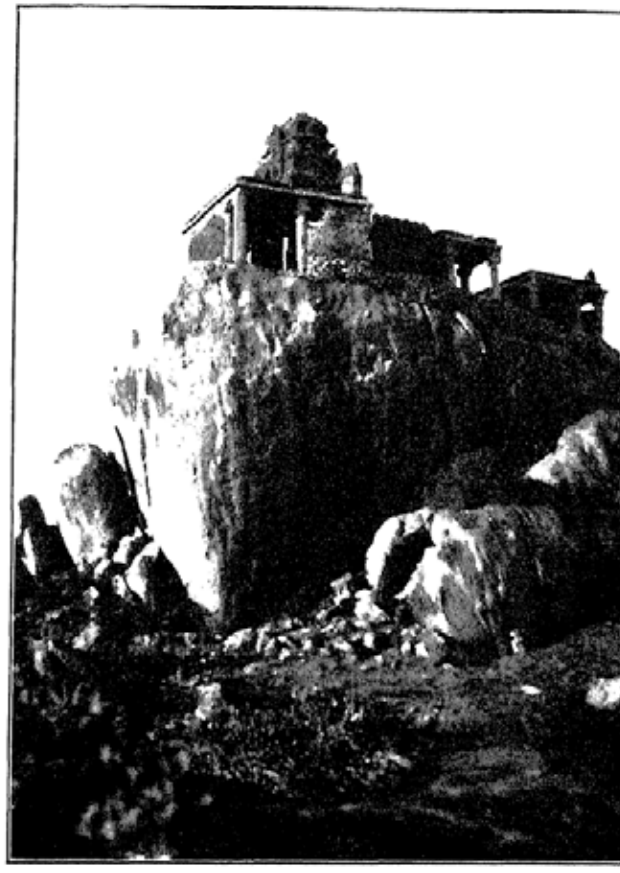
The village of Ilavāla (now Yelwāl) is about two miles farther on. At the village signpost the adventurous will take the old highway to Hassan (the road leading almost north-west of the three at the cross-roads); leaving the main Mysore-Coorg road on one hand and the road to Paschimavahini on the other.

Taking this road, the Government sheep farm at Yelchchalli is passed, two miles from the cross-roads; then the old, once-fortified and still picturesque, village of Gangula-chatra.

Close to the fourth milestone a cart track—and indeed it is little more—branches off to the left. Three miles of bumping and slithering about on this sandy or muddy way will take a dauntless car to the seldom visited, but most interesting, group of rocks known as

SRAVANA-GUTTA OR GOMATA-GIRI

The main rock was split by lightning some 12 or 15 years ago. Since then the approach to the little temples, and to the Jain image of Gomata which they enshrine, is by no means an easy climb—the only possible way up



SRAVANA-GUTTA

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being a scramble through the brambles in the clefts of the north side of the great rock, which is about 400 feet high.

The image is inside the most western of the three buildings, and, through the open front, may be seen from below the rock. It is black, whether carved in black stone or darkened by age and votive oil is hard to say, especially as its age is not known. It is about 18 feet high, nude, with a face of the type of the great Jain image at Sravana Belgola. One finger is broken, and bandaged!

There is no inscription of any kind to give a clue as to the age, sculptor or donor of the figure. The nearest Jain inscription is dated A.D. 1423. The buildings, simple and bare, are comparatively modern.

It is a lonely spot, commanding a wonderful view of hundreds of square miles. It is, indeed, 'a land of far distances'. The Kāveri flows through some thirty of those miles, away to the north-west, and is joined by its tributary, the Lakshmantirtha, by the great Sāgarkatte bridge, ten miles below. The windings of the latter river may be followed for many a mile in the fertile valley to the west; behind and around are hills and meadows, forests and sandy plains.

A few cattle, in charge of a small girl, a passing bird, the chirp of cicadas, are the only signs of animal life in all that wide prospect.

And we leave Gomata to a spacious silence, which is all that his isolated position, his calm face, his stiff figure, seem to demand—quiet for eternal meditation. Only that.

It is not a great statue, it is hardly a beautiful one, but it has dignity and some strange arresting charm. In its placid way it does seem to express a sense of peace, and in the grave and dimpled smile even a hint of something debonair as well.

The return drive may be varied, by leaving the Yelwāl Road for a quiet one which passes some little distance in front of the Jāyalakshammanni Mansion; then south of the Kukkarhalli lake, and back through the Gordon Park. Just before reaching the park an interesting little garden, where herbs and plants are grown for *unani* medicines, may be seen. Close beside it is a little mere, on whose placid waters white lotus blossoms lie; whiter even than the lilies are the egret herons, which stand statue-like among them, erect and stately stalk through them, or, with spreading wings and trailing legs, go homing over the greater Kukkarhalli lake beyond.

CHAPTER XII

AROUND NAZARABĀD

LADY visitors to Mysore will be interested in the SRĪ VĀNI VILĀSA LADIES' CLUB, for European and Indian women; it was opened in 1922, under the patronage of the Royal Family, who have helped it in innumerable ways. For four years it was housed in Rājkumār C. Desaraj Urs' beautiful Karanji Mansion, and had all the advantages afforded by those spacious rooms and extensive grounds.

In 1926 another bungalow was rented from the palace at a generously nominal sum. Here, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, ladies gather for social intercourse, outdoor and indoor games, music and occasional lectures.

The club is extremely fortunate in its patrons and office bearers. The patronage of Their Highnesses the Maharani, C.I., the Maharani of Mysore, the Yūvarāni (who graciously fills the office of president), and of the Princess Chaluvājammanniyavaru is very real and practical, continually exemplified in thoughtful, generous ways and frequent visits.

Mrs. McGann, O.B.E., the vice-president, is indefatigable in her work for the club, which owes its inception and so much of its popularity and prosperity to her forethought and administrative genius, and to her gracious presence and intense interest in all pertaining to it. The club is particularly fortunate in its honorary secretary, Mrs. Rollo, B.A., and its honorary treasurer, Srī K. D.

Rukminiamma, B.A. Tactfully, graciously, untiringly and unobtrusively these ladies think and work for the club. Nothing is too great for them to undertake, nothing too small to engage their eager interest.

The hundred or more members find, on the recreation side, an indoor badminton court, ping-pong tables, a music room, endless card and table games, and a very generous supply of magazines and illustrated papers, sent regularly from the palace. In the spacious and lovely grounds, which are *purdah*, are several tennis courts, putting greens, and charming flower-bordered and shady walks.

* * * * *

The Wesleyan Mission CALVERT GIRLS' HOME is almost opposite the Ladies' Club. It provides a home and training for about 70 girls and a dozen small boys—all orphans, or worse than orphans; many having been abandoned or sold into what was practically slavery. In addition to an education up to the middle school standard, they are trained in homecraft, and do the cooking and cleaning of the home. Some take teachers' and some nurses' training. The institution receives no grant of any kind, and is entirely supported by voluntary contributions.

Visitors, by appointment with the superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission, Mysore, are heartily welcomed.

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NAZARABĀD

The Club and the Girls' Home are on the edge of Nazarabād, which Tipū, having razed Mysore to the ground, began to build as a sign and monument of his magnificence, and which shared the fate of most of his hare-brained schemes.

Its main interest is that here, after the fall of the Sultān, it was decided by Colonel Wellesley to *musnud*



THE CHILD RĀJA

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(enthrone) the little Rāja of the Restoration in Mysore, rather than in Bangalore (which was considered to be too far from the sacred Kāveri), or in Seringapatam, 'because if we do we must fix him in Tippu's Palace, along with Tippu's women, which would be cruel as well as improper,' said the Colonel.

The following account of the enthronement is given in a letter to the Governor-General, from the Mysore Commissioners, dated 30th June 1799:

'The Brahmins had fixed on the 30th June as the most auspicious day for placing Krishna Rāja Wadiyar on the *musnud* of Mysore. . . . His Excellency Lieut.-General Harris came hither from camp yesterday, attended by his suite and an escort of European cavalry, for the occasion.

'The Rājah and his family removed some days ago to the old town of Mysore, where the best preparations were made for their accommodation which circumstances would admit. . . . The Rājah was placed on the *musnud* about noon, under three volleys of musketry from the troops on the spot and a royal salute from the guns of Seringapatam. The ceremony . . . was performed by Lieut.-General Harris and by Meer Allum each taking a hand of His Highness. H.E. the Commander-in-Chief delivered to the Rājah the seal and signet of the *rauje*.

'The deportment of the young prince during this ceremony was remarkably decorous, considering the untoward circumstances which had preceded his elevation; and confirmed the opinion we had formed of him at our first visit. . . . After taking leave of the Rājah we partook of an entertainment in an adjoining *choultry*. The inauguration having taken place under an open *pandul* the

spectators were very numerous, and it would be difficult to describe the joy . . . of all the Hindus present.'[1]

Colonel Wilks says definitely that the only place which could be made habitable for the Rāja was arranged in a few workmen's huts in Nazarabād; and we gather that outside those hastily adapted huts a pandal was raised, in the centre of which stood the ivory throne of Mysore, rescued a day or two earlier from a lumber room in Tipū's Palace and hurriedly put together and adorned for the installation.

* * * * *

CHĀMUNDI VIHĀR, the residence of H.H. the Yūvarāja, is the most imposing building in Nazarabād, and quite possibly stands on the site of the new palace designed by Tipū Sultān. It is partly surrounded by all that remains of the walls which he began.

Barely a mile from the Ladies' Club, and well worth a visit, is the new-old village of KETMANHALLI.

It may be reached by a country road, curving to the north, just below the gate of the Staff Quarters.

Two of the crude old temples, 20 *vīrakals* and 5 *māstikals* (in which all the women hold limes) indicate some antiquity, in rather startling contrast to a very brand new 'Silver Jubilee Town Hall' (a small, neat, tiled and verandahed house), to the wide streets, model dwellings and up-to-date water supply. For street taps bring the sacred Kāveri to the door; and that in itself is an enormous improvement on the brackish well-water which was formerly drawn laboriously from wells, dubiously clean.

The oldest temple houses the village goddess Huli-

[1] *Mysore State Papers*, 11, p. 91.

yamma, a black stone pillar, surmounted by a carved human head ; brought, says tradition, from Huliyur-dūrga, in the days of long ago.

In the verandahs of the two simple shrines the heads of six wild boars, killed many years ago by the villagers, and mounted on boards, snarl at all comers. A very simply carved pillar, in the centre of the old village, the place of honour, is venerated by the people, who, however, give no reason and no legend for its sanctity. But the carving on it resembles very remarkably the carving on many a post from which, on *sati* stones, a woman's arm projects ; and the *māstikals*, within a stone's throw of the pillar, suggest that this may have been a particularly large memorial to one who made that terrible sacrifice.

Most of the villagers are *bestaru* (fisher-folk). They are teetotallers, and on that ground claim to be, and are recognized as, greatly superior to their caste men in Mysore, with whom they will not inter-marry. They are keen on education, and some 40 per cent of the village children—clean, well-mannered little things—attend the neat school house.

Returning to Mysore a different route may be taken, over the road, not much more than a country track, leading to the Government House north gate.

CHAPTER XIII

VARUNA AND VARAKŌDŪ

A land of old, upheaven from the abyss . . .
Where fragments of forgotten people dwell.

A PLEASANT, little known, and interesting drive (of about thirteen miles) may be made in the freshness of the early morning. Better still in the afternoon, so as to get the full beauty of Chāmundi in her sunset robes, when 'the long slopes, bronzed with deepest radiance,' lie before you on your return. For not the least charm of the run is the new aspect of this ever faithful, ever changing, guardian of the city. And the eastern face, with its piled and broken boulders, scarped ridges, deep ravines and precipitous slopes, is more diversified than the more familiar one which fronts Mysore.

To reach Varuna, make, through the Narasimharāja Boulevard, for the Lalita Mahāl, and slip between its office godowns, at the north-east corner, on to the rather rough Sosile Road.

This soon passes through the clean little village of Harnhalli (which boasts two *vīrakals*) and curves on past simple wayside shrines—one to Palingappa, still though rarely used; a few insignificant ruins—

Shattered temples, crumbling columns,
Ashes of a holy fire;

here and there an old *chattram*, a bathing *ghaut*, a *mantapa* at the tamarisk-shadowed edge of a quiet little mere. Pipal trees, babul and bamboo clumps soften with

delicacy of tint, only equalled by their delicacy of tracery, the harshness of these buildings, grimy and grim.

Many a picturesque bit — with the background of Chāmundi, radiant in sunshine or frowning under passing 'glooms that enhance and glorify this earth,' on one side, and a quiet expanse of pastoral lands, sweeping on to blue mountains, on the other — will, almost automatically, produce and open cameras.

And so, bumping along,

VARUNA

is reached. It cannot be missed, the wide tank on the left and a fine *tope*, shading the road, are sign-posts to the little temples, a stone's throw to the right.

This and Varakōdū are two of the most ancient places round Mysore, if indeed they are not the oldest. Places which have seen many stirring deeds, whose townsfolk were as ambitious, as aggressive and as quarrelsome as any other of the turbulent people of the tempestuous middle ages.

The earliest inscription found at Varuna is ascribed to about A.D. 740. At the close of the ninth century the town was apparently the capital of a minor branch of the Chālukyan dynasty, and was ruled by three chiefs— Narasinga, Dūrga and Goggi.

Mr. Rice thinks the daughter of the latter may have married the earlier Yadava king, Billama, of Dēvagiri, whose emblem was a golden garuda, now one of the insignia of the Mysore State.

Narasinga, says the *Mysore Archæological Report* for 1919, may be the father of Arikēsari, patron of the celebrated Kannada poet, Ādi Pampa, who flourished in A.D. 941. Dūrga granted lands for the families of fallen

heroes, and in about A.D. 900 set up seven *vīrakals*. These are covered with lettering, but have hardly any sculpture. The 'fallen heroes' were apparently personal retainers of the chiefs, who were perpetually scrapping. Every *gauda* strove to become a *palegar*, every *palegar* to be a rāja, every rāja to be an emperor.

Varied and interesting specimens of the weapons, chiefly cutlasses, used by the heroes, are engraved on some of the slabs, and are reproduced in a beautiful plate in the *Epigraphia Carnatica*, Mysore, II, p. 34.

The three most important inscriptions are on stone slabs which were found lying chopped, defaced and almost buried in front of the Mahālingēsvara Svāmi temple, some years ago. They have been raised, and may be seen leaning against the temple walls. Of the earliest inscribed stone (about A.D. 740) many lines and words are defaced. It records 'a rule made for supplying one foot of water during the dark fortnight, by Chottamma, the king of the Arattis, governing the Edetorre-nād Thousand'. He also gives (obliterated) rules about ploughing and the free (?) distribution of food in the town. The people were to eat of it only once a day on alternate days, with two full meals on the days between.

The final imprecation is quite mild, compared with the terrors predicted and the curses called down on the destroyers of most inscribed stones. This runs: 'Whoso destroys this incurs guilt of the five great sins. No helpful children being born in his family, he will sink to ruin.'

As a specimen of a really horrible curse, combining a surely unparalleled collection of unsavoury things, take this, on a copper-plate of about 1711: a dialogue between Indra and a *Chandala* (outcaste) woman about the

comparative heinousness of dog's flesh and the dust coming from the feet of those who rob Brahmins of their property. Indra asks: 'What is this you are cooking?' She replies: 'I am cooking dog's flesh, wetted with arrack, in a human skull, over fire brought from the burning ground. I have covered the skull with a piece of leather, lest the dust coming from the feet of those who rob Brahmins of their property might contaminate it.'

Another thus pronounces: 'He who takes away a piece of gold, or a cow, or even a sprout from this land falls into hell, and will remain there till the end of the ages.'

They are hardly beaten by that Bishop of Canterbury, who, against Sir Mordred 'did the curse in most orgulous wise that might be done'.

A verse on a stone in the Mulubāgal *tāluk* dwells much more politely on the benefit accruing to one who makes a gift to priests. 'One can count the number of dust particles on earth and the drops of the rain: but even Brahma cannot calculate the merit attained by giving land to Brahmins.'

A small stone, easily identified by the rude figure of a linga and a boar—the emblem of the Ganga kings, and dating from about A.D. 900 — records grants by the *Mahāsamanta* Goggi, of the Chālukyan family, having the signet of the original boar and various titles, to Nannikarttara-bhata, for the god Bhutēsvara, being, says the *Report*, probably identical with god Mahālingēsvara Svāmi, in the oldest temple.

A third stone, about A.D. 960, sings the praises and many virtues of the *Mahāsamanta* of the Chālukyan family and of his wife, Gavilabharsi. (A *mahāsamanta* was a general—a *delavāya*, or commander-in-chief.)

THE TEMPLES. The oldest, and by far the most

interesting, is a small one to Mahālingēsvara Svāmi, much restored, and facing east, as indeed all the shrines do. If it is, as seems probable, the temple to Bhutēsvara, of the slab mentioned above, it is over a thousand years old. Worthy of notice is the frieze of sculptured figures, about 14 inches wide, running all round the building under the eaves. It illustrates the story, from the *Rāmāyaṇa*, of the stealing of the sacred cow—the 'Seductive Kāmadhēnu'.

This wonderful animal—of which there is a very good representation over the gateway to the tombs of the Royal Family at Madhuvana, Mysore—had, as we have seen, the body of a cow, the face of a woman, the tail of a peacock, the wings of a swan, and, supreme and dangerous possession, the power of granting all wealth and all wishes. Kāmadhēnu, or Surabhi (fertility), is mentioned in the *Atharva Veda*. Five of these celebrated cows figure in Sanskrit literature. One belonged to Chandragupta's counsellor, Chanakya. The one whose story is commemorated on this frieze was in the charge of a determined enemy of Visishta, the sage or *rishi* Jamadāgni. He was the father of Parasu-Rāma, the sixth *avatar* of Vishnu. The Haihaya king, Kartavirya, a gentleman who owed his success in war to his thousand arms, once visited the sage. Amazed at the lavish and magnificent way in which he and his followers were entertained, and hearing the secret of the celestial cow and her inexhaustible treasure, the king first demanded and then tried in vain to seize it. Parasu-Rāma attacked Kartavirya, cut off his thousand arms and slew him; whereupon the king's sons slew Jamadāgni. His wife, Renuka, flung herself on her husband's funeral pyre. An excellent plate in the *Epigraphia Carnatica*, Mysore, I, 6, illustrates this frieze.

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VARUNA

Mr. Rice, who tells the story, explains that Surabhi was in all probability 'a fertile tract of country such as Sōrab (literally Surabhi), where the scene of this transaction is laid, is well known to be'.[1]

The largest temple, to Mahādēva Svāmi, is just one hundred years old, and was built, as an inscription on the east wall dated A.D. 1828 records, by Mummadi Krishna Rāja Wadiyar's chief Queen, Dēvājammanni, of the Lakshmivilāsa. She dedicated it also to Dēvāmba 'after her own name,' and gave to the village the tank, *tope* and bathing *ghaut* to the north of the temple, 'endowing it with land by permission of the ruling sovereign'.

A tiny little temple, apparently old, very plain, quite unadorned, and dedicated to Dēvamma (*shakti*), is rarely used, being opened only once in five or six years.

Traces of Jain influences are to be found west of the village. On a mound, known as the *basti-tittu*, where once stood a Jain temple (*basti*), now lie six abandoned and mutilated Jain figures. One stands. It represents Parsvanātha, and is about five feet high, flanked by male *chauri* bearers. Another statue, about two feet high, of a woman, probably a Jain *kunti*, or nun, is still frequently worshipped by Hindu women and girls.

About 250 years ago the *basti* was demolished and the material carried to Varakōdū, to be used in the erection of the temple there; and nought remains but a mound where

> 'crumbling temples of old faiths now lie
> Forgotten in the dust,'

and these battered, fallen images.

* * * * *

[1] *Gazetteer of Mysore*, I, p. 273.

A five minutes' run farther on the Sosile Road leads to the point where we leave it for the expedition to

VARAKŌDŪ (OREKŌDŪ OR WARACĀDŪ),

the city of granted wishes, some half mile farther on. The way to it will make heavy, but not impossible, demands on the car. It is, indeed, but a cart-track, now narrowing to a high tank bund, now the rocky bed of a very intermittent stream, now a sandy ditch, all rising gradually to the ancient town—to-day little more than a hamlet, with a few side paths and backyards and one main street. This, wide and bordered with modern little dwellings, leads to the Kalyāni (tank), to which the villagers *en masse* and in great pride insist on immediately escorting the visitor.

They cluster round to see how he reacts to the marvellous sight, and repeatedly assure him that it is as large as the famous one at Melkōte, and as beautiful. Higher praise there cannot be. When time to recover from the first shock of such grandeur has been allowed, one worthy burgess will offer the information that it was built by Chikka Dēva Rāja Wadiyar after he had built their temple. To which temple the company are now prepared to lead the way. Close by the tank is an enormous pipal tree. At first sight every bough appears to be heavily laden with queer and monstrous black fruit. Some of the 'fruit,' however, rises, hovers and settles down again, revealing itself as a vast multitude of flying foxes. The villagers look upon them as mascots, and, though acknowledging that they are terribly destructive to any fruit in the neighbourhood, regard their presence as so extremely auspicious that nothing will induce them to disturb the creatures, whose home the pipal tree has

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VĪRAKALS AND MĀSTIKALS, VARAKŌDŪ

been for four years. 'Since they came plague has been far from us.' They are queer creatures, often 4½ feet from tip to tip of wing. They have no tails; the babies cling to their mothers' breast by night and day, as monkeys do. Towards sunset the foxes fly off in pairs to nearby water, which they only touch. By many their flesh is believed to be a cure for short sight.

The temple which gives such a felicitous name to the village is dedicated to Varadarāya Svāmi, 'the granter of wishes,' one of the names of Vishnu. A Jain inscription chronicles its erection by Chikka Dēva Rāja, who, as we have seen, used in this building the material brought from the demolished Jain *basti* of Varuna.

The outside of the temple has little of interest beyond antiquity. The interior no non-Hindu is permitted to explore.

Though recent researches by the Archæological Department endorse this account of the origin of the temple and tank, Dr. Buchanan, who visited the place in 1800, gives a different one. He says: 'This temple was built by Doda Dēva Rāja. This person was a natural son of Krishna Rāya, the Curtur [Rāja] of Mysore, and held the office of Dalawai between forty and fifty years. This village was his favourite retreat, and besides the temple he built a fine tank.'

Dr. Buchanan describes the country round as well cultivated and supplied with small tanks; growing in the enclosed fields were palms, sugar-cane and betel-leaf. The people, not long before his visit, had suffered greatly from the depredations of the *Lambādis*.

Pace the pride of the townsfolk in their tank and temple, by far the most interesting objects in the place are at the very entrance. A group of *māstikals* and

vīrakals—very well and clearly carved, but terribly neglected—stand, or lean, or lie, trodden upon or nearly buried, close by a tiny temple. In front of this is a queer lotus post, used, the villagers explained, to throw water over when ratifying a vow or gift: no grant of land being valid without this ceremonial pouring of water.

As long ago as A.D. 247 Varakōdū was no mean village. It was granted as a truly regal reward to the victor in one of the Great Disputations, so popular in those days. Mr. Rice quotes the Tamil grant,[1] which records that a Buddhist disputant, named Vādimadagajendra, in the pride of his learning, affixed (like Luther at Wittenberg) to the Talakādu palace door a challenge, asserting his claim to the foremost place amongst doctors of law and logic. He was opposed by a Brahmin, Mādhava-bhatta, who proved, in the presence of King Hari (or Ari Varma) and his court, the existence (which the Buddhist denied) of the soul: 'and with the elephant goad of his speech caused Gajendra (the elephant) to crouch, vanquished'. The delighted king of Talakādu conferred on the Brahmin conqueror the title of Vadibhasimha (a lion to the elephant disputant), and with it the rich village of Varakōdū.

[1] *Indian Antiquary*, VIII, p. 212.

CHAPTER XIV

FESTIVALS: DASARA, ROYAL BIRTHDAYS, GOKULASTAMI

THE DASARA FESTIVAL

THE Dasara (*das*, ten; *rāt*, night), or Navarātri (nine nights), is, according to variations in the Hindu calendar, an eight, nine or ten days' festival.[1] It has from time immemorial been celebrated yearly in September—October throughout India; and in no part more joyously, more reverently, more magnificently, than in Mysore.

The shastraic rules, extending to hundreds, are scrupulously observed. From His Highness, who offers *pūja* to his jewelled throne, down to the sweeper, who worships his basket and broom, and the little child who makes obeisance and offerings to primer, slate and toy, every devout Hindu performs the prescribed acts of devotion. These are done in order to ward off baneful influences and to secure prosperity to the State and to individuals.

In many Brahmin families the whole of the *Rāmāyaṇa* is read through. The homes of the people are all newly white- or colour-washed, and adorned with strings of mango leaves and with elaborate *rangōli* patterns, traced by the clever fingers of women and girls in rice powder before the thresholds of their houses. In several homes most fascinating exhibitions of models are held; models

[1] Another suggested derivation is from the Sanskrit *dasha* = 10, and *hara* = taking away. That is, the taking away of the ten sins.

of practically all the objects used in everyday life. Many of these are made of silver, brass, ivory, and sandalwood; some are cleverly cut by the ladies of the house out of the chalk sticks used on blackboards. Dolls, dressed in the unrivalled Indian *saris* and heavily jewelled, are displayed.

In a palatial house in the fort, now demolished, belonging to the hereditary commanders-in-chief of Mysore, several large rooms were filled every Dasara with thousands of exhibits. They were set out with amazing patience, ingenuity and taste by the ladies of the family. One room, for instance, was arranged to show the source and course of the river Kāveri. Forests with their denizens—elephants, tigers, deers, snakes and monkeys; paddy lands, waterfalls, and sacred bathing places were displayed as in a glorified kindergarten. Other rooms showed miniature shops, hundreds of them. —with tiny models of traders and of goods. Every variety of grain sold in Mysore, every shape of pot, every kind of cotton and of cloth, of silk and brocade. In other rooms were hospital wards, railway stations, circuses and games; rooms thronged with thrilled and excited young visitors.

In another, a Brahmin house, the *Yajamāni* (house mistress) has herself made exquisite models, of houses, shops and furniture. The streets and houses she illumines with miniature electric light.

No one visiting Mysore during Dasara should fail to get an introduction to one or more houses where this wonderful display may be seen. The hostesses keep open house for an hour or two every morning and evening, and welcome (lady) friends of their friends.

THE WORSHIP

A full account of the ceremonies would require a volume. Very briefly they may be summed up as follows :

1. Recitation, by Brahmins, well versed in the *Vedas*, of the appointed sacred passages.

2. Worship of Ganesha.

3. Worship (by sacrifice and recitations of mystic texts) of the goddess Dūrga or Kāli, manifested in Mysore in Srī Chāmundēsvari.

4. *Mangalasnāna* (ceremonial oil-bathing).

5. *Kankanadharana*. His Highness, making a vow to observe the prescribed ceremonies, ties a silk thread on his right wrist and wears it for nine days.

6. *Pūja* is made to the *sejji*, the durbar hall, the nine planets and the historic throne.

7. The throne is ascended and the durbar opens.

8. The State sword, having been worshipped, is placed beside His Highness on the throne.

9. Offerings, sent from the various religious *maths*, are presented to the Maharaja. And offerings of '*phala mantrākshate*' are made by Brahmin priests and pandits. Then, led by the Dewan, the durbāris (who are the chief officers of the State and of the army ; municipal councillors, leading citizens, etc.), present *muzre* and *nazar*, which His Highness touches and remits.

10. The troops fire a *feu-de-joie* three times.

11. The procession, blessing and salutation of the sacred horse and sacred elephant.

(The handsome cream-coloured State horse, his tail stained in rainbow hues, possessed of the twelve sacred marks and curls, wearing a *jhule* of golden net, knee-caps and anklets of gold embroidered velvet, is 'harnessed with jewels'. His desire to race and prance is with no

little difficulty restrained by his six attendants, and he is preceded by a guard of honour. He is followed by the stately sacred elephant, adorned from tusk to tail, accompanied by his four huge understudies and their guard. Twice daily, during Dasara (about 8 a.m. and 5 p.m.), this little procession makes its way to specially erected *mantapas* on the lake side. Here the sacred animals are garlanded and worshipped, or rather blessed, with waving incense and showers of flowers.

Returning to the palace they approach and salute the Ruler. The horse kneels and places his head on the ground, the elephant raises his trunk and trumpets.)

12. The durbāris, having been garlanded and presented with *pan supāri*, leave the hall, which is then closed and prepared for

13. The Queens' durbar, when the royal ladies and their attendants are received, pay their homage, and depart.

14. The Dewan and a few chief officers of State pass in front of the throne and receive *prasāda* of flowers from His Highness.

15. The Maharaja descends from the throne, and, in the zanāna, offers *arthi* to the goddess.

During the durbars bands play Eastern and Western music. *Jettis* wrestle, and various feats of arms or physical drills with dumbbells, flags, torches, etc., are performed by troops or by palace peons or Boy Scouts. These entertainments are echoes, greatly refined, of far-off days and ways.

Early in the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare was being newly played in England, Rāja Wadiyar of Mysore,[1]

[1] Say the *Annals*. Other authorities say the ceremonies were re-introduced by Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar.

sitting proudly on his new-found ivory throne, revived and elaborated the Dasara ceremonies. We have many lengthy accounts of Dasara displays in Haidar Ali and Tipū Sultān's times, sanctioned and witnessed by them, though merely as spectators. Kirmāni gives vivid ones of the fighting of stags, fierce attacks of buffaloes, 'charges of elephants like mountains on each other,' boxing, wrestling and fireworks.

The ceremonies in the courtyard, outside the palace, vary slightly on different days, and to most visitors the last two are the most thrilling in a week of thrills. About 9.30 a.m. on the ninth day the Maharaja blesses (from a special *mantapa*, erected at the elephant gate of the palace) the sacred horse, sacred elephant, State arms, carriages, cars, cows and horses. This age-old ceremony, brilliant and dignified, following traditions laid down centuries ago, should on no account be missed. Invited guests are seated in the *sejji*, and excellent arrangements are also made for those who have not special invitations. The great courtyard is filled with troops and bands, with the decorated elephants, horses, cows, cars and carriages waiting to pass His Highness. All around are masses of people, an incredible, innumerable throng; orderly and joyous, a lovely blaze of colour.

The European Durbar

The evening durbar on that day is attended by the Hon. the British Resident, European guests, and chief officers of State. The Resident arrives (and leaves) in a State carriage, drawn by four horses, with postilions and outriders, and is accompanied by troops.

He enters the durbar hall at the same time as the Maharaja, to the blare of trumpets, the calling of His

Highness's many titles, the whirling of the silken banners 'in a right-hand spiral' by the *Udāsvādave*, and then sits on a golden chair, immediately to the right of the throne. H.H. the Yūvarāja, when in Mysore, occupies another golden chair, close to his brother's left hand.

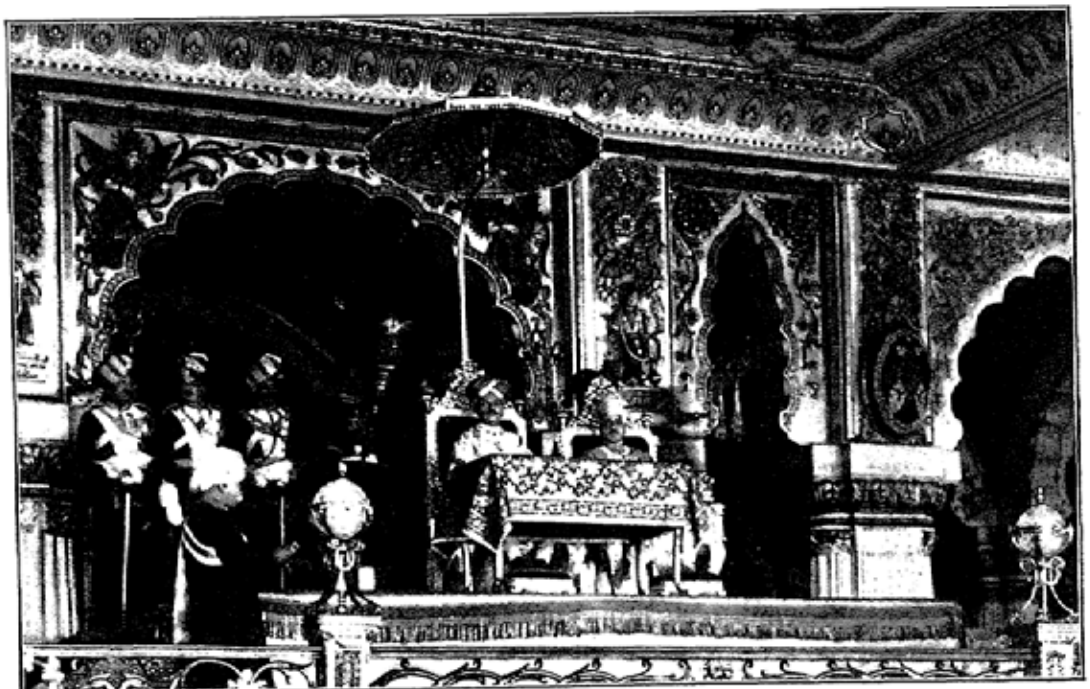
The European guests, as their names are called, pass in front of the throne (bowing to the Maharaja and the Yūvarāja) to seats on His Highness's right hand. At the close of the durbar, after the Resident has received flowers from the Dewan, the guests rise when the men have been garlanded by palace officials. The ladies, as they again pass the throne, receive a bouquet from the hands of His Highness.

Just before the close, fireworks end an entertainment, consisting chiefly of feats of arms, drills or musical rides by the cavalry, and by wrestling, which experts pronounce to be extremely clever, fought by 'light crouched men, dancing ritually like inspired leopards'. It is certainly less horrible to watch than the wrestling described by Colonel Wilks as an integral part of the Dasara celebrations. The antagonists used a weapon (of which we saw several examples in the palace armoury), something like the cæstus used in Roman games, but made of buffalo horn.[1]

The scene beggars description. As a mere study in lights it is entrancing. Summer lightning, the ten days' moon, torches and fireworks light up the gleam of jewels, the decorations of the officers, the dresses of the women guests, the marvellous colouring and decoration of the durbar hall. Added to these are the thousands of electric lights. Two, of 2,000 candlepower each, play

[1] *The History of Mysoor*, p. 52.

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T.H. THE MAHARAJA AND YŪVARĀJA OF MYSORE

directly on His Highness, making clearly visible to the assembled masses of his subjects their Maharaja, a blaze of jewels on his gold and silver throne.

An interesting description of an evening durbar in the Mysore palace, in 1822, is given by the Rev. E. Hoole, who was present and greatly 'impressed by the splendour and magnificence'.

'I hastened', he says, 'to the Residency at Mysore, and joined the party of ladies and gentlemen already assembled there. . . . H.H. the Rajah's carriages, accompanied by elephants carrying immense tom-toms, and by numberless torch-bearers, were in readiness at the door to convey us to the palace.

'The darkness of the night, relieved by the light of the flambeaux, the sound of the music and tom-toms, and the firing of guns increased the imposing effect of the procession. We found the native military drawn up in front of the palace; a great number of elephants and hosts of dancing-women and of officers peculiar to Hindoo courts.

'We were conducted upstairs to the gallery of a large apartment, opening with its full width to the area in front and crowded with native attendants and visitors. In the centre of the gallery we found His Highness Kistnah Rajah Oodiaver, seated on his *musnud*, or throne, a square couch of about two feet in height: he is a good-looking man and appeared to be about 30 years of age.

'The British visitors, both ladies and gentlemen, were successively presented by the Resident, Mr. Cole, to His Highness, and shook hands with him, a ceremony which he performed in a hearty, good-humoured manner; and then, taking our seats on chairs placed near the *musnud*, we gazed on the splendour around and in the court below,

while Mr. Cole and the Rajah conversed in a language I could not understand.

'The Resident then proceeded to adorn the person of the Rajah with rich presents from the Honourable Company—of cloths, shawls and jewellery ; which were successively taken off and carefully preserved by the attendants who stood behind the Rajah.

'His Highness then directed his British visitors to be adorned with garlands of sweet-scented flowers, which was accordingly done to each of us by his servants.

'At intervals a powerful voice was heard beneath the gallery . . . a herald proclaiming the royal descent, titles and dignities of his sovereign. An infant child of the Rajah, covered with jewels of immense value, was presented to us.

'At length we took leave of His Highness, again shaking him by the hand, and retired to an apartment of the palace, where a splendid table was set for us. At the dessert, after dinner, there was a profusion of ices and of English preserves and jellies.

'During the whole of our repast a female dancer of superior elegance and grace, attired in the usual costume but with the addition of a girdle about her waist, broad as a ribbon and apparently of solid gold, performed the native dances.

'After rising from the table we were taken through the palace. The more costly of its furniture and ornaments are of English manufacture. In the most splendid apartment we found a holy Hindoo Sanyasi seated. . . . From this apartment a door was opened into another, to give us a sight of the sacred cattle kept by the Rajah. They were large, white animals, and appeared in very good condition. The whole establishment presented

an odd mixture of Hindoo peculiarities and European improvements.'

Vijāvadaṣami

Navarātri, the nine nights, are ended, and the great day of Victory dawns.

About 9 a.m. the Maharaja, after prescribed ceremonies, rides on the State charger from the palace inner to the outer courtyard, and sits on the Bhadrāsanam (the 'auspicious throne,' used for minor ceremonies), under a canopy with royal insignia. He again offers *pūja* to the State arms, and speeds them, accompanied by the sacred horse and elephant and some troops, on their way to the *Banni Mantapa*, where they await his arrival in the evening. Then, for about two hours, His Highness presides over various feats of arms.

The Procession

> 'Ancient symbols, without which the vulgar would be conscious of nothing beyond their own petty wants . . . and never rise to the sense of community in religion and law. There has been no great people without processions, and the man who thinks himself too wise to be moved by them to anything but contempt, is like the puddle that was proud of standing alone while the river rushed by.'
>
> *Romola*, by George Eliot.

About 4 p.m. the royal salute of 21 guns, a fanfare of trumpets, and the strains of the Mysore National Anthem herald the start of the *Jaitra-Yātra*, the march for conquest, from the palace.

Preceded by mounted aides, sirdars and officials and many troops, the Maharaja, accompanied by H.H. the Yūvarāja or by Prince Jaya Chāmrājendra Wadiyar, rides, in a golden howdah, on the *ambāri* elephant.

This splendid animal rivals his royal master in his

gorgeous gold-embroidered robes. Round him swing massive chains, anklets and bells of silver, pendants, tassels and ropes of pearls. Wherever on the huge creature these trappings leave an unadorned space, it is covered with bosses of pure gold or with wonderful paintings. His trunk is a portable art gallery of blue and white, red and yellow arabesques. The vanity of the elephants is a most amusing thing, for they appear so conscious and so proud of their decorations that they refuse to 'process' at any but a slow and stately pace, swaying from side to side, as if to allow the roadside crowds an unhurried view of their magnificence.

The route leads through the north gate of the fort, past the lovely marble statue of His Highness's father, Srī Chāmarājendra Wadiyar X, through the Doddapetta (main bazaar street) to the new Review Ground and the *Banni Mantapa* at Cole's Gardens.

The procession, usually over a mile long, includes several pairs of elephants and camels in all their war-paint; fife and drum and other palace bands; the Imperial Service cavalry, State cavalry and infantry, the bodyguard and house troops.[1]

Very proudly the Mysore cavalry march past. And proud they well may be. Exalted personages, who have seen every other Indian State 'furnished and polished to the utmost,' declare that these horses, glossy and highly mettled, surpass all others in condition. And the cavalry's martial record is no mean one—is, indeed, famous. Four years after the Restoration Colonel Wellesley writes to the Governor-General: 'I have frequently had occasion to mention to Your Excellency

[1] For a full list and order of the procession see Appendix IV.

the services of the Mysore Horse, which I found upon every occasion to be of the greatest use. I attribute the alacrity and cordiality with which their services were afforded, the regularity of the troops, the strict obedience to orders, and the consequent dependence which I could place upon them, to the measures taken by the Government of Mysore to ensure their regular payment and to the excellent character and disposition of their commander, Bishnapah Pundit.'[1]

Sir John Malcolm, who commanded them at the battle of Mahidpore, speaks of 'the efficiency of the Mysore Horse, which served through the campaigns of 1817 and 1818 in the countries of Malva and Rajputana with as much zeal, fidelity and gallantry as they had before displayed in the Dekkan during the Mahratta wars of 1803'.[2]

In the Great War the Mysore Imperial Service Lancers did valiantly, and on their return won the following encomium from their Ruler: 'I am proud of your achievements in the field. Your discipline and spirit were throughout the campaign excellent, and I congratulate you on the splendid manner in which you acquitted yourselves at the front and upheld Mysore's martial traditions.'[3]

Near the State elephant are the *Bhalewallas*, or bearers of the *chamras* (bayonet-pointed spears surrounded by tasselled and flagged fly-whisks), State umbrellas, *Udāsvādave* (men who throw up and twirl the silken banners). All these introduce and heighten the truly Oriental note.

[1] *Mysore State Papers*, II, 231.
[2] *Mysore State Papers*, IV, 404.
[3] *Speeches by His Highness*, Vol. I, 267.

Then comes an enormous elephant-carriage, in which are seated several young Sirdars. Old and new State coaches, carriages and cars, break the line of troops; in them ride the State officials.

Of very special interest are the Royal Insignia—large golden bosses, engraved with 'heraldic' designs, carried on silver poles by some 20 men on each side of the State elephant. These, mostly wrested from kings and palegars of long ago, include—

The Chālukyan boar, the Chōla and the Hōysala tiger, the Chēra bow, the Pāndyan fish, the Ganga elephant, the Kadāmba Hanuman, the lion of Srī Chāmundēsvari, the golden bull of the Kalachūryas. Also the conch, discus, elephant goad, axe, *makara* (string of flowers), *sharabha* (eight-legged monster), *sālva* (silken banner), *garuda* (brahminy kite), horse and peacock. But above all, the special Mysore emblem, the *Ganda-bhēruṇda*. This is the double-headed bird which holds in each beak and claw an elephant. It was once the crest of the Chālukya, Hōysala and Vijayanagar chiefs. It is said to have occurred as an emblem in Hittite sculpture more than 3,000 years ago. Now, with its Sanskrit motto, proclaiming, 'With justice I rule Mysore,' it is the State's chief crest.

One can hardly look on these standards without a thrill. What the Union Jack—that piece of glazed cotton, to defend which, as Carlyle says, thousands of millions of men have been shot and sabred into crow's meat—is to us, these emblems have been and are to the Mysorean. Men of many castes, creeds and climes have, through the centuries, given life and liberty to defend these weird animals—as queer as our heraldic beasts—or to wrest them from their holders for their own over-lords. And behind the golden glory of the ensigns was a more terrible

fate than that of men who in the heat of battle flung themselves on their adversaries' swords; the fate of widows who, willingly or unwillingly, went to a death, the very thought of which fills us with shuddering horror, on their husband's funeral pyre.

A few families and individuals have the special privilege of offering the Maharaja fruit and flowers at appointed places along the route. (One is just opposite the English Club.) These are handed up, at the end of a long silver pole, on a silver tray to His Highness, who touches the tray and takes the flowers.

The people, radiating cheerfulness, are massed everywhere. All trees, near the beflagged and decorated route, bear a load of human blossoms. Specially erected stands seat hundreds of women and children, who also crowd every roof, doorway and window, forming with their big, bright eyes and gleaming, colourful *saris* a more decorative scheme than the flags and carpets flung over balcony and railing. All along the way showers of rose and jasmine leaves testify to the delight which subjects and visitors feel at an opportunity of showing something of the love and admiration His Highness inspires. Behind the procession the people close in and surge prismatically after it.

The Review

At Cole's Gardens visitors should notice the avenue of bananas, 'planted' that morning, one tree for each elephant, and how, in strict order, as the huge beasts reach the gardens, each pulls up and enjoys his *bonne-bouche*. Notice, too, the clever way in which an attendant elephant sidles up to and supports the State one, on the opposite side to that down which, on a gold or scarlet ladder, the Maharaja descends.

A few feet to the south of the Cole's Park bungalow, and surrounded by a stone platform, is the sacred *sāmi* or *banni* tree (*Prosopis spicegera*). 'Its wood is used to generate, by friction, artificial fire. It symbolises concentrated energy, generated by a life of selfless activity, purity and love. It also typifies purity of mind.'[1]

After His Highness has reviewed the troops he enters an oratory, fitted up in the building, and offers *sāmi-pūja*; gives a *prasāda* of some of the sacred *sāmi* leaves to the Dewan and chief officials, and then remounts the elephant. The procession, now illuminated by electric, naphtha and oil torches and fireworks, returns to the palace about 9.30 p.m. Here a short durbar concludes the long day's ceremonies.

No one can appreciate the Dasara festival who does not realize that it is, from beginning to end, a religious feast; that every part of it is symbolical of the fight of right against wrong; of the subdual of the passions; of propitiation and of worship.

His Highness, who, as a man, worships the throne, ascends it as the representative—so long as he wears the *kankana*—to his people of the deity. And it is believed that an aura of purity, invisible to the naked eye, surrounds him for that time.[2]

During the ten days until the start of the procession the Maharaja never leaves the palace.

The Dasara celebrations are accompanied by most thoughtful and generous hospitality. The Resident and his party, commanding officers from Bangalore, Madras and Hyderabad; polo players and sportsmen from all

[1] Mr. R. Ramakrishna Rao, *The Journal of the Mysore Mythic Society*, XI, 4.

[2] Ibid., XI, 4.

over India are invited to Government House, where extra accommodation is provided in a double avenue of tents.

Races, polo matches, sports and picnics, entertainments, sightseeing, and visits to the Dasara Exhibition crowd the days. Visitors (and many return, never satiated, year after year) carry away golden memories of this Mysore fairyland. Memories of stately ceremonial, of magnificent pageants and of the dignity and courtesy of those who take part in them; of the admiration and devotion which the Maharaja's character and rule exact from all, and of the many ways in which Mysoreans give expression to their love and loyalty.

THE BIRTHDAY OF HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA

The date of the Birthday, calculated according to the English calendar, is June 4th, calculated by the Hindu calendar, it may fall on any day within a lunar month of that date.

A salute, the number of guns announcing His Highness's age, is fired at 7 a.m. Durbars are held for four or five days. A procession, in which the Maharaja rides a State charger through the city to Government House, almost rivals the Dasara procession in length and splendour. At Government House His Highness receives the congratulations of his invited guests, and reviews the troops on the adjacent parade ground, which is illuminated by thousands of electric lights.

During the Birthday week races and polo matches take place, and similar arrangements for guests, and entertainments for the people, make the Birthday week little less of a national festival than the Dasara.

Another most picturesque and charming ceremony is the

BIRTHDAY PROCESSION OF PRINCE JAYA CHĀMA-RĀJENDRA WADIYAR,

the son of H.H. the Yūvarāja. It usually falls in July.

The young Prince's name of Jaya (Victory) was given in commemoration of the very auspicious hour of his birth. He was ushered into the world as the guns were actually announcing the victory of the Allies in the Great War.

The last occasion was unforgettably beautiful. The little Prince, he was only five, rode the excited Dancing Pony as easily and unconcernedly as if he were in an armchair, and continually acknowledged the acclamations of the crowd. He was accompanied by his younger sister, a lovely child, also on horseback. Both were exquisitely dressed and covered with jewels. The procession left the palace about 6 p.m. and proceeded round the inside of the fort, stopping at the three principal temples. At these the little Prince and Princess dismounted, offered *pūja* and received *mangalarati*.

The scene, recalling the Arabian Nights and mediæval court pageantry, was touchingly and extremely beautiful.

GOKULASTAMI

One more annual procession—quaint and interesting—should be seen. It also circles the fort (usually for seven days in August), and commemorates the birth and escape of the baby Krishna and his childhood among the cowherds.

The place of honour is assigned to a score or so of sacred cows. They are headed by two cows, the venerable Lakshmi, mother of 18 understudies, and her heiress and elder daughter. 'Heiress' truly, for to these ladies belong honours and dignities innumerable. They wear chains of



PRINCE JAYA CHĀMARĀJENDRA WADIYAR

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gold, ropes of pearls, *jhules* of cloth of silver. Their headbands blaze with enormous rubies and diamonds. Their garlands are of jasmine.

The processions start from the elephant gate of the palace each evening about 6.30 p.m. They are led by gorgeously caparisoned elephants, by camels, cavalry, household troops, bands, priests and palace officials, and are accompanied by *Bhalewallas*, standard bearers, torch- and electric-light bearers, the sacred horse and his companions, and by representations of gods and goddesses.

Sheltered by the royal umbrellas—each cow followed by two sepoys with loaded guns and drawn swords, and led by her hereditary attendant—the sacred animals pace proudly on their way.

On the last evening the procession often encircles the outside of the fort walls, or, at any rate, the western and northern portions of the walls.

A large part of the wall of the *Rung Mahāl*, in the Jagan Mōhun Palace, is covered with crude paintings (executed nearly a hundred years ago) of eight of these sacred cows, with their successors.

APPENDIX I

HOTELS, CONVEYANCES, CHURCHES, SHOPS, ETC.

HOTELS

Hotel Metropôle, near the Station. Carlton Hotel and Savoy Hotel, near the Post Office.

CONVEYANCES FOR HIRE

CARS. The Hotel Metropôle; Messrs. K. R. Brothers; The Silver Jubilee Service; and many others.

Charge. Five-seaters, first hour, Rs. 5; half-day, Rs. 12-8; whole day, Rs. 25; within municipal limits. Eight annas a mile outside municipal limits. Or by arrangement.

BUSES. There are many, of which the Yadugiri Bus Service and the Chāmundi Bus Service have been found reliable.

Charge. By day or distance. About 8 annas a mile for 'private' buses, for parties of 24 or less.

Starting Places. For cars and buses. Near the Silver Jubilee Clock Tower and the Railway Station.

PONY TONGAS. (For short distances.) *Charge.* Ten annas the first hour, and six annas each following hour before dark.

CHURCH SERVICES ON SUNDAYS

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH (Anglican). Holy celebration (when the chaplain is in residence), 8.30 a.m. Evensong (regularly), 6.30 p.m.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH (Roman Catholic). Low mass, 6 a.m. High mass, 8 a.m. Benediction, 4 p.m.

CONVENT CHAPEL (Roman Catholic). Mass, 7 a.m. Benediction, 6 p.m.

WESLEYAN CHURCH. Morning service (Kanarese), 8 a.m.; afternoon service, 4 p.m. Evening service (English), 6 p.m.

ROYAL RESIDENCES

The Palace; The Jagan Mōhun Mahāl (entrance, 2 as., 8 to 11 a.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.); The Lalita Mahal; The Lōkaranjan Mahāl, or Summer Palace; The Chāmundi Bungalow; Mansion of H.H. the Yūvarāja, Chāmundi Vihār; Mansion of the Princess Cheluvajammanniyavaru, Cheluvamba Vilās; Mansion of the Rājkumār C. Desaraj Urs, Karanji Mansion; Mansion of the Rājkumāri Lilāvatammanniyavaru, Jāyalakshmmanni Vilās.

Application for permits to view the Palace and the Lalita Mahal should be made, stating the number in the party and the time of the visit, to the Huzur Secretary to H.H. the Maharaja, The Palace.

PALACE ESTABLISHMENT

The Zoological Gardens; The Stables; The Garage. Lalitādri; The Royal Tombs; The Racecourse; Madhuvana Gardens; The Palace Offices, Store Offices, etc.

PARKS

The People's Park; The Curzon Park; The Gordon Park; The Nishet Bagh, or The Garden of Gladness; The Jēvan-Rāyan-Kere Park; The New Park on the Siyāji Rao Road; The Narasimharājendra Boulevard.

PHILANTHROPIC AND CIVIC

HOSPITALS. Srī Krishnarājendra Hospital; Srī Vānivilāsa Women's Hospital; Princess Krishnājammanni Tuberculosis Hospital; Wesleyan Mission Holdsworth Memorial Hospital; The Isolation Hospital; four *Ayurvēdic* and *Unāni* hospitals.

The visiting hours of all these hospitals are from 5 to 7 p.m. Other times by arrangement with the R.M.O. of each hospital.

Four INFANT WELFARE CENTRES. In the Dēvarāj Market; the Savar Lines; near the Elephant Lines; and in Karunāpura.

HOMES, ETC. Wesleyan Mission Girls' Home, Nazarabād; The *Abalāsrama* and *Anathālāya*; The Home for the Aged, Yelwāl Road.

CIVIC. The Law Courts; The Rangacharlu Memorial Hall; The Public Offices, or District *Katchēri*; The Municipal Offices.

EDUCATIONAL

The University, including the Maharani's College for Women; two Sanskrit Colleges; Government Training Colleges for Men and for Women (the latter in Lakshmipuram); The Maharani's High School for Girls; The Government Institution for the Blind, Deaf and Dumb; The Wesleyan Mission and four other High Schools for Boys; The Wesleyan Mission Victoria Girls' School; The Convent School; The Jain Boarding School; The *Ayurvēdic* Medical School.

INDUSTRIAL

The Chāmarājendra Technical Institute; The Government Sandalwood Factory; The Government Sericulture Farm; The Wesleyan Mission Printing Press; The Jail (carpentry, carpet-making, etc.); The Krishnarājendra Silk and Cotton Mills.

COMMERCIAL

The Bank of Mysore, and several others; chemists, grocers, dealers in silk, woollen and cotton goods, shoemakers, on the Siyāji Rao Road (near the Market), also in the Doddapetta and Statue Square; brass and silver in the Doddapetta; books and stationery at the Wesleyan Mission Publishing House (near Government House), also in shops in the Lansdowne Bazaar; photographic goods—cameras, plates, films and photo postcards—at the studio of Messrs. A. V. Varadacharlu & Son, photographic artists, near the Post Office.

MYSORE SPECIALITIES

Sandalwood carving, inlaid ivory work, Chennapatna coloured (lacquer) toys, beads, boxes, etc.

All these may be found in the Chāmarājendra Technical Institute; and in some shops in and around the east gate of the Market.

CLUBS

Admission only as the guest of a member.

United Service (European), Statue Square; Freemasons, Statue Square; Tennis Club (European), near Government House; Srī Vāni Vilāsa Ladies' Club, near Government House; Cosmopolitan (Indians), near the University.

CINEMAS AND THEATRES

Royal Opera House, 6.30 and 9.45 p.m.; Krishna Theatre, 6.30 and 9.40 p.m.; I.S. Cinema, 6.30 and 9.30 p.m.; The Lakshmi Theatre, occasional performances.

SCOUTS

Fifty-four troops or packs in the Mysore District. A. Vasudeva Rao, Esq., M.A., Assistant Organizing Commissioner, Lakshmipuram, Mysore.

VISITORS' BOOKS

H.H. the Maharaja and the Maharani, C.I., at the Palace Offices, north entrance; H.H. the Yūvarāja, Chāmundi Vihār; the Third Princess, Cheluvamba Vilās; Rājkumār C. Desaraja Urs, Karanji Mansion; Rājkumāri Lilāvatammanniyavaru, Jāyalakshmmanni Vilās; the Dewan of Mysore (when in Mysore), Lake View, Yelwāl Road.

APPENDIX II

REGULATIONS RELATING TO SHOOTING AND FISHING IN MYSORE

SHOOTING

The authority for the issue of game licences is vested in the district forest officers. Possessing an intimate knowledge of the jungles they are able to supervise the game.

The Mysore Game Laws apply to all lands, whether public or private, within the State.

Shooting game without a licence is absolutely prohibited. Licence holders will receive, from time to time, instructions as to the number of game they are allowed to kill in a calendar year.

Usually only one tiger may be killed.[1]

And only two bisons, four chitals, two sambhars, two barking-deer or muntjac.[2]

Either of these animals, once wounded, counts towards the above limit, whether brought to bag or not.

Licence holders must not enter any forest without previously giving notice to the local forest official of their intention to shoot therein. And they may camp only on such regular camping grounds in the forest as may have been set apart by forest authorities, or indicated by a forest officer.

The killing of monkeys, brahmin kites, parrots and song birds is absolutely prohibited.

The killing or capture of birds with brightly coloured plumage, and of peafowl, is prohibited.

The killing and capture of antelope is prohibited in certain districts.

[1] Notification No. G. 12144, 200, F.T.; 179, 26, 2; Ap. 30, 1928.
[2] Notification No. J. 3399; March, 1917.

It is not lawful to kill hares or any description of feathered game (except duck and teal) between the 15th of March and the 1st of September; or duck or teal between the 1st of May and the 1st of October.

Females, mature or immature, or the immature males of bison, sambhar, antelope, ibex, or any variety of deer, may never be killed, nor any mature male sambhar or spotted deer, if it is hornless, or if its horns are in velvet.

No other game may be killed between the 15th of June and the 15th of October.

The taking or destruction of the eggs of game birds is absolutely prohibited.

A licence is not transferable, and is available only for one calendar year (when it may be renewed on payment of a fee). It must be shown on demand by any authorized authority, and must be delivered up at the expiration of the term for which it is held.

FISHING

The following acts are forbidden: The poisoning of water. The placing or throwing of dynamite or other explosive in water. The use of nets, having a mesh of less than two inches in the case of perennial streams and of less than three inches and a quarter in other cases.

Streams and lakes are closed during the sprawning season, which varies in different parts of the State.

Fishing in water sources and reservoirs used to supply drinking water to cities and towns, is prohibited.

APPENDIX III

LIST OF THE MYSORE RĀJAS, THE HONOURABLE THE BRITISH RESIDENTS IN MYSORE AND THE DEWANS OF MYSORE

MYSORE RĀJAS

The following is the succession of the Mysore Rājas, according to *Annals*, compiled in the palace:

Yadurāya, Vijaya	1399–1423
Hire Bettada Chāmarāja Wadiyar I ..	1423–1458
Timma Rāja Wadiyar I	1458–1478
Hire Chāmarāja Wadiyar II, Arberal ..	1478–1513
Bettada Chāmarāja Wadiyar III ..	1513–1552
Timma Rāja Wadiyar II, Appanna ..	1552–1571
Bola Chāmarāja Wadiyar IV ..	1571–1576
Bettada Chāmarāja Wadiyar V ..	1576–1578
Rāja Wadiyar I	1578–1617
Chāmarāja Wadiyar VI	1617–1637
Immadi Rāja Wadiyar II	1637–1638
Ranadhira Kanthīrava Narasa Rāja Wadiyar	1638–1659
Dodda Dēva Rāja Wadiyar	1659–1672
Chikka Dēva Rāja Wadiyar	1672–1704
Kanthīrava Wadiyar, Mukarasu (Dumb King)	1704–1713
Dodda Krishnarāja Wadiyar I	1713–1731
Chāmarāja Wadiyar VII	1731–1734
Krishnarāja Wadiyar II	1734–1766
Nanja Rāja Wadiyar..	1766–1770
Bettada Chāmarāja Wadiyar VIII ..	1770–1776
Khasa Chāmarāja Wadiyar IX ..	1776–1796
Krishnarāja Wadiyar III	1796–1868
Chāmarājendra Wadiyar X	1868–1894
Krishnarāja Wadiyar IV	1894

The real rulers from 1761 to 1799 were Haidar Ali Khān (1761–1782) and Tipū Sultān (1782–1799).

BRITISH RESIDENTS IN MYSORE

(Temporary and Acting Residents are omitted. In some cases Knighthoods were given after the recipients had left Mysore.)

Col. Sir Barry Close	.. 1799
Col. Sir John Malcolm	.. 1803
Col. Mark Wilks	.. 1805
The Hon. Arthur Cole	.. 1809
Mr. J. Casamaijor	.. 1825

In 1831 Commissioners were appointed in addition to Residents:

Col. J. Briggs, Senior Commissioner	.. 1831
Col. N. W. Morrison, Commissioner	.. 1834
Sir Mark Cubbon	.. 1834
Capt. J. S. Frazer, Resident ..	.. 1834
Major R. D. Stokes ,, ..	.. 1836

In 1843 the post of Resident was abolished until 1881; Sir Mark Cubbon remained as Commissioner until succeeded by:

Mr. C. B. Saunders	.. 1861
Mr. Lewin B. Bowring, C.S.I. ..	.. 1862
Sir Richard Meade	.. 1870
Mr. R. A. Dalyell	.. 1875

RESIDENTS

Sir James Gordon	.. 1881
Sir James Lyall	.. 1883
Sir Dennis Fitzpatrick ..	.. 1887
General Sir Harry Prendergast, V.C.	.. 1887
Col. Sir Oliver St. John ..	.. 1889
General Sir Harry Prendergast, V.C.	.. 1891
Col. P. D. Henderson	.. 1892
Sir William Lee Warner ..	.. 1895
Sir William Mackworth Young ..	.. 1895
Col. Sir Donald Robertson ..	.. 1896
Mr. J. A. Crawford	.. 1899
Sir J. A. Bourdillon	.. 1903
Mr. A. L. P. Tucker	.. 1904

Mr. A. Williams	.. 1905
Sir Stuart M. Fraser	.. 1905
Mr. A. Williams	.. 1907
Sir Stuart M. Fraser	.. 1907
Lieut.-Col. Sir H. Daly	.. 1910
Mr. H. V. Cobb	.. 1916
Sir W. P. Barton	.. 1920
Lieut.-Col. S. G. Knox	.. 1921
Sir W. P. Barton	.. 1921
Mr. A. N. L. Cater	.. 1924
Sir C. C. Watson	.. 1924
Sir W. P. Barton	.. 1924
Mr. S. E. Pears	.. 1925
Mr. L. M. Crump	.. 1928
Mr. S. E. Pears	.. 1928
Major G. Loch	.. 1930
Lieut.-Col. R. J. C. Burke ..	.. 1930

DEWANS OF MYSORE

My. R. S. Purniah	.. 1799
,, Balāji Rao	.. 1811
,, Babu Rao	.. 1812
,, Siddarāji Urs ..	.. 1817
,, Babu Rao	.. 1818
,, Lingarāj Urs ..	.. 1821
,, Babu Rao	.. 1822
,, Venkate Urs ..	.. 1827
,, C. Rangacharlu ..	.. 1881
Sir K. Seshadri Iyer	.. 1883
Mr. T. R. A. Thamboo Chettiar[1]	.. 1900
Sir P. N. Krishna Murti ..	.. 1901
Sir V. P. Madhava Rao ..	.. 1906
Mr. T. Ananda Rao	.. 1909
Sir M. Visvesvariya	.. 1913
Sirdar Sir M. Kāntarāj Urs ..	.. 1918
Sir Albion Banerji	.. 1922
Amin-ul-mulk Sir Mirza M. Ismail	.. 1926

[1] Mr. T. R. A. Thamboo Chettiar was Acting Dewan five times from 1890–1901.

APPENDIX IV

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION: VIJĀYADASAMI DAY, DASARA, 1929

1. Camels.
2. Nishan (standard) elephants (Jari and Sada); signal flag; Palace Barr N.C.O. to conduct.
3. Nowpath elephants.
4. Gun carriages. These do not accompany the return procession from the Banni Mantapa.
5. Zillo horses.
6. Elephant chariot.
7. The Mysore Horse.
8. An elephant or camel with signal flag; Palace Barr N.C.O. to conduct.
9. Detachment of the Mysore Lancers.
10. Camel panchakalasa carriage; signal flag; Palace Barr N.C.O. to conduct.
11. The Third Battalion, Mysore Infantry, with colours.
12. Elephant thakte ravan with signal flag; Palace Barr N.C.O. to conduct.
13. The First Battalion, Mysore Infantry, with colours.
14. Signal flag on an elephant or camel; Palace Barr N.C.O. to conduct.
15. The Palace Barr Infantry with colours, and Barr bagpipes.
16. Jurnal-nishan and howdah elephants; signal flag; Palace Barr N.C.O. to conduct.
17. Three bullock panchakalasa carriages.
18. Dala.
19. His Highness's Bodyguard with cavalry band.
20. An elephant or camel with signal flag; Palace Barr N.C.O. to conduct.

21. State elephant
22. State horse
23. State sword in the palanquin

} These precede the procession to the Banni Mantapa and await it there.

24. Extra signal flag ; galloper to conduct.

25. Inspector-General of Police and the Deputy Commissioner of Mysore, on horseback.

26. Durbāris.

27. Silver singoos.

28. Bands. The Palace Band, the Volge, the Military and the Karnatic Band by turns. The distance between the band playing and the remaining ones to be about 20 feet.

29. The Palace Infantry officer, with hand signal flag or light.

30. Staff officers (A.D.C's.), about 30 feet from His Highness.

31. Insignia ; Khas Zillo and Rachewar (armed peons) alternately ; Gaggri (spearmen, with bells on the spears) ; electric torch bearers (on the return journey only) ; Kattigevalas (outrunners, whose badge of office is a hooked stick) ; Chopdars (mace bearers) ; Chowri Jodi (bearers of fans or fly-whisks) ; Chatri (the royal umbrella). These are on both sides of His Highness.

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE ON THE AMBĀRI ELEPHANT

In front of His Highness are the Udaphe-pavade (large squares of rich silk, twirled up in a right hand spiral as a sign of royalty) and the Kemba-Chamara (a long pole bearing a fan).

32. Dressing boys.

33. Surepana (Apthagiri set, a large circular flat screen, a kestrol or sun disc, denoting rank).

34. Electric battery of six lights, with shades to throw the light on the ambāri elephant. Only in the return procession.

35. Hale Paikies (armed retainers).

36. Volga (a band).

37. Flower basket.

38. Syces and personal servants of officers accompanying the procession.
39. Standards of H.H.'s Bodyguard, Mysore Lancers and Mysore Horse.
40. His Highness's Bodyguard.
41. The Mysore Lancers.
42. Kumki (assistant or extra) elephants.
43. State carriage.
44. Nagari elephants (carrying two silver kettledrums), with nowpath elephants.
45. Ambulance carriage, behind all the other carriages.

APPENDIX V

LIST OF BOOKS CONSULTED

Ancient India. By Dr. S. Krishnasvami Aiyangar, M.A.

Annals of the Mysore Royal Family. By Mr. B. Ramakrishna Rao, M.A.

Asiatic Annual Register.

Eastern Experiences. By Mr. Lewin Bowring, C.I.E.

Epigraphia Carnatica. Mysore I and II. By Mr. Lewis Rice, C.I.E., M.R.A.

Gazetteer of Mysore. By Mr. Lewis Rice, C.I.E., M.R.A.

Indian Art in Delhi. By Sir George Watt.

Handbook of the City of Mysore, 1915.

History of Kanarese Literature. By the Rev. E. P. Rice, B.A.

Life in the Indian Civil Service. By Sir Evan Maconochie, K.C.S.I.

Madras Manual of the Administration. Vol. III.

Mysore and Coorg, from the Inscriptions. By Mr. Lewis Rice, C.I.E., M.R.A.

Mysore Archæological Reports.

Mysore State Papers. Four volumes.

Speeches of H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore.

The History of Mysoor. By Col. Mark Wilks.

The Indian Economic Conference Handbook, Mysore, 1929.

The Journal of the Mysore Mythic Society, Bangalore.

Travels in India. By Lord Valentia.

Travels in Mysore, Canara and Malabar. By Dr. Buchanan.

ROAD MAP OF MYSORE CITY

SCALE: 3 INS. = 1 MILE (APPROXIMATELY)

N

VANIVILASA MOHALLA

NARASIMHARAJA MOHALLA

PARADE GROUND

To Srirangapatam and Bangalore

Mysore, Hassan and Arsikere Railway Line

High Level Reservoir

Chamarajnagar Railway Line

To Sanitorium and Krishnaraja Sagara via Belgula

VONTIKOPPAL

Jewel Fillers

PADAVARAHALLI

Cheluvamba Vilas

To Krishna-raja-sagara, Yelwal, Periapatna and Mercara

Lake View

High View

Hotel Metropole

Yelwal Road

Public Offices

KUKKARHALLI TANK

McGann Road

GORDON PARK

Jubilee Road

Bogadi Road

Silk Filature

Cricket Pavilion

The University

Urdu Boarding School

The Chamaraj Road

Railway Station

Hardwicke College

Narayana Sastry Road

Victoria Hospital

Victoria Road

Krishnarajendra Hospital

Jagan Mohan Palace

Jayan-rayan-Kere Park

Mysore Bangalore Railway Line

IDGA EXTENSION

Ramparts Wall Road

Jail

W.M. Hospital

Exhibition Buildings

Medical College

RAILWAY STATION

Railway Station Road

Chamarajendra Tech. Institute

Juma Masjid

C. of E. Training College

Clock Tower

Albert Victor Road

Chamarajendra Statue

Jagan Mohan Palace

The Palace

THE FORT

Palace Offices

Electric Power Station

JALLAPURI EXTENSION

Karunapura

Errangere

St. Joseph's Ch.

P. Cemetery

KETMANHALLI

Kam. Masjid

Doddapetta Road

Wellington Lodge

Church Road

Government House

Bethany Section Mission

Staff Quarters

Theobald Road

NAZARABAD

W.M. Press

W.M. Church

Post Office

Nishat Bagh

Mirza Road

Chamundi Vihar

To T. Narsipur

Karanji Mansion

KARANJI TANK

ITTIGEGUD

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

Daly Avenue

Narasimharajendra Boulevard

To Lalita Mahal

To Varuna

Bodyguard Lines

DODDA KERE (Devaraja Sagara)

RACECOURSE

Elephant Lines

Mamulpet to Jaganmohan Palace

Royal Tombs

Madhavana Gardens

Palace Malhavana

Karuhatti Road

GOBLI TANK

A. Chamappaji Urs Road

To Nanjangud and the Nilgiris

CHAMUNDI 1,000 STEPS

THE BULL

Chamundi Bungalow

CHAMUNDESVARI TEMPLE

SEWAGE FARM

Railway Workshops

The Kakankote Road

Bangalore, Mysore and Chamarajnagar Railway Line

Sandalwood Factory

Government Woodyard

Weavers' Lines

Southern most 100 Foot Road

Victoria Road

Mysore-Maramkudy Road

Prince of Wales Road

DODDA HOLAGERE

LAKSHMIPURAM

CHAMARAJAPURAM

Vani Vilasa Road

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